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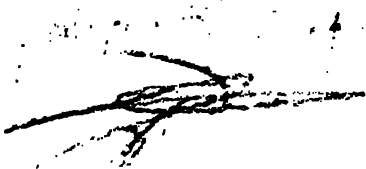
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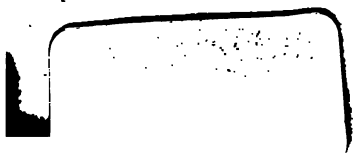
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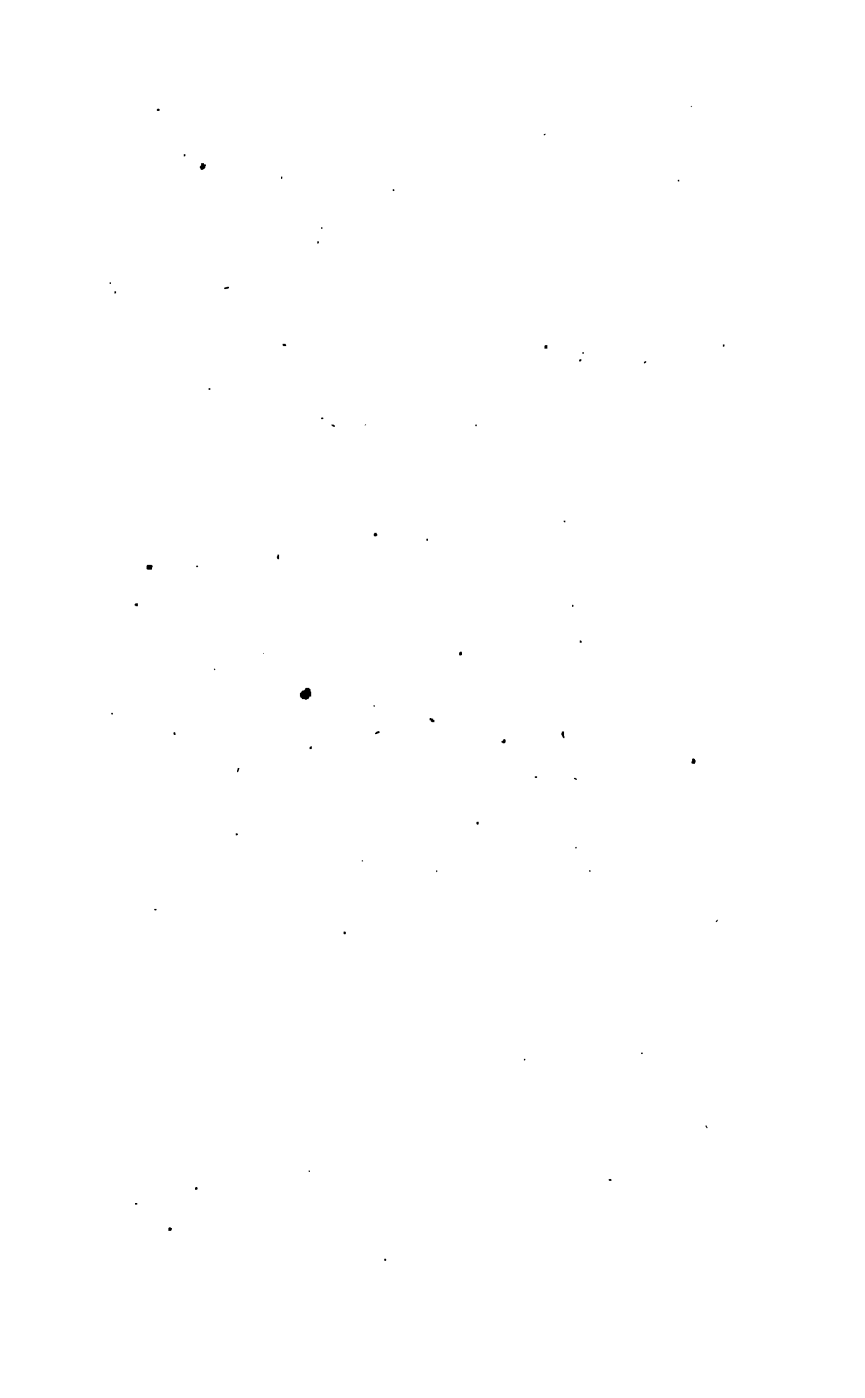




2699 f. 249







Albion
T H E

BEAUTIES OF JOHNSON:

CONSISTING OF

MAXIMS AND OBSERVATIONS,

MORAL, CRITICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS,

Accurately extracted from the Works of

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON,

And arranged in Alphabetical Order, after the manner of
the Duke de la ROCHE-FOUCAULT's Maxims.

“ We frequently fall into error and folly, not because the true principles
“ of action are not known, but because for a time they are not re-
“ membered: he may therefore be justly numbered among the bene-
“ factors of mankind, who CONTRACTS THE GREAT RULES OF
“ LIFE INTO SHORT SENTENCES, that may be easily impressed
“ on the memory, and taught by frequent recollection to recur habi-
“ tually to the mind.”

RAMBLER.

FOURTH EDITION,

Enlarged and corrected, and the References added.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at No. 46, in Fleet

M.DCC.LXXXII.



P R E F A C E

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE works of Dr. Johnson have been, occasionally, so much the object of my reading, for their fancy, judgement, and above all, the interesting and moral observations which they contain upon life and manners, that in order to impress those observations the better on my mind, I availed myself of some leisure months last summer, to select them under proper heads, and arrange them in alphabetical order. As I proceeded in this work, I found myself bringing out, into one view, a body of *maxims* and *observations*, which I imagined would be *more than useful to myself*; hence I thought it a duty incumbent on me to publish them. I reflected that if the *maxims of the Qu*

de la Rochefaucault have been considered by the whole class of French writers, as instrumental in forming the taste of the age the author lived in; maxims, which however modified, contain but this single position, “ *That self-love is the spring of all our actions,*” what must the *maxims* and *observations* of a JOHNSON produce? An author, who, though *unsupported by the patronage of the great*, and *who has been obliged to spend much of his life in making provision for the day that was passing over him**, yet has ever scorned to accommodate himself to the licentiousness and levity of the present age, but uniting the greatest learning with the greatest talents, has uniformly supported the cause of morality, “ by giving an ardour to virtue, and a confidence to truth.”

Such is the origin of the present publication, a publication, that as I feel it has benefited myself in the *compiling*, so
I trust

 Vide the Preface to Johnson's Dictionary, folio last page.

I trust it will others in the *perusal* and happy shall I be, if, by any œconomy of mine in the works of such a writer, I can contribute to make them more generally *known*, or *remembered*, as by it I am sure I shall perform an essential service to mankind.

It may be objected, that as most people are in the possession of Dr. Johnson's works, a selection from them may not be altogether so necessary. But such are to be informed, that very few are in the possession of the *whole* of his works; many of them being published in the early parts of his fame, and at such distant periods of time, as render them now very difficult to be found; and it was owing to the indulgence of a literary friend, who is too critical a collector to omit adding to his library any production of this writer, that I was favoured with a perusal of *all his pieces*; so that the generality of the public are here presented with some novelty in the *matter* as well as in the *manner*.

respect to the use of *selection*, (particularly as I have here applied it) Dr. Johnson makes the best apology for me to the public, in his *Idler*, vol. ii. p. 185, and which, I hope, he will accept himself, as an additional motive for this undertaking.

“ Writers of extensive comprehension, (says he) have incidental remarks upon topics very remote from the principal subject, which are often more valuable than formal treatises, and which yet are not known, because they are not promised in the title. *He that collects those under proper heads, is very laudably employed, for tho’ he exerts no great abilities in the work, he facilitates the progress of others, and by making that easy of attainment, which is already written, may give some mind, more vigorous, or more adventurous than his own, leisure for new thoughts, and original designs.*”

As far this selection is made with
t, I must, however, trust to the
decision

decision of the public, well knowing that if it is negligently, or ignorantly performed, any thing I can say, will not excuse me; if on the contrary, I have done justice to my design, my telling them so will not accelerate their approbation. One thing I can assure them of, that I have made my extracts as accurately and judiciously as I could—and that whatever may be the fate of the book, I have been already repaid for my labours, by the satisfaction they have afforded me.

THE EDITOR.

November 24, 1781.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FOURTH EDITION.

THE very rapid and extensive sale of three Editions of "The BEAUTIES of JOHNSON," at the same time that it justifies the idea of selecting thoughts from so celebrated a writer, calls upon the Editor to render the future Editions as acceptable to the Public as possible. He has therefore given at the end of each Maxim a reference to the place from whence it was extracted, in order to gratify those who would wish to see any particular subject more extensively discussed in the original. This circumstance the Editor could only do by reference, as he begs leave to remind the Public, that this is not a Book of *Essays*, but of *Maxims*, &c. *selected from Essays*; his purpose being to contract diffusive reasonings into *short sentences*, "that they may be the more easily impressed on the memory, and taught by frequent recollection, to recur habitually to the mind."

He has likewise added a few observations under the head of REPENTANCE, which will best carry their own recommendation to all those who are interested in the Cause of Virtue and Religion.

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BEAUTIES

BEAUTIES, &c.

AFFECTATION.

AFFECTATION naturally counterfeits those excellencies which are placed at the greatest distance from possibility of attainment, because, knowing our own defects, we eagerly endeavour to supply them with artificial excellence.

Rambler, v. 4. p. 104.

Affectation is to be always distinguished from *hypocrisy*, as being the art of counterfeiting those qualities which we might with innocence and safety be known to want. Hypocrisy is the necessary burthen of villainy.—Affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly.

Ditto, v. 1. p. 124 & 125.

Every man speaks and writes with an intent to be understood; and it can seldom happen, but he that understands himself might convey his notions to another, if content to be understood, he did not seek to be admired; but when once he begins to contrive how his sentiments may be received, not with most ease to his reader, but with most advantage to himself, he then transfers his consideration from words to sounds, from sentences to periods, and as he grows more elegant becomes less intelligible.

Jiler, v. 1, p. 202.

AGRICULTURE.

NOTHING can more fully prove the ingratitude of mankind, (a crime often charged upon them, and often denied,) than the little regard which the disposers of honorary rewards have paid to *Agriculture*; which is treated as a subject so remote from common life by all those who do not immediately hold the plough, or give fodder to the ox, that there is room to question, whether a great part of mankind has yet been informed that life is sustained by the fruits of the earth.

Universal Visiter, p. 111.

Agri-

Agriculture not only gives riches to a nation, but the only riches we can call our own, and of which we need not fear either deprivation, or diminution.

Ditto, p. 112.

Of nations, as of individuals, the first blessing is independence. Neither the man nor the people can be happy, to whom any human power can deny the necessities, or conveniences of life. There is no way of living without foreign assistance, *but by the product of our own land improved by our own labour.* Every other source of plenty is perishable or casual.

Ditto, ditto.

AGRICULTURE OF ENGLAND.

OUR country is perhaps, beyond all others, productive of things necessary to life. The pine apple thrives better between the tropics, and better furs are found in the Northern regions. But let us not envy those unnecessary privileges; mankind cannot subsist upon the indulgencies of nature, but must be supported by her common gifts; they must feed upon bread and be clothed with wool,

and the nation that can furnish these universal commodities may have her ships welcomed at a thousand ports, or sit at home, and receive the tribute of foreign countries, enjoy their arts, or treasure up their gold.

Ditto, p. 114.

A G E.

He that would pass the latter part of his life with honour and decency, must, when he is *young*, consider that he shall one day be *old*, and remember, when he is *old*, that he has once been *young*.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 304.

Age seldom fails to change the conduct of youth. We grow negligent of time in proportion as we have less remaining, and suffer the last part of life to steal from us in languid preparations for future undertakings, or slow approaches to remote advantages, in weak hopes of some fortuitous occurrence, or drowsy equilibrations of undetermined counsel. Whether it be that the aged having tasted the pleasures of man's condition, and found them delusive, become less anxious for

for their attainment, or that frequent mis-carriages have depressed them to despair, and frozen them to inactivity; or that death shocks them more as it advances upon them, and they are afraid to remind themselves of their decay, or discover to their own hearts that the time of trifling is past.

Ditto, v. 3, p. 32.

The truth of many maxims of age gives too little pleasure to be allowed till it is felt, and the miseries of life would be increased beyond all human power of endurance, if we were to enter the world with the same opinions we carry from it.

Ditto, v. 4, p. 195.

It is one of the melancholy pleasures of an old man to recollect the kindness of friends, whose kindness he shall experience no more.

Treatise on the Longitude, p. 14.

AGE AND YOUTH.

THE notions of the old and young are like liquors of different gravity and texture, which never can unite.

Rambler, v. 2, p. 89.

In youth it is common to measure right and wrong by the opinion of the world, and

in age to act without any measure but interest, and to lose shame without substituting virtue.

Ditto, v. 4, p. 198.

Such is the condition of life that something is always wanting to happiness. In youth we have warm hopes, which are soon blasted by rashness and negligence, and great designs, which are defeated by inexperience. In age we have knowledge and prudence, without spirit to exert, or motives to prompt them. We are able to plan schemes and regulate measures, but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.

Ditto, ditto, ditto.

A D V I C E.

IF we consider the manner in which those who assume the office of directing the conduct of others execute their undertaking, it will not be very wonderful that their labours, however zealous, or affectionate, are frequently useless. For, what is the advice that is commonly given? A few general maxims, enforced with vehemence and inculcated with importunity; but failing for want of particular reference and immediate application.

Ditto, v. 2, p. 190.

It

It is not often that a man can have so much knowledge of another as is necessary to make instruction useful. We are sometimes not ourselves conscious of the original motives of our actions, and when we know them, our first care is to hide them from the sight of others, and often from those most diligently whose superiority either of power or understanding, may entitle them to inspect our lives. It is therefore very probable that he, who endeavours the cure of our intellectual maladies, mistakes their cause, and that his prescriptions avail nothing, because he knows not which of the passions or desires is vitiated.

Ditto, ditto, ditto.

Advice, as it always gives a temporary appearance of superiority, can never be very grateful, even when it is most necessary, or most judicious; but, for the same reason, every one is eager to instruct his neighbours. To be wise or to be virtuous is to buy dignity and importance at a high price; but when nothing is necessary to elevation but detection of the follies or the faults of others, no man is so insensible to the voice of fame as to linger on the ground.

Ditto, ditto, ditto.

Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret; or convicts us of any fault which has escaped our notice, but because it shews us that we are known to others as well as ourselves; and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes the superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desire to conceal.

Ditto, v. 3, p. 295.

A D V E R S A R Y.

CANDOUR and tenderness are in any relation, and on all occasions, eminently amiable, but when they are found in an adversary, and found so prevalent as to overpower that zeal which his cause excites, and that heat which naturally encreases in the prosecution of argument, and which may be, in a great measure, justified by the love of truth, they certainly appear with particular advantages; and it is impossible not to envy those who possess the friendship of him whom it is even some degree of good fortune to have known as an enemy.

Letter to Dr. Douglas, p. 3.

A V A-

A V A R I C E.

FEW listen without a desire of conviction to those who advise them to spare their money.

Idler, v. 1, p. 144.

Avarice is always poor, but poor by her own fault.

Ditto, v. 2, p. 116.

Avarice is an uniform and tractable vice; other intellectual distempers are different in different constitutions of mind. That which soothes the pride of one, will offend the pride of another; but to the favour of the covetous bring money, and nothing is denied.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 232.

A D M I R A T I O N.

ADMIRATION must be continued by that novelty which first produced it; and how much soever is given, there must always be reason to imagine that more remains.

Rambler, v. 4, p. 257.

A man once distinguished, soon gains admirers.

List of Roger Ascham, p. 244.

A M.

A M B I T I O N.

—AMBITION, scornful of restraint,
 Ev'n from the birth, affects supreme command,
 Swells in the breast, and with resistless force
 O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind;
 As when a deluge overspreads the plains,
 The wand'ring rivulets and silver lakes
 Mix undistinguish'd in the general roar.

Irene, p. 32.

A T H E I S T.

It has been long observed that an Atheist has no just reason for endeavouring conversions, and yet none harrafs those minds which they can influence with more importunity of sollicitation to adopt their opinions. In proportion as they doubt the truth of their own doctrines, they are desirous to gain the attestation of another understanding, and industriously labour to win a profelyte, and eagerly catch at the slightest pretence to dignify their sect with a celebrated name.

Life of Sir T. Browne, p. 283.

A N G E R.

A N G E R.

THE maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of the seven sages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was, " Be master of your anger." He considered anger as the great disturber of human life; the chief enemy both of public happiness and private tranquility, and thought he could not lay on posterity a stronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion. Pride is undoubtedly the origin of anger; but pride, like every other passion, if it once breaks loose from reason, counteracts its own purposes. A passionate man, upon the review of his day, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has considered how his outrages were caused; why they were borne, and in what they are likely to end at last.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 60 & 62.

A B I L I T Y.

IT was well observed by Pythagoras, that ability and necessity dwell near each other.

Idler, v. 2, p. 154.

ACC

A C C I D E N T.

IN every performance, perhaps in every great character, part is the gift of nature, part the contribution of accident, and part, very often not the greatest part, the effect of voluntary election and regular design.

Memoirs of the King of Prussia, p. 100.

A N T I C I P A T I O N.

WHATEVER advantage we snatch beyond a certain portion allotted us by nature, is like money spent before it is due, which at the time of regular payment, will be missed and regretted.

Idler, v. 2, p. 35.

A P P L A U S E.

IT frequently happens that applause abates diligence. Whoever finds himself to have performed more than was demanded, will be contented to spare the labour of unnecessary performances, and sit down to enjoy at ease his superfluities of honour. But long intervals of pleasure dissipate attention

attention and weaken constancy ; nor is it easy for him that has sunk from diligence into sloth, to rouse out of his lethargy, to recollect his notions, rekindle his curiosity, and engage with his former ardour in the toils of study.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 34.

A R T.

The noblest beauties of art are those of which the effect is so extended with rational nature, or at least with the whole circle of polished life. What is less than this can be only pretty, the plaything of fashion, and the amusement of a day.

Johnson's Life of West.

A P P E A R A N C E S. (*often deceitful*)

In the condition of men, it frequently happens that grief and anxiety lie hid under the golden robes of prosperity, and the gloom of calamity is cheered by secret radiations of hope and comfort ; as in the works of nature, the bog is sometimes covered with flowers, and the mine concealed in the barren crags.

Rambler, v. 3, p. 135.

C

A R M Y.

A R M Y.

An army, especially a defensive army, multiplies itself. The contagion of enterprize spreads from one heart to another; zeal for a native, or detestation for a foreign sovereign; hope of sudden greatness or riches, friendship or emulation between particular men, or what are perhaps more general and powerful, desire of novelty, and impatience of inactivity, fill a camp with adventurers, add rank to rank, and squadron to squadron.

Memoirs of the K. of Prussia, p. 118.

A U T H O R.

The task of an author is either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them; either to let new light upon the mind, and open new scenes to the prospect, or vary the dress and situation of common objects, so as to give them fresh grace and more powerful attractions. To spread such flowers over the regions through which the intellect has already made its progress, as may tempt it to return, and take a second view of things hastily passed over, or negligently regarded.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 13.

Whilst

Whilst an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by the worst performance. When he is dead, we rate them by his best.

Preface to Shakespear, p. 1.

An author who sacrifices virtue to convenience, and seems to write without any moral purpose, even the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independant on time and place.

Ditto, p. 19 & 20.

It is seldom that authors rise much above the standard of their own age. To add a little to what is best will always be sufficient for present praise; and those who find themselves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves.

Ditto, p. 44.

He that misses his end, will never be as much pleased as he that attains it, even when he can impute no part of his failure to himself; and when the end is to please the multitude, no man perhaps has a right, in things admitting of gradation and comparison, to throw the whole blame upon his judges, and totally to exclude diffidence and

shame by a haughty consciousness of his own excellence.

Johnson's Life of Cowley.

Many causes may vitiate a writer's judgment of his own works. On that which has cost him much labour he sets a high value, because he is unwilling to think he has been diligent in vain ; what has been produced without toilsome efforts is considered with delight, as a proof of vigorous faculties and fertile invention ; and the last work, whatever it be, has necessarily most of the grace of novelty.

Johnson's Life of Milton.

A writer who obtains his full purpose loses himself in his own lustre. Of an opinion which is no longer doubted, the evidence ceases to be examined. Of an art universally practised the teacher is forgotten. Learning once made popular is no longer learning ; it has the appearance of something which we have bestowed upon ourselves, as the dew appears to rise from the field which it refreshes.

Johnson's Life of Dryden.

There is a species of writers, who without much labour have attained high reputation, and who are mentioned with reverence, rather for the possession than the exertion of uncommon abilities.

Johnson's Life of Smith.

Tediousness, in an author, is the most fatal of all faults. Negligence or errors are single and local, but tediousness pervades the whole; other faults are censured and forgotten, but the power of tediousness propagates itself. He that is weary the first hour is more weary the second, as bodies formed into motion, contrary to their tendency, pass more and more slowly through every successive interval of space.

Johnson's Life of Prior.

An author who asks a subscription soon finds that he has enemies. All who do not encourage him, defame him. He that wants money will rather be thought angry than poor, and he that wishes to save his money, conceals his avarice by his malice.

Johnson's Life of Pope.

An author bustling in the world, shewing himself in public, and emerging occasionally from time to time into notice, might keep his works alive by his personal influence; but that which conveys little information, and gives no great pleasure, must soon give way, as the succession of things produces new topics of conversation, and other modes of amusement.

Johnson's Life of Mallet.

He that expects flights of wit, and fallies of pleasantry, from a successful writer, will be often disappointed. A man of letters, for the most part, spends in the privacies of study, that season of life in which the manners are to be softened into ease, and polished into elegance; and when he has gained knowledge enough to be respected, has neglected the minuter arts by which he might have pleased.

• Rambler, v. 1, p. 85.

He by whose writings the heart is rectified, the appetites counteracted, and the passions repressed, may be considered as not unprofitable to the great republic of humanity, even though his own behaviour should not always exemplify his rules. His instructions may diffuse their influence to regions in which it will not be enquired, whether the author be good, or bad; to times when all his faults, and all his follies shall be lost in forgetfulness among things of no concern or importance to the world; and he may kindle in thousands, and ten thousands that flame which burnt but dimly in himself, through the fumes of passion, or the damps of cowardice. The vicious moralist may be considered as a taper by which we are lighted through the labyrinth

rinth of complicated passions ; he extends his radiance further than his heart, and guides all that are within view, but burns only those who make too near approaches.

Ditto, v. 2, p. 133.

But the wickedness of a loose, or profane author, in his writings, is more atrocious than that of the giddy libertine, or drunken ravisher ; not only because it extends its effects wider (as a pestilence that taints the air is more destructive than poison infused in a draught) but because it is committed with cool deliberation. By the instantaneous violence of desire, a good man may sometimes be surprised before reflection can come to his rescue : when the appetites have strengthened their influence by habit, they are not easily resisted or suppressed ; but for the frigid villainy of studious lewdness, for the calm malignity of laboured impiety, what apology can be invented ? What punishment can be adequate to the crime of him who retires to solitude for the refinement of debauchery ; who tortures his fancy, and ransacks his memory, only that that he may leave the world less virtuous than he found it ; that he may intercept the hopes of

rising generation, and spread snares for the soul with more dexterity?

Ditto, ditto, p. 134.

He that commences a writer may be considered as a kind of general challenger, whom every one has a right to attack, since he quits the common rank of life, steps forward beyond the lists, and offers his merit to the public judgement. To commence author, is to claim praise; and no man can justly aspire to honour but at the hazard of disgrace.

Ditto, ditto, p. 231.

Authors and lovers always suffer some infatuation through the fondness for their separate objects, which only absence can set them free; and every man ought to restore himself to the full exercise of his judgment, before he does that which he cannot do improperly without injuring his honour and his quiet.

Ditto, v. 4. p. 54.

That of conniving at another man printing his works, and then denying that he gave any authority, is a stratagem by which an author, panting for fame, and yet afraid of seeming to challenge it, may (at once gratify his vanity and preserve the appearance of modesty), enter the lists and se-

secure a retreat ; and this candour might suffer to pass undetected as an innocent fraud, but that indeed no fraud is innocent ; for the confidence which makes the happiness of society is, in some degree, diminished by every man whose practice is at variance with his words.

Life of Sir T. Browne, p. 257.

He that teaches us any thing which we knew not before, is undoubtedly to be revered as a master. He that conveys knowledge, by more pleasing ways, may very properly be loved as a benefactor ; and he that supplies life with innocent amusement, will be certainly caressed as a pleasing companion.

Idler, v. 2, p. 184.

A P H O R I S M S.

We frequently fall into error and folly, not because the true principles of action are not known, but because, for a time, they are not remembered : he may therefore be justly numbered amongst the benefactors of mankind, who contracts the great rules of life into short sentences, that may be easily impressed on the memory, and taught by frequent recollection to recur habitually to the mind.

Rambler, v. 4, p. 34.

B

B E A U T Y.

The bloom and softness of the female sex are not to be expected among the lower classes of life, whose faces are exposed to the rudeness of the climate, and whose features are sometimes contracted by want, and sometimes hardened by blasts. Supreme beauty is seldom found in cottages, or workshops, even where no real hardships are suffered. To expand the human face to its full perfection, it seems necessary that the mind should co-operate by placidness of content, or consciousness of superiority.

Western Islands, p. 190.

Beauty is so little subject to the examinations of reason, that Paschal supposes it to end where demonstration begins, and maintains that, without incongruity and absurdity, we cannot speak of geometrical beauty.

Rambler, v. 2, p. 219.

Beauty is well known to draw after it the persecutions of impertinence; to incite the artifices of envy, and to raise the flames of unlawful love; yet among ladies whom prudence or modesty have made most
emi-

eminent, who has ever complained of the inconveniences of an amiable form, or would have purchased safety by the loss of charms?

Ditto, v. 3, p. 35.

It requires but little acquaintance with the heart, to know that woman's first wish is to be handsome; and that consequently the readiest method of obtaining her kindness is to praise her beauty.

Ditto, v. 4, p. 159.

As we are more accustomed to beauty than deformity, we may conclude that to be the reason why we approve and admire it, as we approve and admire customs and fashions of dress, for no other reason than that we are used to them: so that though habit and custom cannot be said to be the cause of beauty, it is certainly the cause of our liking it.

Idler, v. 2, p. 167.

In the works of nature, if we compare one species with another, all are equally beautiful, and preference is given from custom, or some association of ideas; and, in creatures of the same species, beauty is the medium, or centre of all its various forms.

Ditto, ditto, p. 172.

B I O G R A P H Y.

The necessity of complying with times, and of sparing persons, is the great impediment of biography. History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost for ever. What is known can seldom be immediately told, and when it might be told, is no longer known.

Johnson's Life of Addison;

The writer of his own life has at least the first qualification of an historian, the knowledge of the truth; and though it may plausibly be objected, that his temptations, to disguise it, are equal to his opportunities of knowing it, yet it cannot but be thought, that impartiality may be expected with equal confidence from him that relates the passages of his own life, as from him that delivers the transactions of another. What is collected by conjecture, [and by conjecture only

only can one man judge of another's motives, or sentiments) is easily modified by fancy, or desire; as objects imperfectly discerned take forms from the hope, or fear of the beholder. But that which is fully known cannot be falsified but with reluctance of understanding, and alarm of conscience;—of understanding the lover of truth;—of conscience the sentinel of virtue.

Idler, v. 2, p. 181.

B U S I N E S S.

IT very seldom happens to a man that his business is his pleasure. What is done from necessity, is so often to be done when against the present inclination, and so often fills the mind with anxiety, that an habitual dislike steals upon us, and we shrink involuntarily from the remembrance of our task. This is the reason why almost every one wishes to quit his employment:—he does not like another state, but is disgusted with his own.

Idler, v. 2 p. 275.

N A T U R A L B O U N T I E S.

IF the extent of the human view could comprehend the whole frame of the universe,

D

perhaps

perhaps it would be found invariably true, that Providence has given that in greatest plenty, which the condition of life makes of greatest use, and that nothing is penuriously imparted, or placed from the reach of man, of which a more liberal distribution, or a more easy acquisition would encrease real and rational felicity.

Idler, v. 1, p. 206.

C.

C O N F I D E N C E.

CONFIDENCE is the common consequence of success. They whose excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude that their powers are universal.

Preface to Shakespeare, p. 49.

Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings, yet he who forms his opinion of himself, without knowing the powers of other men, is very liable to error.

Johnson's Life of Pope.

It may be no less dangerous to claim, on certain occasions, too little than too much. There is something captivating in spirit and intrepidity, to which we often yield as to a
resistless

resistless power ;—nor can he reasonably expect the confidence of others, who too apparently distrusts himself.

Rambler, v. 1. p. 3.

There would be few enterprizes of great labour, or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we persuade ourselves to expect from them.

Ditto, ditto, p. 9.

Men who have great confidence in their own penetration, are often, by that confidence, deceived ; they imagine they can pierce through all the involutions of intrigue without the diligence necessary to weaker minds, and therefore sit idle and secure. They believe that none can hope to deceive them, and therefore that none will try.

Memoirs of the King of Prussia, p. 122.

C O M M E R C E.

COMMERCE, however we may please ourselves with the contrary opinion, is one of the daughters of fortune, inconstant and deceitful as her mother. She chooses her residence where she is least expected, and shifts her abode when her continuance is, in appearance, most firmly settled.

Universal Visitor, p. 112.

COMPLAISANCE.

THERE are many arts of graciousness and conciliation which are to be practised without expence, and by which those may be made our friends, who have never received from us any real benefit.—Such arts, when they include neither guilt nor meanness, it is surely reasonable to learn; for who would want that love which is so easily to be gained?

Rambler, v. 2, p. 16.

The universal axiom in which all complaisance is included, and from which flow all the formalities which custom has established in civilized nations, is,—“That no man should give any preference to himself,”—a rule so comprehensive and certain, that perhaps it is not easy for the mind to imagine an incivility without supposing it to be broken.

Ditto, ditto, p. 262.

There are, indeed, in every place, some particular modes of the ceremonial part of good breeding, which being arbitrary and accidental, can be learned only by habitude and conversation.—Such are the forms of salutation, the different gradations of reverence, and all the adjustments of place and precedence.—These however may be
often

often violated without offence, if it be sufficiently evident that neither malice nor pride contributed to the failure, but will not atone, however rigidly observed, for the tumour of insolence, or petulance of contempt.

Ditto, ditto, p. 262.

Wisdom and virtue are by no means sufficient, without the supplemental laws of good breeding, to secure freedom from degenerating into rudeness, or self-esteem from swelling into insolence. A thousand incivilities may be committed, and a thousand offices neglected, without any remorse of conscience, or reproach from reason.

Ditto, ditto, p. 261.

If we would have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants. To the loiterer, who makes appointments which he never keeps—to the consulter, who asks advice which he never takes—to the boaster, who blusters only to be praised—to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied—to the projector, whose happiness is to entertain his friends with expectations, which

all but himself know to be vain—to the œconomist, who tells of bargains and settlements—to the politician, who predicts the fate of battles and breach of alliances—to the usurer, who compares the different funds; and to the talker, who talks only because he loves to be talking.

Idler, vol. 1. p. 80.

SELF-COMPLACENCY.

HE that is pleased with himself, easily imagines he shall please others.

Johnson's Life of Pope.

CHARITY.

CHARITY would lose its name were it influenced by so mean a motive as human praise.

*Introduction to the Proceedings of the Committee for
Clothing French Prisoners, p. 158.*

To do the best can seldom be the lot of man; it is sufficient if, when opportunities are presented, he is ready to do good. How little virtue could be practised if beneficence were to wait always for the most proper objects, and the noblest occasions;---occasions that may never happen, and objects that may never be found?

Ditto, p. 159.

That

That charity is best of which the consequences are most extensive.

Ditto, ditto.

Of charity it is superfluous to observe, that it could have no place if there were no want; for of a virtue which could not be practised, the omission could not be culpable. Evil is not only the occasional, but the efficient cause of charity. We are incited to the relief of misery, by the consciousness that we have the same nature with the sufferer; that we are in danger of the same distresses; and may sometimes implore the same assistance.

Idler, v. 2, p. 209.

CHARITY TO CAPTIVES.

THE relief of enemies has a tendency to unite mankind in fraternal affection, to soften the acrimony of adverse nations, and dispose them to peace and amity. In the mean time it alleviates captivity, and takes away something from the miseries of war. The rage of war, however mitigated, will always fill the world with calamity and horror. Let it not then be unnecessarily extended.---Let animosity and hostility cease together, and no

man be longer deemed an enemy than while his sword is drawn against us.

Introduction to the Proceedings of the Committee
for Clothing French Prisoners, p. 159.

C E N S U R E.

Censure is willingly indulged, because it always implies some superiority. Men please themselves with imagining that they have made a deeper search, or wider survey than others, and detected faults and follies which escape vulgar observation.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 7.

Those who raise envy will easily incur censure.

Idler, v. 1, p. 78.

C U S T O M.

Established custom is not easily broken, till some great event shakes the whole system of things, and life seems to recommence upon new principles.

Western Islands, p. 18.

Custom is commonly too strong for the most resolute resolver, though furnished for
the assault with all the weapons of philosophy.

“ He

“ He that endeavours to free himself from an ill habit, (says Bacon) must not change too much at a time, lest he should be discouraged by difficulty; nor too little, for then he will make but slow advances.”

Idler, v. 1, p. 152.

To advise a man, unaccustomed to the eyes of the multitude, to mount a tribunal without perturbation;—to tell him, whose life has passed in the shades of contemplation, that he must not be disconcerted or perplexed in receiving and returning the compliments of a splendid assembly, is to advise an inhabitant of Brazil or Sumatra not to shiver at an English winter, or him who has always lived upon a plain, to look from a precipice without emotion.—It is to suppose custom instantaneously controllable by reason, and to endeavour to communicate by precept, that which only time and habit can bestow.

Rambler, v. 3, p. 317.

C H E A T S.

Cheats can seldom stand long against laughter.

Johnson's Life of Butler.

C H

C H A R A C T E R.

In cities, and yet more in courts, the minute discriminations of character, which distinguish one man from another, are, for the most part, effaced. — The peculiarities of temper and opinion are gradually worn away by promiscuous converse, as angular bodies and uneven surfaces lose their points and asperities, by frequent attrition against one another, and approach by degrees to uniform rotundity.

Rambler, v. 3, p. 192.

The opinions of every man must be learned from himself. Concerning his practice it is safest to trust the evidence of others. Where those testimonies concur, no higher degree of certainty can be obtained of his character.

Life of Sir T. Browne, p. 286.

To get a name can happen but to few. — A name, even in the most commercial nation, is one of the few things which cannot be bought—it is the free gift of mankind, which must be deserved before it will be granted, and is at last unwillingly bestowed.

Idler, v. 1, p. 66.

The exhibition of *character* is the first requisite in dramatic fable.

Universal Visitor, p. 118.

C H A N C E.

There are few minds sufficiently firm to be trusted in the hands of chance. Whoever finds himself to anticipate futurity, and exalt possibility to certainty, should avoid every kind of casual adventure, since his grief must be always proportionate to his hope.

Rambler, v. 4, p. 118.

The most timorous prudence will not always exempt a man from the dominion of chance; a subtle and insidious power, who will sometimes intrude upon the greatest privacy, and embarrass the strictest caution.

Ditto, ditto, p. 132.

Whatever is left in the hands of chance must be subject to vicissitude, and when any establishment is found to be useful, it ought to be the next care to make it permanent.

Idler, v. 1, p. 21.

C O M P L A I N T.

What cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 29.

CAL

C A L A M I T Y.

The state of the mind oppressed with a sudden calamity is like that of the fabulous inhabitants of the new created earth, who, when the first night came upon them, supposed that day would never return.

Ditto, p. 211.

C A R E.

Care will sometimes betray to the appearance of negligence. He that is catching opportunities which seldom occur, will suffer those to pass by unregarded which he expects hourly to return ; and he that is searching for remote things will neglect those that are obvious.

Johnson's Preface to his Dictionary, fol. p. 8.

C H O I C E.

The causes of good and evil are so various and uncertain, so often entangled with each other, so diversified by various relations, and so much subject to accidents which cannot be foreseen, that he who would fix his condition upon incontestible reasons of preference, must live and die enquiring and deliberating.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 109.

CLEAN-

CLEANLINESS.

There is a kind of anxious cleanliness, which is always the characteristic of a flatterer ; it is the superfluous scrupulosity of guilt, dreading discovery and shunning suspicion.—It is the violence of an effort against habit, which being impelled by external motives, cannot stop at the middle point.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 58.

CHANGE.

All change is of itself an evil, which ought not to be hazarded but for evident advantage.

Plan of an English Dictionary, p. 37.

CONSCIENCE.

Tranquility and guilt, disjoined by heaven,
Still stretch in vain their longing arms afar,
Nor dare to pass th' insuperable bound.

Irene, p. 43.

CAPTIVITY.

The man whose miscarriage in a just cause
has put him in the power of his enemy, may,

E

with

without any violation of his integrity, regain his liberty, or preserve his life, by a promise of neutrality ; for the stipulation gives the enemy nothing which he had not before. The neutrality of a captive may be always secured by his imprisonment or death. He that is at the disposal of another, may not promise to aid him in any injurious act, because no power can compel active obedience.. He may engage to do nothing, but not to do ill.

Life of Cowley.

COMPETENCY.

A competency ought to secure a man from poverty ; or, if he wastes it, make him ashamed of publishing his necessities.

Life of Dryden.

CONTEMPT.

Contempt is a kind of gangrene, which if it seizes one part of a character, corrupts all the rest by degrees.

Life of Blackmore.

CIVILITY

The civilities of the great are never thrown away.

Memoirs of the K. of Prussia, p. 107.

CONTENT.

The foundation of content must spring up in a man's own mind ; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 35.

CONSOLATION.

No one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the sufferer does not complain, and which there are no means proposed of alleviating. We have no right to excite thoughts which necessarily give pain, whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by absurd and unreasonable compassion.

Ditto, v. 2, p. 122.

C U R I O S I T Y.

Curiosity, like all other desires, produces pain as well pleasure.

Ditto, v. 4, p. 8.

C R I T I C I S M.

The eye of the intellect, like that of the body, is not equally perfect in all, nor equally adapted in any to all objects. The end of Criticism is to supply its defects. Rules are the instruments of mental vision, which may indeed assist our faculties when properly used, but produce confusion and obscurity by unskilful application.

Ditto, ditto, p. 91.

In Criticism, as in every other art, we fail sometimes by our weakness, but more frequently by our fault. We are sometimes bewildered by ignorance, and sometimes by prejudice, but we seldom deviate far from the right, but when we deliver ourselves up to the direction of vanity.

Ditto, ditto, p. 92.

What.

Whatever is much read, will be much criticised.

Life of Sir T. Browne, p. 257.

An account of the labours and productions of the learned was for a long time among the deficiencies of English literature, but as the caprice of man is always starting from too little to too much, we have now, among other disturbers of human quiet, a numerous body of *reviewers* and *remarkers*.

Preliminary Discourse to the London Chronicle, p. 156.

He who is taught by a critic to dislike that which pleased him in his natural state, has the same reason to complain of his instructor, as the madman to rail at his Doctor, who when he thought himself master of *Peru*, physicked him to poverty.

Idler, v. 1, p. 16.

No Genius was ever blasted by the breath of Critics ; the poison, which if confined, would have burst the heart, fumes away in empty hisses, and malice is set at ease, with very little danger to merit.

Ditto, v. 2, p. 40.

The critic will be led but a little way towards the just estimation of the sublime beauties in works of Genius, who judges merely by rules ; for whatever part of an art that can be executed, or criticised thus, that part is no longer the work of Genius, which implies excellence out of the reach of rules.

Ditto, ditto, p. 130.

That reading may generally be suspected to be *right*, which requires many words to prove it *wrong* ; and the emendation wrong, which cannot, without so much labour, appear to be right,

Preface to Shakespeare, p. 66.

C O N V I C T.

Imprisonment is afflictive, and ignominious death is fearful, but let the convict compare his condition with that which his actions might reasonably have incurred. The robber might have died in the act of violence by lawful resistance. The man of fraud might have sunk into the grave, whilst he was enjoying the gain of his artifice, and where *then had been their hope* ? By imprisonment,
even

even with the certainty of death before their eyes, they have leisure for thought ; opportunities for instruction ; and whatever they suffer from offended laws, they may yet reconcile themselves to God, who, if he is sincerely sought for, will most assuredly be found.

Convicts Address, p. 12. — Generally attributed to the late Dr. Dodd, but written for him, whilst under sentence of death, by Dr. Johnson.

C H I L D R E N.

It cannot be hoped that out of any progeny, more than *one* shall deserve to be mentioned.

Life of Roger Ascham, p. 235.

C R E D U L I T Y.

We are inclined to believe those whom we do not know, because they never have deceived us.

Idler, v. 2, p. 157.

C O M P I L A T I O N.

Particles of science are often very widely scattered—Writers of extensive comprehension have incidental remarks upon topics *very remote from the principal subject, whi*

are often more valuable than formal treatises, and which yet, are not known, because they are not promised in the title. He that collects those under proper heads, is very laudably employed, for tho' he exerts no great abilities in the work, he facilitates the progress of others, and by making that easy of attainment which is already written, may give some mind more vigorous, or more adventurous than his own, leisure for new thoughts and original designs.

Idler, v. 2, p. 185.

C O U R T.

It has been always observed of those that frequent a Court, that they soon, by a kind of contagion, catch the regal spirit of neglecting futurity. The minister forms an expedient to suspend, or perplex an enquiry into his measures for a few months, and applauds and triumphs in his own dexterity. The Peer puts off his creditor for the present day, and forgets that he is ever to see him more.

Marmor Norfolcienfe, p. 20.

C U N N I N G.

Cunning differs from wisdom as twilight open day. He that walks in the sunshine,

shine, goes boldly forward by the nearest way; he sees that when the path is straight and even, he may proceed in security, and when it is rough and crooked, he easily complies with the turns, and avoids the obstructions. But the traveller in the dusk, fears more as he sees less; he knows there may be danger, and therefore suspects that he is never safe, tries every step before he fixes his foot, and shrinks at every noise, lest violence should approach him. Cunning discovers little at a time, and has no other means of certainty than multiplication of stratagems, and superfluity of suspicion. Yet men thus narrow by nature, and mean by art, are sometimes able to rise by the miscarriages of bravery, and the openness of integrity; and by watching failures, and snatching opportunities, obtain advantages which belong properly to higher characters.

Idler, v. 2, p. 223 & 227.

C O U R A G E.

The courage of the English vulgar proceeds from that dissolution of dependence, which obliges every man to regard his own character. While every man is fed by his own hand, he has no need of any servile arts, *he may always have wages for his labour.*

is no less necessary for his employer, than his employer is to him; while he looks for no protection from others, he is naturally roused to be his own protector, and having nothing to abate his esteem of himself, he consequently aspires to the esteem of others. Thus every man that crowds our streets is a man of honour, disdainful of obligation, impatient of reproach, and desirous of extending his reputation among those of his own rank; and as courage is in most frequent use, the same of courage is most eagerly pursued. From this neglect of subordination, it is not to be denied that some inconveniencies may, from time to time proceed. The power of the law does not always sufficiently supply the want of reverence, or maintain the proper distinction, between different ranks; but good and evil will grow up in this world together; and they who complain in peace, of the insolence of the populace, must remember, that their insolence in Peace, is bravery in War.

Bravery of English Common Soldiers, p. 329.

D.

D E S I R E.

Some desire is necessary to keep life in motion; and he whose real wants are supplied, must admit those of fancy.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 52.

The desires of man increase with his acquisitions—every step which he advances brings something within his view, which he did not see before, and which, as soon as he sees it, he begins to want. Where necessity ends, curiosity begins; and no sooner are we supplied with every thing that nature can demand, than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.

Idler, v. 1, p. 165.

D E A T H.

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds !
 Are only varied modes of endless being.
 Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
 Derives its value from its use alone,
 Not for itself—but for a nobler end :
 The Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
 When inconsistent with a greater good,
 Reason commands to cast the less away.
 Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
 And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

Irene, p. 41.

The death of great men is not always proportioned to their lives. Hannibal says Juvenal did not perish by a javelin, or a sword; the slaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a *ring*.

Life of Popc.

It was perhaps ordained by providence, to hinder us from tyrannizing over one another, that no individual should be of such importance, as to cause by his retirement or death any chasm in the world.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 34.

The great disturbers of our happiness in this world, are our desires, our griefs, and our fears; and to all these the *consideration of mortality* is a certain and adequate remedy. "Think (says Epictetus,) frequently on poverty, banishment, and death, and thou wilt never indulge violent desires, or give up thy heart to mean sentiments."

Ditto, ditto, p. 101.

It is remarkable that death increases our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad.

Ditto, v. 2, p. 5.

To neglect at any time preparation for death is to sleep on our post at a siege, but to omit it in old age, is to sleep at an attack.

Ditto, ditto, p. 141.

To die is the fate of man, but to die with lingering anguish, is generally his folly.

Ditto, ditto, p. 178.

To rejoice in tortures is the privilege of a martyr—to meet death with intrepidity is the
right

right only of innocence (if in any human being innocence can be found) but of him whose life is shortened by his crimes, the last duties are humility and self-abasement.

Convicts Address, p. 18.

D E P E N D E N C E.

THERE is no state more contrary to the dignity of wisdom, than perpetual and unlimited dependence, in which the understanding lies useless, and every motion is received from external impulse. Reason is the great distinction of human nature, the faculty by which we approach to some degree of association with celestial intelligences; but as the excellence of every power appears only in its operations, not to have reason, and to have it useless and unemployed, is nearly the same.

Rambler, v. 4, p. 12.

Wherever there is wealth, there will be dependence, and expectation; and wherever there is dependence, there will be an emulation of servility.

Ditto, ditto, p. 158.

If it be unhappy to have one patron, what is his misery who has many?

Ditto, v. 1, p. 161.

D I F F I D E N C E.

THE pain of miscarriage is naturally proportionate to the desire of excellence; and therefore till men are hardened by long familiarity with reproach, or have attained, by frequent struggles, the art of suppressing their emotions, Diffidence is found the insuperable associate of understanding.

Rambler, v. 4, p. 186.

D E L I C A C Y.

HE that too much refines his delicacy, will always endanger his quiet.

Ditto, ditto, p. 221.

D I S A P P O I N T M E N T.

WE do not so often disappoint others, as ourselves, as we not only think more highly than others of our own abilities, but allow ourselves to form hopes which we never communicate, and please our thoughts with employments which none ever will allot us, and with elevations to which we are never expected to rise.

Idler, v. 2, p. 203.

D I S-

D I S E A S E.

IT may be said that disease generally begins that equality which death completes. The distinctions which set one man so much above another, are very little perceived in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise, where all human glory is obliterated---The wit is clouded, the reasoner perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortal beings, finds nothing left him but the consciousness of innocence.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 290.

D I S T R U S T.

IT is impossible to see the long scrolls in which every contract is included, with all their appendages of seals and attestation, without wondering at the depravity of those beings who must be restrained from violation of promise by such formal and public evidences, and precluded from equivocation and subterfuge by such punctilious minuteness. Among all the satires to which folly and wickedness have given occasion, none is equally severe with a bond, or a settlement.

Ditto, v. 3. p. 155.

D E L A Y.

THE folly of allowing ourselves to delay what we know cannot be finally escaped, is one of the general weaknesses, which in spite of the instruction of moralists, and the remonstrances of reason, prevail to a greater, or less degree in every mind: Even they who most steadily withstand it, find it, if not the most violent, the most pertinacious of their passions, always renewing its attacks, and though often vanquished, never destroyed.

Rambler, v. 3, p. 170.

The certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active prosecution of whatever he is desirous to perform. It is true, that no diligence can ascertain success; Death may intercept the swiftest career, but he who is cut off in the execution of an honest undertaking, has at least the honour of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, though he missed the victory.

Ditto, ditto, p. 173.

D U T Y.

WHEN we act according to our duty, we
 submit the event to him by whose laws our
 actions

actions are governed, and who will suffer none to be finally punished for obedience. But when in prospect of some good, whether natural, or moral, we break the rules prescribed to us, we withdraw from the direction of superior wisdom, and take all consequences upon ourselves.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 203.

D I L I G E N C E.

DILIGENCE in employments of less consequence is the most successful introduction to greater enterprizes.

Life of Drake, p. 160.

E

E N V Y.

HE that knows himself despised, will always be envious; and still more envious and malevolent, if he is condemned to live in the presence of those who despise him.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 86.

To see the highest minds levelled with the meanest, may produce some solace to the consciousness of weakness, and some mortification

tion to the pride of wisdom; but let it be remembered, that minds are not levelled in their powers, but when they are first levelled in their desires.

Life of Dryden.

It is not only to many more pleasing to recollect those faults which place others below them, than those virtues by which they are themselves comparatively depressed, but it is likewise more easy to neglect than to recompence; and though there are few who will practise a laborious virtue, there never will be wanting multitudes that will indulge an easy vice.

Life of Savage.

The great law of mutual benevolence is, perhaps, oftener violated by envy than by interest. Interest can diffuse itself but to a narrow compass. Interest requires some qualities not universally bestowed. Interest is seldom pursued but at some hazard;—but to spread suspicion,—to invent calumnies,—to propagate scandal, requires neither talents, nor labour, nor courage.

Rambler, v. 4, p. 125, & 126.

E X A M P L E.

EVERY man, in whatever station, has, or
 favours to have, his followers, admirers,
 and

and imitators; and has therefore the influence of his example to watch with care; he ought to avoid not only crimes, but the appearance of crimes, and not only to practise virtue, but to applaud, countenance, and support it; for it is possible, for want of attention, we may teach others faults from which ourselves are free, or, by a cowardly desertion of a cause, which we ourselves approve, may pervert those who fix their eyes upon us, and having no rule of their own to guide their course, are easily misled by the aberrations of that example which they chuse for their directions.

Rambler, v. 2, p. 95.

Every art is best taught by example. Nothing contributes more to the cultivation of propriety, than remarks on the works of those who have most excelled.

Dissertation on the Epitaphs of Pope, p. 302.

EMULATION.

WHERE there is emulation, there will be vanity; and where there is vanity, there will be folly.

Life of Shenstone.

Ever

Every man ought to endeavour at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself, and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity. The philosopher may very justly be delighted with the extent of his views, and the artificer with the readiness of his hands; but let the one remember, that without mechanical performances, refined speculation is an empty dream; and the other, that without theoretical reasoning, dexterity is little more than a brute instinct.

Rambler, v. 1. p. 52.

EDUCATION.

THE knowledge of external nature, and of the sciences which that knowledge requires, or includes, is not the great, or the frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action, or conversation; whether we wish to be useful, or pleasing; the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong. The next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples, which may be said to embody truth, and prove by events the

the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and justice are virtues and excellencies of all times, and all places. We are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary, and at leisure.

Life of Milton.

Physical knowledge is of such rare emergence, that one man may know another half his life without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics, or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears.—Those authors, therefore, are to be read at school, that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation; and these purposes are best served by poets, orators, and historians.

Ditto, ditto.

It ought always to be steadily inculcated, that virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness; and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in mistake, and ends in ignominy.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 24.

The general rule of consulting the genius for particular offices in life is of little use,
unless

unless we are told how the genius can be known. If it is to be discovered only by experiment, life will be lost before the resolution can be fixed; if any other indications are to be found, they may perhaps be very easily discerned. At least if to miscarry in an attempt be a proof of having mistaken the direction of the genius, men appear not less frequently deceived with regard to themselves, than to others; and therefore no one has much reason to complain that his life was planned out by his friends, or to be confident that he should have had either more honour or happiness by being abandoned to the chance of his own fancy.

Ditto, ditto, p. 120.

EMPLOYMENT.

EMPLOYMENT is the great instrument of intellectual dominion. The mind cannot retire from its enemy into total vacancy, or turn aside from one object, but by passing to another. The gloomy and the resentful are always found among those who have *nothing to do*, or who *do nothing*. We must be busy about good, or evil, and he to whom

whom the *present* offers nothing, will often be looking backward on the *past*.

Julcr, v. 2, p. 113.

E V I L:

No evil is insupportable, but that which is accompanied with consciousness of wrong.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 206.

E M P I R E.

Extended empire, like expanded gold,
Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour.

Irene, p. 16.

E X C E L L E N C E.

THOSE who attain any excellence, commonly spend life in one pursuit; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms.

Life of Pope.

E N Q U I R Y.

IN the zeal of enquiry we do not always reflect on the silent encroachments of time, or remember that no man is in more danger of doing little, than he who flatters himself with abilities to do all.

Treatise on the Longitude, p. 14.

EQUA-

EQUANIMITY.

EVIL is uncertain, in the same degree, as good; and for the reason we ought not to hope too securely, we ought not to fear with too much dejection. The state of the world is continually changing, and none can tell the result of the next vicissitude. Whatever is afloat in the stream of time may, when it is very near us, be driven away by an accidental blast, which shall happen to cross the general course of the current. The sudden accidents by which the powerful are depressed, may fall upon those whose malice we fear, and the greatness by which we expect to be overborne, may become another proof of the false flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may become weak, or we grow strong, before our encounter; or we may advance against each other without ever meeting. There are indeed natural evils, which we can flatter ourselves with no hopes of escaping, and with little of delaying; but of the ills which are apprehended from human malignity, or the opposition of rival interests, we may always alleviate the terror, by considering that our persecutors are weak, ignorant, and mortal, *like ourselves*.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 178.

EPI-

E P I T A P H.

To define an epitaph is useleſs ; every one knows it is an inſcription on a tomb ; an epitaph therefore implies no particular character of writing, but may be compoſed in verſe or proſe. It is, indeed, commonly panegyrical, becauſe we are ſeldom diſtinguiſhed with a ſtone, but by our friends ; but it has no rule to reſtrain, or modify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common beholders may be expected to have leiſure, and patience to peruſe.

Difſertation on the Epitaphs of Pope, p. 303.

The name of the deceased ſhould never be omitted in an epitaph, whoſe end is to convey ſome account of the dead, and to what purpoſe is any thing told of him whoſe name is concealed ? An epitaph, and a hiſtory of a nameleſs hero, are equally abſurd, ſince the virtues and qualities ſo recounted in either, are ſcattered, at the mercy of fortune, to be appropriated by gueſs. The name, it is true, may be read upon the ſtone, but what obligation has it to the poet, whoſe verſes wander over the earth, and leave their ſubject behind them ; and who is forced, like

an unskilful painter, to make his purpose known by adventitious help ?

Ditto, p. 307.

The difficulty of writing epitaphs, is to give a particular and appropriate praise.

Ditto, p. 314.

E S T E E M.

To raise esteem, we must benefit others ;
to procure love, we must please them.

Rambler, v. 4, p. 5.

E L E C T I O N.

Perhaps no election, by a plurality of suffrages, was ever made among human beings, to which it might not be objected, that voices were not procured by illicit influence.

Memoirs of the K. of Prussia, p. 125.

E X P E C T A T I O N.

Expectation, when once her wings are expanded, easily reaches heights which performance never will attain ; and when she
has

has mounted the summit of perfection, derides her follower, who dies in the pursuit.

Plan of an English Dictionary, p. 32.

E F F E C T S.

(Not always proportioned to their causes.)

It seems to be almost the universal error of historians, to suppose it politically, as it is physically true, that every effect has a proportionate cause. In the inanimate action of matter upon matter, the motion produced can be but equal to the force of the moving power; but the operations of life, whether public, or private, admit no such laws. The caprices of voluntary agents, laugh at calculation. It is not always there is a strong reason for a great event; obstinacy and flexibility, malignity and kindness, give place alternately to each other; and the reason of those vicissitudes, however important may be the consequences, often escapes the mind in which the change is made.

Falkland Islands, p. 33.

F.

F A M E.

He that is loudly praised, will be clamorously censured. He that rises hastily into fame, will be in danger of sinking suddenly into oblivion.

Idler, v. 2, p. 35.

The memory of mischief is no desirable fame.

P. of Abyssinia, p. 257.

The true satisfaction which is to be drawn from the consciousness that we shall have the attention of future times, must arise from the hope, that with our names, our virtues shall be propagated, and that those whom we cannot benefit in our lives, may receive instruction from our example, and incitement from our renown.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 298.

Fame cannot spread wide, or endure long, that is not rooted in nature, and manured by art. That which hopes to resist the blasts of malignity, and stand firm against the attacks of time, must contain in itself some original principle of growth.

Ditto, v. 3, p. 292.

FRIENDSHIP.

Few love their friends so well, as not to desire superiority by unexpensive benefaction.

False Alarm, p. 47.

Friendship in letter-writing has no tendency to secure veracity ; for by whom can a man so much wish to be thought better than he is, as by him whose kindness he desires to gain or keep ? Even in writing to the world there is less constraint ; the author is not confronted with his reader, and takes his chance of approbation amongst the different dispositions of mankind. But a letter is addressed to a single mind, of which the prejudices and partialities are known, and must therefore please, if not by favouring them, by forbearing to oppose them.

Life of Pope.

Friendship is not always the sequel of obligation.

Life of Thomson.

Unequal friendships are easily dissolved. This is often the fault of the superior ; yet if we look without prejudice on the world, we shall often find that men, whose consciousness of their own merit, sets them above the compliances of servility, are apt enough, in the

association with superiors; to watch their own dignity; with troublesome and punctilious jealousy, and in the fervour of independence, to exact that attention which they refuse to pay.

Life of Gray.

So many qualities are necessary to the possibility of friendship, and so many accidents, must concur to its rise and its continuance, that the greatest part of mankind content themselves without it, and supply its place as they can with interest and dependence.

Rambler, v. 2, p. 59.

That friendship may be at once fond and lasting, there must not only be equal virtue on each part, but virtue of the same kind; not only the same end must be proposed, but the same means must be approved by both.

Ditto, ditto, p. 61.

Among the uncertainties of the human state, we are doomed to number the instability of friendship.

Life of Addison.

It were happy if, in forming friendships, virtue could concur with pleasure;—but the greatest part of human gratifications approach so nearly to vice, that few who make the delight of others their rule of conduct, can avoid *dissingenuous* compliances;—yet certainly

tainly he that suffers himself to be driven, or allured from virtue, mistakes his own interest, since he gains succour by means, for which his friend, if ever he becomes wise, must scorn him ; and for which, at last, he must scorn himself.

Rambler, v. 4, p. 5.

Many have talked, in very exalted language, of the perpetuity of friendship ; of invincible constancy and unalienable kindness ; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affections have predominated over changes of fortune, and contrariety of opinion. But these instances are memorable, because they are rare. The friendship which is to be practised, or expected by common mortals, must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.

Idler, v. 1, p. 126.

The most fatal disease of friendship is gradual decay, or dislike hourly increased by causes too slender for complaint, and too numerous for removal. Those who are angry may be reconciled. Those who have been injured may receive a recompence ; but *when the desire of pleasing, and willingness*

to be pleased, is silently diminished, the renovation of friendship is hopeless; as when the vital powers sink into languor, there is no longer any use of the physician.

Ditto, ditto, p. 130.

FLATTERY.

In every instance of vanity it will be found that the blame ought to be shared among more than it generally reaches. All who exalt trifles by immoderate praise, or instigate needless emulation by invidious incitements, are to be considered as perverters of reason, and corrupters of the world; and since every man is obliged to promote happiness and virtue, he should be careful not to mislead unwary minds, by appearing to set too high a value upon things, by which no real excellence is conferred.

Rambler, v. 2, p. 74

To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praises are not believed by those who pronounce them; for they prove at least our power, and shew that our favour is valued, since it is purchased by the meanness of falsehood.

Ditto, ditto, p. 120.

In order that all men may be taught to speak truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of falsehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependent by interest, and the friend by tenderness. Those who are neither servile, or timorous, are yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and while unjust demands of praise continue to be made, there will always be some whom hope, fear, or kindness will dispose to pay them.

Ditto, ditto, p. 247.

He that is much flattered, soon learns to flatter himself. We are commonly taught our duty by fear, or shame; and how can they act upon the man who hears nothing but his own praises?

Life of Swift.

Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present.

Rambler, v. 3, p. 294.

Neither our virtues, or vices are all our own. If there were no cowardice, there would be little insolence. Pride cannot rise to any great degree, but by the concurrence of blandishment, or the sufferance of tameness. The wretch who would shrink and crouch
before

before one that should dart his eyes upon him with the spirit of natural equality, becomes capricious and tyrannical when he sees himself approached with a downcast look, and hears the soft addreses of awe and servility. To those who are willing to purchase favour by cringes and compliance, is to be imputed the haughtiness that leaves nothing to be hoped by firmness and integrity.

Ditto, v. 4, p. 3.

F O L L Y.

No man will be found in whose mind airy notions do not sometimes tyrannize, and force him to hope, or fear, beyond the limits of sober probability.

P. of Abyssinia, p. 259.

F O R T U N E.

Fortune often delights to dignify what nature has neglected, and that renown, which cannot be claimed by intrinsic excellence, or greatness, is sometimes derived from unexpected accidents.

Falkland Islands, p. 2.

FEAR.

F E A R.

All fear is in itself painful ; and when it conduces not to safety, is painful without use.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 180.

Fear is implanted in us as a preservative from evil ; but its duty, like that of other passions, is not to overbear reason, but to assist it ; nor should it be suffered to tyrannize in the imagination, to raise phantoms of horror, or beset life with supernumerary distresses.

Ditto, v. 3, p. 125.

F O R G I V E N E S S.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed, or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence. We cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to *design* the effects of accident. We

think the blow violent, only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender ; we are, on every side, in danger of error and guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

Rambler, v. 4, p. 137.

FRUGALITY.

Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant, will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption. It will almost always produce a passive compliance with the wickedness of others, and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practise those crimes which they cease to censure.

Ditto, v. 2, p. 21.

Without frugality none can be rich, and with it, very few would be poor.

Ditto, ditto, ditto.

Though in every age there are some who, by bold adventures, or by favourable accidents, rise suddenly into riches ; the bulk of mankind must owe their affluence to small and gradual profits, below which their expence must be resolutely reduced.

Ditto, ditto, p. 23.

The

The mercantile wisdom of "a penny saved is two-pence got," may be accommodated to all conditions, by observing, that not only they who pursue any lucrative employment will save time when they forbear expence, and that time may be employed to the increase of profit ; but that they, who are above such minute considerations, will find by every victory over appetite or passion, new strength added to the mind, will gain the power of refusing those sollicitations by which the young and vivacious are hourly assaulted, and, in time, set themselves above the reach of extravagance and folly.

Ditto, ditto, p. 24.

It may, perhaps, be enquired, by those who are willing rather to cavil than to learn, what is the just measure of frugality ? To such no general answer can be given, since the liberty of spending, or necessity of parsimony, may be varied without end by different circumstances. These three rules, however, may be laid down as not to be departed from :

"A man's voluntary expences should not exceed his income."

“ Let no man anticipate uncertain profits.”

“ Let no man squander against his inclination.”

Ditto, ditto, ditto.

F A V O U R.

Favours of every kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred.

Rambler, v. 4, p. 188.

F A N C Y.

The fanciful sports of great minds, are never without some advantage to knowledge.

Life of Sir T. Browne, p. 267.

G.

G E N I U S.

True genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction.

Life of Cowley.

Genius is powerful when invested with the
litter of affluence. Men willingly pay to
for-

fortune that regard which they owe to merit, and are pleased when they have an opportunity at once of gratifying their vanity, and practising their duty.

Life of Savag^r.

Whoever is apt to hope good from others, is diligent to please them; but he that believes his powers strong enough to force their own way, commonly tries only to please himself.

Life of Gay.

Men have sometimes appeared of such transcendant abilities, that their slightest and most cursory performances, excell all that labour and study can enable meaner intellects to compose. As there are regions of which the spontaneous products cannot be equalled in other soils, by care and culture. But it is no less dangerous for any man to place himself in this rank of understanding, and fancy that he is born to be illustrious without labour, than to omit the care of husbandry, and expect from his ground, the blossoms of Arabia.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 50.

Misapplied genius most commonly proves ridiculous.

Idler, v. 2, p. 231.

There are men who seem to think nothing so much characteristic of genius, as to do common things in an uncommon way ; like Hudibras, *to tell the clock by Algebra*, or like the lady in Dr. Young's Satires, " to drink tea by stratagem."

Ditto, v. 1, p. 202.

Great powers cannot be exerted but when great exigencies make them necessary. Great exigencies can happen but seldom, and therefore those qualities which have a claim to the veneration of mankind, lie hid, for the most part, like subterranean treasures, over which the foot passes as on common ground, till necessity breaks open the golden cavern.

Ditto, ditto, p. 287.

It seems to have been in all ages, the pride of wit to shew how it could exalt the low, and amplify the little. To speak not inadequately of things really, and naturally great, is a task not only difficult but disagreeable, because the writer is degraded in his own eyes by standing in comparison with his subject, to which he can hope to add nothing from his imagination. But it is a perpetual triumph of fancy to expand a scanty theme, to ~~with~~ glittering ideas from obscure properties, and

and to produce to the world an object of wonder, to which nature had contributed little. To this ambition, perhaps we owe the Frogs of Homer, the Gnat and the Bees of Virgil, the Butterfly of Spencer, the Shadow of Woverus, and the Quincunx of Browne.

Life of Sir Thomas Browne, p. 266.

G O V E R N M E N T.

Governments formed by chance, and gradually improved by such expedients as the successive discovery of their defects happened to suggest, are never to be tried by a regular theory. They are fabricks of dissimilar materials, raised by different architects upon different plans. We must be content with them as they are ; should we attempt to mend their disproportions, we might easily demolish, and with difficulty rebuild them.

False Alarm, p. 24.

In all political regulations, good cannot be complete, it can only be predominant.

Western Islands, p. 208.

No scheme of policy has, in any country yet brought the rich on equal terms into

court,

courts of judicature. Perhaps experience, improving on experience, may in time effect it.

Ditto, p. 215.

To hinder insurrection by driving away the people, and to govern peaceably, by having no subjects, is an expedient that argues no great profundity of politics. To soften the obdurate, to convince the mistaken, to mollify the resentful, are worthy of a statesman; but it affords a legislator little self-applause to consider, that where there was formerly an insurrection, there is now a wilderness.

Ditto, p. 224.

The general story of mankind will evince, that lawful and settled authority is very seldom resisted when it is well employed. Gross corruption, or evident imbecility, is necessary to the suppression of that reverence, with which the majority of mankind look upon their governors, or those whom they see surrounded by splendour, and fortified by power.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 301.

No government could subsist for a day, if single errors could justify defection.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 62.

Government is necessary to man; and
when

when obedience is not compelled, there is no government.

Ditto, p. 77.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

No man, whose appetites are his masters, can perform the duties of his nature with strictness and regularity. He that would be superior to external influences, must first become superior to his own passions.

Idler, v. 1, p. 293.

UNIVERSAL GOOD.

All skill ought to be exerted for universal good. Every man has owed much to others, and ought to pay the kindness that he has received.

P. of Abyssinia, p. 41.

H.

HAPPINESS.

We are long before we are convinced that happiness is never to be found ; and each believes it possessed by others, to keep alive the hope of obtaining it for himself.

Ditto, p. 108.

Whether perfect happiness can be procured by perfect goodness, this world will never afford an opportunity of deciding. But this

at least, may be maintained, that we do not always find visible happiness in proportion to visible virtue.

Ditto, p. 163.

All natural, and almost all political evils, are incident alike to the bad, or good. They are confounded in the misery of a famine, and not much distinguished in the fury of a faction. They sink together in a tempest, and are driven together from their country by invaders. All that virtue can afford is *quietness of conscience*, a steady prospect of a happier state, which will enable us to endure every calamity with patience.

Ditto, ditto.

He that has no one to love, or to confide in, has little to hope. He wants the radical principle of happiness.

Ditto, p. 210.

It is, perhaps, a just observation, that with regard to outward circumstances, happiness and misery are equally diffused through all states of human life. In civilized countries, where regular policies have secured the necessities of life, ambition, avarice, and luxury find the mind at leisure for their reception, and soon engage it in new pursuits ; *pursuits that are to be carried only by incessant labour, and whether vain, or successful,*
pro-

produce anxiety and contention. Among savage nations imaginary wants find, indeed, no place ; but their strength exhausted by necessary toils, and their passions agitated, not by contests about superiority, affluence, or precedence, but by perpetual care for the present day, and by fear of perishing for want of common food.

Life of Drake, p. 211.

Whatever be the cause of happiness, may be made likewise the cause of misery. The medicine which, rightly applied, has power to cure, has, when rashness or ignorance prescribes it, the same power to destroy.

Dissertation on Authors, p. 21.

The happiness of the generality of people is nothing if it is not known, and very little if it is not envied.

Idler, v. 2, p. 155.

It has been observed in all ages, that the advantages of nature, or of fortune, have contributed very little to the promotion of happiness; and that those whom the splendour of their rank, or the extent of their capacity, have placed upon the summits of human life, have not often given any just occasion to envy in those who look up to them from a lower station. Whether it be, that *apparent superiority incites great designs*

and great designs are naturally liable to fatal miscarriages, or that the general lot of mankind is misery, and the misfortunes of those whose eminence drew upon them an universal attention, have been more faithfully recorded, because they were more generally observed, and have, in reality, been only more conspicuous than those of others, more frequent or more severe.

Life of Savage.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments, or disguises which he feels, in privacy, to be useful incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. *To be happy at home* is the ultimate result of all ambition; the end to which every enterprize and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known, by those who ~~could~~ *could* make a just estimate either of his ~~or~~ *or* felicity; for smiles and embroidery

are

are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour, and fictitious benevolence.

Rambler, v. 2, p. 82.

The highest panegyric that domestic virtue can receive, is the praise of servants ; for however vanity or insolence may look down with contempt on the suffrage of men undignified by wealth, and unenlightened by education, it very seldom happens that they commend or blame without justice.

Ditto, ditto, p. 84.

H A B I T S.

No man forgets his original trade ; the rights of nations and of kings sink into questions of grammar, if grammarians discuss them.

Life of Milton.

H O P E.

Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes ;—*possunt quia posse videntur.*

Ditto.

The understanding of a man, naturally sanguine, may be easily vitiated by the *luxurious indulgence of hope*, however necessary to
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the production of every thing great, or excellent, as some plants are destroyed by too open an exposure to that sun, which gives life and beauty to the vegetable world.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 10.

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be insupportable ; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence, can set us above the want of this general blessing ; or that life, when the gifts of nature and fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent. Yet hope is very fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives ; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a great bounty.

Ditto, v. 2, p. 75.

Where there is no hope, there can be no endeavour.

Ditto, v. 3, p. 26.

Hope

Hope is the chief blessing of man, and that hope only is rational, of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.

Ditto, v. 4, p. 236.

H U M A N I T Y.

HE does nothing who endeavours to do more than is allowed to humanity.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 179.

H E A L T H.

SUCH is the power of health, that without its co-operation, every other comfort is torpid and lifeless, as the power of vegetation without the sun.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 291.

H I S T O R Y.

HE that records transactions in which himself was engaged, has not only an opportunity of knowing innumerable particulars
I which

which escape spectators, but has his natural powers exalted by that ardour which always rises at the remembrance of our own importance, and by which every man is enabled to relate his own actions better than another's.

Idler, v. 2, p. 69.

He that writes the history of his own times, if he adheres strictly to truth, will write that which his own times will not easily endure. He must be content to reposit his book till all private passions shall cease, and love and hatred give way to curiosity.

Ditto, ditto, p. 72.

G O O D - H U M O U R.

GOOD-HUMOUR may be defined; a habit of being pleased; a constant and perennial softness of manner, easiness of approach, and suavity of disposition, like that which every one perceives in himself, when the first transports of new felicity have subsided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a slow succession of soft impulses.

Rambler, v. 2, p. 102.

Good-humour is a state between gaiety and unconcern; the act of a mind, at leisure, to regard the gratifications of another.

Ditto, ditto, ditto.

Surely

Surely nothing can be more unreasonable than to lose the will to please, when we are conscious of the power, or shew more cruelty than to choose any kind of influence before that of kindness and good-humour. He that regards the welfare of others, should make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied ; and he that considers the wants which every man feels, or will feel, of external assistance, must rather wish to be surrounded by those that love him, than by those that admire his excellencies, or solicit his favours ; for admiration ceases with novelty, and interest gains its end and retires. A man whose great qualities want the ornament of superficial attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted.

Ditto, ditto, p. 105.

GOOD-HUMOUR,

(Compared with Gaiety.)

GAIETY is to good-humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance. The one overpowers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to

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give

give some pain; the hearers either strain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy or despair. Good-humour boasts no faculties, which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.

Rambler, v. 2, p. 102.

J.

JEALOUSY.

That natural jealousy which makes every man unwilling to allow much excellence in another, always produces a disposition to believe that the mind grows old with the body, and that he whom we are now forced to confess superior, is hastening daily to a level with ourselves. Intellectual decay, doubtless, is not uncommon, but it is not universal. Newton was in his eighty fifth year improving his chronology, and Waller at eighty-two, is thought to have lost none of his poetical powers.

Life of Waller.

JUDGE.

J U D G E M E N T.

THOSE who have no power to judge of past times, but by their own, should always doubt their conclusions.

Life of Milton.

As laws operate in civil agency, not to the excitement of virtue, but the repression of wickedness, so judgment, in the operations of intellect, can hinder faults, but not produce excellence.

Life of Prior.

Nothing is more unjust than to judge of a man by too short an acquaintance, and too slight inspection; for it often happens, that in the loose and thoughtless, and dissipated, there is a secret radical worth, which may shoot out by proper cultivation. That the spark of heaven, though dimmed and obstructed, is yet not extinguished, but may, by the breath of counsel and exhortation, be kindled into a flame. To imagine that every one who is not completely good, is irrevocably abandoned, is to suppose that all are capable of the same degree of excellence; it is, indeed, to exact from all, that perfec-

tion which none ever can attain. And since the purest virtue is consistent with some vice, and the virtue of the greatest number, with almost an equal proportion of contrary qualities, let none too hastily conclude that all goodness is lost, though it may for a time be clouded and overwhelmed; for most minds are the slaves of external circumstances, and conform to any hand that undertakes to mould them, roll down any torrent of custom in which they happen to be caught; or bend to any importunity that bears hard against them.

Rambler, v. 2, p. 94.

Those that have done nothing in life, are not qualified to judge of those that have done little.

Plan of an English Dictionary, p. 49.

It is impossible for those that have only known affluence and prosperity, to judge rightly of themselves and others. The rich and powerful live in a perpetual masquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed characters; and we only discover in what estimation we are held, when we can no longer give hopes or fears.

Rambler, v. 2, p. 124.

JUSTICE.

J U S T I C E.

ONE of the principal parts of national felicity, arises from a wise and impartial administration of justice. Every man reposes upon the tribunals of his country, the stability of profession, and the serenity of life. He therefore who unjustly exposes the courts of judicature to suspicion, either of partiality, or error, not only does an injury to those who dispense the laws, but diminishes the public confidence in the laws themselves, and shakes the foundation of public tranquillity.

Convicts Address, p. 20.

Of justice, one of the heathen sages has shewn, with great acuteness, that it was impressed upon mankind only by the inconveniencies which *injustice* had produced. " In the first ages, says he, men acted without any rule but the impulse of desire; they practised injustice upon others, and suffered it from others in return; but, in time, it was discovered that the pain of suffering wrong, was greater than the pleasure of doing it, and mankind by a general compact, submitted to the restraint of laws, and resigned the pleasure to escape the pain.

Idler, v. 2 p. 208.

IN

I.

I N D U S T R Y.

FEW things are impossible to industry and skill.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 88.

Many things difficult to design, prove easy to performance.

Ditto, p. 93.

He that shall walk with vigour three hours a-day, will pass, in seven years, a space equal to the circumference of the globe.

Ditto, ditto.

Whatever busies the mind without corrupting it, has, at least this use, that it rescues the day from idleness; and he that is never idle, will not often be vicious.

Rambler, v. 4 p. 97.

I M I T A T I O N.

NO man was ever great by imitation.

Prince Abyssinia, p. 66.

It is justly considered as the greatest excellency of art, to imitate nature; but it requires judgement to distinguish those parts of nature which are most proper for imitation.

Rambler, v. 1 p. 21.

As not every instance of similitude can be considered as a proof of imitation, so not every imitation ought to be stigmatised as a plagiarism.—The adoption of a noble sentiment, or the insertion of a borrowed ornament, may sometimes display so much judgment as will almost compensate for invention; and an inferior genius may, without any imputation of servility, pursue the path of the ancients, provided he declines to tread in their footsteps.

Ditto, v. 3, p. 231.

The reputation which arises from the detail, or transposition of borrowed sentiments, may spread for a while, like ivy on the rind of antiquity, but will be torn away by accident, or contempt, and suffered to rot, unheeded, on the ground.

Ditto, ditto, p. 292.

When the original is well chosen, and judiciously copied, the imitator often arrives at excellence, which he could never have attained without direction; for few are formed with abilities to discover new possibilities of excellence, and to distinguish themselves by means never tried before.

Ditto, v. 4, p. 25.

INDC

I N D O L E N C E.

IT is in vain to put wealth within the reach of him who will not stretch out his hand to take it.

Life of King.

Indolence is one of these vices from which those whom it once infects are seldom reformed.

Rambler, v. 3, p. 298.

Every other species of luxury operates upon some appetite that is quickly satiated, and requires some concurrence of art, or accident, which every place will not supply ; but the *desire of ease* acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged, is the more increased.

Ditto, ditto, ditto.

He that is himself weary, will soon weary the public. Let him, therefore, lay down his employment, whatever it be, who can no longer exert his former activity, or attention. Let him not endeavour to struggle with censure, or obstinately infect the stage, till a general his commands him to depart.

Ditto, v. 4, p. 258.

I D L E.

I D L E N E S S.

AS pride is sometimes hid under humility, idleness is often covered by turbulence and hurry. He that neglects his known duty, and real employment, naturally endeavours to crowd his mind with something that may bar out the remembrance of his own folly, and does any thing but what he ought to do, with eager diligence, that he may keep himself in his own favour.

Idler, v. 1, p. 172.

Perhaps every man may date the predominance of those desires that disturb his life, and contaminate his conscience, from some unhappy hour, when too much leisure exposed him to their incursions; for he has lived with little observation, either on himself, or others, who does not know that to be idle is to be vicious.

Rambler, v. 2, p. 181.

There are said to be pleasures in madness, known only to madmen. There are certainly miseries in idleness, which the idler can only conceive.

Idler, v. 1, p. 15.

Of all the enemies of idleness, want is the most formidable. Fame is soon found to be a sound, and love a dream. Avarice and
ambition

ambition may be justly suspected of being privy confederates with idleness; for when they have, for a while, protected their votaries, they often deliver them up, to end their lives under her dominion. Want always struggles against idleness; but want herself is often overcome, and every hour shews the careful observer those who had rather live in ease than in plenty.

Ditto, ditto, p. 51.

I N T E G R I T Y.

INTEGRITY without knowledge is weak, and generally useless; and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.

P. of Abyssinia, p. 249.

I G N O R A N C E.

THE man who feels himself ignorant, should at least be modest.

Preliminary Discourse to the London Chronicle, p. 156.

I G N O R A N C E.

(Compared with Knowledge.)

The expectation of ignorance is indefinite, and that of knowledge often tyrannical. It is hard

hard to satisfy those who know not what to demand, or those who demand, by design, what they think impossible to be done.

Preface to *Shakespeare*, p. 63.

I G N O R A N C E,

(Compared with Confidence.)

IN things difficult there is danger from ignorance; in things easy from confidence.

Preface to *Dictionary*, fol. p. 9.

I M P R U D E N C E.

THOSE who, in confidence of superior capacities and attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, ought to be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

Life of Savage.

I M P R I S O N M E N T.

FEW are mended by imprisonment; and he whose crimes have made confinement necessary,

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cessary,

cessary, seldom makes any other use of his enlargement, than to do with greater cunning, what he did before with less.

False Alarm, p. 8.

The end of all civil regulations is to secure private happiness from private malignity, to keep individuals from the power of one another. But this end is apparently neglected by *imprisonment for debt*, when a man, irritated with loss, is allowed to be a judge of his own cause, and to assign the punishment of his own pain; when the distinction between guilt and unhappiness, between casualty and design, is entrusted to eyes blind with interest, to understandings depraved by resentment.

Idler, v. 1, p. 122.

In a prison the awe of the public eye is lost, and the power of the law is spent. There are few fears, there are no blushes. The lewd inflame the lewd; the audacious harden the audacious. Every one fortifies himself as he can against his own sensibility, and endeavours to practise on others, the arts which are practised on himself, and gains the kindness of his associates by similitude of manners.

Ditto, p. 216.

I M A -

I M A G I N A T I O N.

IT is the great failing of a strong imagination to catch greedily at wonders.

Memoirs of the K. of Prussia, p. 118.

A man who once resolves upon ideal discoveries, seldom searches long in vain.

Life of Sir T. Browne, p. 266.

It is a disposition to feel the force of words, and to combine the ideas annexed to them with quickness, that shews one man's imagination to be better than another's, and distinguishes a fine taste from dulness and stupidity.

Review of the Sublime and Beautiful, p. 57.

I N T E L L I G E N C E.

WITHOUT intelligenceman is not social, he is only gregarious; and little intelligence will there be, where all are constrained to daily labour, and every mind must wait upon the hand.

Western Islands, p. 317.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OF remote transactions, the first accounts are always confused, and commonly exaggerated; and in domestic affairs, if the power to conceal is less, the interest to misrepresent is often greater; and what is sufficiently vexatious, truth seems to fly from curiosity; and as many enquiries produce many narratives, whatever engages the public attention, is immediately disguised by the embellishments of fiction.



Preliminary Discourse to the London Chronicle, p. 154.

IRRESOLUTION.

HE that knows not whither to go, is in no haste to move.

Life of Swift.

SELF-IMPORTANCE.

EVERY man is of importance to himself, and therefore, in his own opinion, to others; and supposing the world already acquainted with all his pleasures and his pains, is, perhaps,

haps, the first to publish injuries, or misfortunes, which had never been known unless related by himself, and at which those that hear him will only laugh; for no man sympathizes with the sorrows of vanity.

Life of Pope.

The man who threatens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and, in a short time, will cease to miss him.

Ditto.

INSULT.

WHATEVER be the motive of insult, it is always best to overlook it; for folly scarcely can deserve resentment, and malice is punished by neglect.

Rambler, v. 4, p. 221.

INCREDULITY.

TO refuse credit, confers, for a moment, an appearance of superiority, which every little mind is tempted to assume, when it may be gained so cheaply, as by withdrawing attention from evidence, and declining the fatigue of comparing probabilities.

Idler, v. 2, p. 195.

The most pertinacious and vehement demonstrator, may be wearied, in time, by continual negation, and incredulity, which an old poet, in his address to Raleigh, calls "the wit of fools," obtunds the arguments which it cannot answer, as woofsacks deaden arrows, though they cannot repel them.

Ditto, ditto, p. 196.

INDULGENCE.

THE man who commits common faults, should not be precluded from common indulgence.

Preliminary Discourse to the London Chronicle, p. 155.

INCLINATION.

IT may reasonably be asserted, that he who finds himself strongly attracted to any particular study, though it may happen to be out of his proposed scheme, if it is not trifling or vicious, had better continue his application to it, since it is likely that he will, with much more ease and expedition, attain that which a warm inclination stimulates him to pursue, than that at which a prescribed law compels him to toil.

Idler, v. 2. p. 85.

R U-

RURAL IMPROVEMENTS.

WHETHER to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view ; to make water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen ; to leave intervals where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden, demands any great powers of mind, we will not enquire. Perhaps a surly and sullen speculator may think such performances rather the sport, than the business of human reason. But it must be at least confessed, that to embellish the form of nature is an innocent amusement, and some praise must be allowed, by the most supercilious observer, to him who does best, what such multitudes are contending to do well.

Life of Shenstone.

K.

KNOWLEDGE.

MAN is not weak ; knowledge is more than equivalent to force.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 90.

AN

As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear ; but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye.

Pref. to Shakspeare, p. 34.

Other things may be seized by might, or purchased with money ; but knowledge is to be gained only by study, and study to be prosecuted only in retirement.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 37.

No degree of knowledge, attainable by man, is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments, and tender officiousness ; and therefore no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits, or interchange of pleasures ; but such benefits only can be bestowed, as others are capable to receive, and such pleasures only imparted, as others are qualified to enjoy. By this descent from the pinnacles of art, no honour will be lost ; for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to *use the simile* of Longinus, “ like the sun in
its

its evening declination ; he remits his splendor, but retains his magnitude ; and pleases more, though he dazzles less."

Ditto, v. 3. p. 190.

The seeds of knowledge may be planted in solitude, but must be cultivated in public.

Ditto, v. 4. p. 48.

In all parts of human knowledge, whether terminating in science merely speculative, or operating upon life, private, or civil, are admitted some fundamental principles, or common axioms, which, being generally received, are little doubted, and being little doubted, have been rarely proved.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 7.

One man may be often ignorant, but never ridiculous, another may be full of knowledge, whilst his variety often distracts his judgment, and his learning frequently is disgraced by his absurdities.

Preface to Dict. fol. p. 3.

It is to be lamented, that those who are most capable of improving mankind, very frequently neglect to communicate their knowledge, either because it is more pleasing to gather ideas than to impart them, or because, to minds naturally great, few things appear of so much importance as to deserve the notice of the public.

Life of Sir Tho. Browne, p. 256.

Acqui-

Acquisitions of knowledge, like blazes of genius, are often fortuitous. Those who had proposed to themselves a methodical course of reading, light by accident on a new book, which seizes their thoughts, and kindles their curiosity, and opens an unexpected prospect, to which the way which they had prescribed to themselves, would never have conducted them.

Idler, v. 2, p. 79.

All foreigners remark, that the knowledge of the common people of England is greater than that of any other vulgar. *Ditto, v. 1, p. 35.*

K I N G S.

THE studies of princes seldom produce great effects; for princes draw, with meaner mortals, the lot of understanding; and since of many students not more than *one* can be hoped to advance to perfection, it is scarce to be expected to find that *one* a prince.

Memoirs of the K. of Prussia, p. 99.

Kings, without some time passing their time without pomp, and without acquaintance with the various forms of life, and with the genuine passions, interests, desires, and distresses of mankind, see the world in a mist, and bound their views to a narrow compass. It was, perhaps,

perhaps, to the private condition in which Cromwell first entered the world, that he owed the superiority of understanding he had over most of our kings. In that state, he learned the art of secret transactions, and the knowledge by which he was able to oppose zeal to zeal, and make one enthusiast destroy another.

Ditto, p. 100.

L.

L I F E.

LIFE is not to be counted by the ignorance of infancy, or the imbecility of age. We are long before we are able to think, and we soon cease from the power of acting.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 26.

Human life is every where a state in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed.

Ditto, p. 78.

Life may be lengthened by care, though death cannot ultimately be defeated.

Preface to Dictionary, fol. p. 10.

The great art of life is to play for much, and stake little.

Dissertation on Authors, p. 29.

It has always been lamented, that of the little time allotted to man, much must be spent upon superfluities. Every prospect has its obstructions, which we must break to enlarge our view. Every step of our progress finds impediments, which, however eager to go forward, we must stop to remove.

Preliminary Discourse to London Chronicle, p. 153.

An even and unvaried tenor of life always hides from our apprehension the approach of its end. Succession is not perceived but by variation. He that lives to-day as he lived yesterday, and expects that as the present day, such will be to-morrow, easily conceives time as running in a circle, and returning to itself. The uncertainty of our situation is impressed commonly by dissimilitude of condition, and it is only by finding life changeable, that we are reminded of its shortness.

Idler, v. 2, p. 82.

He that embarks in the voyage of life, will always wish to advance rather by the impulse of the wind, than the strokes of the oar; and many founder in their passage, while they lie waiting for the gale.

Ditto, v. 1, p. 7.

LEARN-

L E A R N I N G.

IT is not by comparing *line* with *line*, that the merit of great works is to be estimated ; but by their general effects and ultimate result.

Life of Dryden.

When learning was first rising on the world, in the fifteenth century, ages so long accustomed to darkness, were too much dazzled with its light to see any thing distinctly. The first race of scholars, hence, for the most part, were learning to speak rather than to think, and were therefore more studious of elegance than truth. The contemporaries of Boethius thought it sufficient to know what the ancients had delivered ; the examination of tenets and facts was reserved for another generation.

Western Islands, p. 28.

In nations where there is hardly the use of letters, what is once out of sight, is lost for ever. They think but little, and of their few thoughts none are wasted on the part in which they are neither interested by fear nor hope. Their only registers are stated observances and practical representations ; for this reason an age of ignorance is an age of ceremony. Pageants and processions, and commemora-

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tions.

tions, gradually shrink away as better methods come into use, of recording events and preserving rights.

Ditto, p. 145.

False hopes and false terrors are equally to be avoided. Every man who proposes to grow eminent by learning, should carry in his mind at once the difficulty of excellence, and the force of industry ; and remember that fame is not conferred but as the recompence of labour ; and that labour, vigorously continued, has not often failed of its reward.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 155.

Literature is a kind of intellectual light, which, like the light of the sun, may sometimes enable us to see what we do not like ; but who would wish to escape unpleasing objects, by condemning himself to perpetual darkness ?

Dissertation on Authors, p. 22.

It is the great excellence of learning, that it borrows very little from time or place. It is not confined to season, or to climate ; to cities, or the country ; but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleasure can be obtained.

Idler, v. 2, p. 234.

LOVE.

L O V E.

IT is not hard to love those from whom nothing can be feared.

Life of Addison.

In love it has been held a maxim, that success is most easily obtained by indirect, and unperceived approaches; he who too soon professes himself a lover, raises obstacles to his own wishes; and those whom disappointments have taught experience, endeavour to conceal their passion, till they believe their mistress wishes for the discovery.

Rambler, v. 1. p. 3.

S E L F - L O V E.

PARTIALITY to ourselves is seen in a variety of instances. The liberty of the press is a blessing, when we are inclined to write against others; and a calamity, when we find ourselves overborne by the multitude of our assailants; as the power of the crown is always thought too great by those who suffer through its influence; and too little by those in whose favour it is exerted. A standing army is generally accounted necessary, by

those who command, and dangerous and oppressive by those who support it.

Life of Savage.

To charge those favourable representations which every man gives of himself, with the guilt of hypocritical falsehood, would shew more severity than knowledge. The writer commonly believes himself. Almost every man's thoughts, whilst they are general, are right; and most hearts are pure, whilst temptation is away. It is easy to awaken generous sentiments in privacy,—to despise death where there is no danger,—to glow with benevolence where there is nothing to be given. Whilst such ideas are formed, they are felt, and self-love does not suspect the gleam of virtue to be the meteor of fancy.

Life of Pope.

L A N G U A G E.

WHEN the matter is low and scanty, a dead language, in which nothing is mean, because nothing is familiar, affords great convenience.

Life of Addison.

Language

Language is only the instrument of science, and words are but the signs of ideas.

Pref. to Dict. fol. p. 2.

However academies have been instituted to guard the avenues of their languages ; to retain fugitives and repulse intruders ; their vigilance and activity have hitherto been vain. Sounds are too volatile and subtle for legal restraints ; to enchain syllables and lash the wind are equally the undertakings of pride, unwilling to measure its desires by its strength. Among a people polished by art, and classed by subordination, those who have much leisure to think, will always be enlarging the stock of ideas ; and every increase of knowledge, whether real, or fancied, will produce new words, or combinations of words. When the mind is unchained from necessity, it will range after convenience ; when it is left at large in the fields of speculation, it will shift opinions. As any custom is diffused, the words that expressed it must perish with it ; as any opinion grows popular, it will innovate speech in the same proportion as it alters practice.

Ditto, p. 9.

It is incident to words, as to their authors, to degenerate from their ancestors, and

change their manners when they change their country.

Ditto, p. 3.

To our language may be, with great justice, applied the observation of Quintilian, "that speech was not formed by an analogy sent from heaven." It did not descend to us in a state of uniformity and perfection, but was produced by necessity, and enlarged by accident, and is therefore composed of dissimilar parts, thrown together by negligence, by affectation, by learning, or by ignorance.

Plan of an English Dict. p. 41.

No nation can trace their language beyond the second period ; and even of that it does not often happen that many monuments remain.

Idler, v. 2, p. 62.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THERE is not, perhaps, one of the liberal arts which may not be completely learned in the English language.

Ditto, ditto, p. 219.

L A W S.

*IT is, perhaps, impossible to review the
 of any country, without discovering
 many*

many defects, and many superfluities. Laws often continue when their reasons have ceased. Laws made for the first state of the society, continue unabolished when the general form of life is changed. Parts of the judicial procedure, which were at first only accidental, become, in time, essential ; and formalities are accumulated on each other, till the art of litigation requires more study than the discovery of right.

Memoirs of the K. of Prussia, p. 112.

To embarrass justice by multiplicity of laws, or to hazard it by confidence in judges, seem to be the opposite rocks on which all civil institutions have been wrecked, and between which, legislative wisdom has never yet found an open passage.

Ditto, ditto.

It is observed, that a corrupt society has many laws.

Idler, v. 2, p. 186.

L I B E R T Y.

A ZEAL, which is often thought, and called liberty, sometimes disguises from the world, and not rarely from the mind which it possesses, an envious desire of plundering wealth, or degrading greatness ; and of which the immediate

ate tendency is innovation and anarchy, or imperious eagerness to subvert and confound, with very little care what shall be established.

Life of Akenfide.

L O Y A L T Y.

AS a man inebriated only by vapours, soon recovers in the open air, a nation discontented to madness, without any adequate cause, will return to its wits and allegiance, when a little pause has cooled it to reflection.

False Alarm, p. 53.

M.

M A R R I A G E.

MARRIAGE has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 158.

The infelicities of marriage are not to be urged against its institution, as the miseries of life would prove equally, that life cannot be the gift of heaven.

Ditto, p. 169.

Marriage is not commonly unhappy, but as life is unhappy, and most of those who complain of connubial miseries, have as much *dissatisfaction* as their natures would have admitted,

mitted, or their conduct procured, in any other condition.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 272.

When we see the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables, and their beds, without any enquiry but after farms and money; or the giddy and thoughtless uniting themselves for life, to those whom they have only seen by the light of tapers; when parents make articles for children without enquiring after their consent; when some marry for heirs to disappoint their brothers; and others throw themselves into the arms of those whom they do not love, because they have found themselves rejected where they were more solicitous to please; when some marry because their servants cheat them; some because they squander their own money; some because their houses are pestered with company; some because they will live like other people; and some because they are sick of themselves, we are not so much inclined to wonder that marriage is sometimes unhappy, as that it appears so little loaded with calamity; and cannot but conclude, that society has something in itself eminently agreeable to human nature, when we find its pleasures so great, that even

the ill-choice of a companion can hardly over-balance them.—Those, therefore, of the above description, that should rail against matrimony, should be informed, that they are neither to wonder, or repine, that a contract begun on such principles, has ended in disappointment.

Ditto, ditto, p. 274 & 276.

Men generally pass the first weeks of matrimony, like those who consider themselves as taking the last draught of pleasure, and resolve not to quit the bowl without a surfeit.

Ditto, v. 4, p. 41.

Marriage should be considered as the most solemn league of perpetual friendship; a state from which artifice and concealment are to be banished for ever; and in which every act of dissimulation is a breach of faith.

Ditto, ditto, p. 43.

A Poet may praise many whom he would be afraid to marry, and, perhaps, marry one whom he would have been ashamed to praise. Many qualities contribute to domestic happiness, upon which poetry has no colours to bestow, and many airs and fallies may delight imagination, which he who flatters them, never can approve. There are charms made *only for distant admiration*—no spectacle is *nobler than a blaze*.

Life of Waller.

EARLY

EARLY MARRIAGES.

FROM early marriages proceeds the rivalry of parents and children. The son is eager to enjoy the world, before the father is willing to forsake it; and there is hardly room at once for two generations. The daughter begins to bloom, before the mother can be content to fade; and neither can forbear to wish for the absence of the other.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 173.

LATE MARRIAGES.

THOSE who marry late in life, will find it dangerous to suspend their fate upon each other, at a time when opinions are fixed, and habits are established; when friendships have been contracted on both sides; when life has been planned into method, and the mind has long enjoyed the contemplation of its own prospects. They will probably escape the encroachment of their children; but, in diminution of this advantage, they will be likely to leave them, ignorant and helpless, to a guardian's mercy; or if that should not happen, they must, at least, go out of the world, before they see those whom they love best.

either

either wise or great :—From their children, if they have less to fear, they have also less to hope ; and they lose, without equivalent, the joys of early love, and the convenience of uniting with manners pliant, and minds susceptible of new impressions, which might wear away their dissimilitudes by long cohabitation, as soft bodies, by continual attrition, conform their surfaces to each other.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 175 & 177.

COMPARISON BETWEEN EARLY AND LATE MARRIAGES.

IT will be generally found, that those who marry late are best pleased with their children ; and those who marry early, with their partners.

Ditto, p. 178.

M A L I C E.

WE should not despise the malice of the weakest. We should remember, that venom supplies the want of strength ; and that the lion may perish by the puncture of an asp.

Rambler, v. 4, p. 163.

The natural discontent of inferiority will seldom fail to operate, in some degree of malice,
against

against him who professes to superintend the conduct of others, especially if he seats himself uncalled in the chair of judicature, and exercises authority by his own commission.

Jdler, v. 1. p. 97.

MAN.

MAN's study of himself, and the knowledge of his own station in the ranks of being, and his various relations to the innumerable multitudes which surround him, and with which his Maker has ordained him to be united, for the reception and communication of happiness, should begin with the first glimpse of reason, and only end with life itself. Other acquisitions are merely temporary benefits, except as they contribute to illustrate the knowledge, and confirm the practice, of morality and piety, which extend their influence beyond the grave, and encrease our happiness through endless duration.

Preface to the Preceptor, p. 75.

MANNERS.

THE manners of a people are not to be found in the schools of learning, or the palaces

M

of greatness, where the national character is obscured, or obliterated by travel, or instruction, by philosophy, or vanity ; nor is public happiness to be estimated by the assemblies of the gay, or the banquets of the rich. The great mass of nations is neither rich nor gay. They whose aggregate constitutes the people, are found in the streets and the villages ; in the shops and farms ; and from them, collectively considered, must the measure of general prosperity be taken. As they approach to delicacy, a nation is refined ; as their conveniencies are multiplied, a nation, at least a commercial nation, must be denominated wealthy.

Western Islands, p. 45.

Such manners as depend upon standing relations and general passions are co-extended with the race of man ; but those modifications of life, and peculiarities of practice, which are the progeny of error and perverseness, or at best of some accidental influence, or transient persuasion, must perish with their parents.

Life of Butler.

MEANNESS.

AN infallible characteristic of meanness is *crudelty*.

Fall's alarm, p. 49.

MER

M E R C H A N T.

NO mercantile man, or mercantile nation, has any friendship but for money; and alliance between them will last no longer than their common safety, or common profit is endangered; no longer than they have an enemy who threatens to take from each more than either can steal from the other. *Political state of Great Britain, p. 50.*

A merchant's desire is not of glory, but of gain; not of public wealth, but of private emolument; he is therefore rarely to be consulted about war and peace, or any designs of wide extent and distant consequence.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 9.

M I R T H.

MERRIMENT is always the effect of a sudden impression; the jest which is expected is already destroyed.

Idler, vol. 2. p. 32.

Any passion, too strongly agitated, puts an end to that tranquillity which is necessary to mirth. Whatever we ardently wish to gain, we must, in the same degree, be afraid to lose; and ~~far and pleasure cannot dwell together.~~

Rambler, vol. 4. p. 346.

M I N U T E N E S S .

THE parts of the greatest things are little ; what is little can be but pretty, and by claiming dignity, becomes ridiculous.

Life of Cowley.

M I S E R Y .

IF misery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be revered ; if of ill fortune, it ought to be pitied ; and if of vice, not to be insulted ; because it is, perhaps, itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it was produced ; and the humanity of that man can deserve no panegyric, who is capable of reproaching a criminal in the hands of the executioner.

Ditto of Sayage.

The misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil but from small vexations continually repeated.

Ditto of Pope.

That misery does not make all virtuous, experience too certainly informs us ; but it is no less certain, that of what virtue there is, misery produces far the greater part. Physical evil may be therefore endured with patience, since it

is

is the cause of moral good ; and patience itself is one virtue by which we are prepared for that state in which evil shall be no more.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 212.

M E M O R Y.

WE suffer equal pain from the pertinacious adhesion of unwelcome images, as from the evanescence of those which are pleasing and useful ; and it may be doubted, whether we should be more benefited by the art of memory, or the art of forgetfulness.

Ditto, ditto, p. 110.

Forgetfulness is necessary to remembrance.

Ditto, ditto.

To forget, or to remember at pleasure, are equally beyond the power of man. Yet, as memory may be assisted by method, and the decays of knowledge repaired by stated times of recollection, so the power of forgetting is capable of improvement. Reason will, by a resolute contest, prevail over imagination ; and the power may be obtained of transferring the attention as judgment shall direct.

Ditto, ditto, p. 112.

Memory is like all other human powers, with which no man can be satisfied who measures

them by what he can conceive, or by what he can desire. He, therefore, that after the perusal of a book, finds few ideas remaining in his mind, is not to consider the disappointment as peculiar to himself, or to resign all hopes of improvement, because he does not retain what even the author has, perhaps, forgotten.

Ditto, ditto, p. 120.

The true art of memory is the art of attention. No man will read with much advantage, who is not able, at pleasure, to evacuate his mind, and who brings not to his author an intellect defecated and pure; neither turbid with care, nor agitated with pleasure. If the repositories of thought are already full, what can they receive? If the mind is employed on the past, or future, the book will be held before the eyes in vain.

Ditto, ditto, p. 123.

N.

N A T U R E.

NOTHING can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature.

Preface to Shakespeare, p. 8.

The

The power of nature is only the power of using, to any certain purpose, the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies.

Ditto, p. 39.

ENGLISH NABOBS, &c.

THOSE who make an illegal use of power in foreign countries, to enrich themselves and dependants; live with hearts full of that malignity which fear of detection always generates in them, who are to defend unjust acquisitions against lawful authority; and when they come home with riches thus acquired, they bring minds hardened in evil; too proud for reproof, and too stupid for reflection. They offend the high by their insolence, and corrupt the low by their examples.

Falkland Islands, p. 11.

NEGLECT.

NO man can safely do that by others, which might be done by himself. He that indulges negligence, will quickly become ignorant.

own affairs; and he that trusts without reserve, will at last be deceived.

Rambler, vol. 4. p. 14.

N O V E L T Y.

TO oblige the most fertile genius to say only what is *new*, would be to contract his volumes to a few pages.

Idler, vol. iii. p. 187.

O.

O P I N I O N.

THE opinion prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controversy, are confuted and rejected in another, and rise again to reception in remoter times. Thus, the human mind is kept in motion without progress. Thus, sometimes, truth and error, and sometimes contrarieties of error, take each other's place by reciprocal invasion.

Preface to Shakespear, p. 54.

Much of the pain and pleasure of mankind arises from the conjectures which every one *makes of the thoughts of others*. We all enjoy
praise.

praise which we do not hear, and resent contempt which we do not see.

Idler, vol. 2. p. 280.

OPPORTUNITY.

TO improve the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life. Many wants are suffered which might have once been supplied, and much time is lost in regretting the time which had been lost before.

The Patriot, p. 1.

He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once, may breathe out his life in idle wishes, and regret, in the last hour, his useless intentions and barren zeal.

Idler, vol. 1. p. 22.

P.

PARENTS.

IN general, those parents have most reverence, who most deserve it; for he that lives well, cannot be despised.

P. of Abissinia, p. 254.

P A T R I O T.

A PATRIOT is he, whose public conduct is regulated by one single motive, viz. *the love of his country*; who, as an agent, in parliament, has for himself, neither hope, nor fear; neither kindness, nor resentment; but refers every thing to the common interest.

The Patriot, p. 2.

P A S S I O N.

THE adventitious peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a while, yet soon fading to a dim tint, without any remains of former lustre. But the discrimination of true passion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them.

Preface to Shakespeare, p. 18.

Passion, in its first violence, controls interest, as the eddy, for a while, runs against the stream.

Treason as Tyranny, p. 3.

P A I N.

PAIN is less subject than pleasure to caprices of expression.

Idler, vol. 1. p. 282.

P A T R O N A G E,

A MAN conspicuous in a high station, who multiplies hopes, that he may multiply dependents, may be considered as a beast of prey.

Idler, vol. 1. p. 79.

To solicit patronage is, at least, in the event, to set virtue to sale. None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood; few can be assiduous without servility, and none can be servile without corruption.

Rambler, vol. 2. p. 298.

P L E A S U R E.

WHATEVER professes to benefit by pleasing, must please at once. What is perceived by slow degrees, may gratify us with the consciousness of improvement, but will never strike us with the sense of pleasure.

Life of Cowley.

Pleasure

Pleasure is very seldom found where it is sought; our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks. The flowers which scatter their odours from time to time in the paths of life, grow up without culture from seeds scattered by chance.

Idler, vol. 2. p. 31.

The great source of pleasure is variety. Uniformity must tire at last, though it be uniformity of excellence. We love to expect, and when expectation is disappointed, or gratified, we want to be again expecting.

Life of Butler.

PLEASURES OF LOCAL EMOTION.

TO abstract the mind from all local emotion, would be impossible, if it were endeavoured; and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and far from my friends, be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent, and unmoved, over any ground which has *been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue.*

That

That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

Western Islands, p. 346.

POETS AND POETRY.

IN almost all countries, the most antient poets are considered as the best. Whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation, surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent, which it received by accident at first; or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to those, that followed them, but transcription of the same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed, that the early writers are in possession of *nature*, and their followers of *art*.

P. of Abissinia, p. 64 and 65.

N

Corr

Compositions, merely pretty, have the fate of other pretty things, and are quitted in time for some thing useful. They are flowers fragrant and fair, but of short duration; or they are blossoms only to be valued as they foretell fruits.

Life of Waller.

Poetical devotion cannot often please. A poet may describe the beauty and grandeur of nature; the flowers of the spring, and the harvests of the autumn, the vicissitudes of the tide, and the revolution of the sky, and praise the Maker for his works in lines which no reader shall lay aside, but the subject of the description is not *God*, but the *works of God*. From poetry the reader expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension, and elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirous, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. OMNIPOTENCE cannot be exalted. INFINITY cannot be amplified. PERFECTION cannot be improved.

Ditto.

It is a general rule in poetry, that all appropriated terms of art, should be sunk in general expressions;

expressions; because poetry is to speak an universal language. This rule is still stronger with regard to arts not liberal, or confined to few, and therefore far removed from common knowledge.

Life of Dryden.

A mythological fable seldom pleases. The story we are accustomed to reject as false, and the manners are so distant from our own, that we know them not by sympathy, but by study.

Life of Smith.

No poem should be long, of which the purpose is only to strike the fancy, without enlightening the understanding by precept, ratiocination, or narrative.—A blaze first pleases, and then tires the sight.

Life of Fenton.

After all the refinements of subtilty, and the dogmatism of learning, all claim to poetical honours must be finally decided by the common sense of readers, uncorrupted with literary prejudices.

Life of Gray.

Tho' Poets profess fiction, the legitimate end of fiction is the conveyance of truth, and he that has flattery ready for all whom the vicissitudes

ciffitudes of the world happen to exalt, must be scorned as a prostituted mind, that may retain the glitter of wit, but has lost the dignity of virtue.

Life of Waller.

It does not always happen that the success of a poet is proportionate to his labour. The same observation may be extended to all works of imagination, which are often influenced by causes wholly out of the performer's power, by the hints of which he perceives not the origin, by sudden elevations of mind which he cannot produce in himself, and which sometimes rise when he expects them least.

Dissertation on Pope's Epitaphs, p. 320.

P O V E R T Y.

POVERTY has, in large cities, very different appearances. It is often concealed in splendor, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for to-morrow,

P. of Abissinia, p. 151.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy *unenvied*, to be healthful without physic,
and

and secure without a guard. To obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of artists, and the attendants of flatterers and spies.

Rambler, vol. 4. p. 229.

There are natural reasons why poverty does not easily conciliate. He that has been confined from his infancy to the conversation of the lowest classes of mankind, must necessarily want those accomplishments which are the usual means of attracting favour; and though truth, fortitude, and probity give an indisputable right to reverence and kindness, they will not be distinguished by common eyes, unless they are brightened by elegance of manners, but are cast aside, like unpolished gems, of which none but the artist knows the intrinsic value, 'till their asperities are smoothed, and their incrustations rubbed away.

Ditto, ditto, p. 35.

Nature makes us poor, only when we want necessaries, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 208.

In a long continuance of poverty, it cannot well be expected that any character should be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almost

destroyed; and long associations with fortuitous companions, will, at last, relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervor of sincerity. Of such a man, it is surely some degree of praise to say, that he preserved the source of action unpolluted; that his principles were never shaken; that his distinctions of right and wrong were never confounded, and that his faults had nothing of malignity, or design, but proceeded from some unexpected pressure, or casual temptation. A man doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at a creditor, is not much disposed to abstracted meditation, or remote enquiries.

Life of Collins.

POVERTY AND IDLENESS.

TO be idle and to be poor have always been reproaches, and therefore every man endeavours, with his utmost care, to hide his poverty from others, and his idleness from himself.

Idler, vol. 1. p. 93.

P O L I T I C K S.

POLITICAL truth is equally in danger from the praises of courtiers, and the exclamation of patriots.

Life of Waller.

It is convenient, in the conflict of factions, to have that disaffection known, which cannot safely to be punished.

Ditto, ditto.

He that changes his party by his humour, is not more virtuous, than he that changes it by his interest. He loves himself rather than truth.

Life of Milton.

Faction seldom leaves a man honest, however it might find him.

Ditto, ditto.

A wise minister should conclude, that the flight of every honest man is a loss to the community. That those who are unhappy without guilt, ought to be relieved; and the life which is over-burthened by accidental calamities, set at ease by the care of the public; and that those who by their misconduct have forfeited their claim to favour, ought rather to be made useful to the society which they have injured, than be driven from it.

Life of Savage.

There is reason to expect that as the world is more enlightened, policy and morality will at last be reconciled, and that nations will learn *not to do, what they would not suffer.*

Falkland Islands, p. 10

The power of a political treatise depends much on the disposition of the people. When a nation is combustible, a spark will set it on fire.

Life of Swift.

When a political design has ended in miscarriage, or success; when every eye and every ear is witness to general discontent, or general satisfaction, it is then a proper time to disentangle confusion, and illustrate obscurity; to shew by what causes every event was produced, and in what effects it is likely to terminate: to lay down with distinct particularity what rumour always huddles in general exclamations, or perplexes by undigested narratives: to shew whence happiness, or calamity is derived, and whence it may be expected, and honestly to lay before the people, what enquiry can gather of the past, and conjecture can estimate of the future.

Observations of the State of affairs in 1756--p. 17.

P R A I S E.

PRAISE is so pleasing to the mind of man that it is the original motive of almost all our actions.

Rambler, vol. 4. p. 178.

They

They who are seldom gorged to the
with praise, may be safely fed with gross co-
pliments; for the appetite must be satisfied be-
fore it is disgusted.

Ditto, ditto, p. 18.

That praise is worth nothing of which
price is known.

Life of Walke

Praise, like gold and diamonds, owes
value only to its scarcity. It becomes cheap
as it becomes vulgar, and will no longer rouse
expectation, or animate enterprise. It is
therefore, not only necessary that wickedness
even when it is not safe to censure it, be denied
applause, but that goodness be commended
only in proportion to its degree; and that
garlands due to the great benefactors of man-
kind, be not suffered to fade upon the brow
him, who can boast only petty services and
virtues.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 18

The real satisfaction which praise can afford
is when what is repeated aloud, agrees with
the whispers of conscience, by shewing us that
we have not endeavoured to deserve well in
vain.

Ditto, ditto, p. 18

Every man willingly gives value to the praise, which he receives, and considers the sentence passed in his favour, as the sentence of discernment. We admire in a friend that understanding which selected us for confidence. We admire more in a patron that judgement, which instead of scattering bounty indiscriminately, directed it to us; and those performances which gratitude forbids us to blame, affection will easily dispose us to exalt.

Life of Hallifax.

P R I D E.

SMALL things make mean men proud.

Preface to Shakspeare, p. 57.

Pride is a vice, which pride itself inclines every man to find in others, and to overlook in himself.

Life of Sir Tho. Browne, p. 280.

P R I D E A N D E N V Y.

P R I D E is seldom delicate, it will please itself with very mean advantages; and envy feels not its own happiness, but when it may be compared with the misery of others.

P. of Abissinia, p. 60.

P R O S-

P R O S P E R I T Y.

PROSPERITY, as is truly asserted by Seneca, very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a just estimate of his own powers, by inactive speculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can at best be considered but as gold, not yet brought to the test, of which therefore the true value cannot be assigned. Equally necessary is some variety of fortune to a nearer inspection of the manners, principles and affections of mankind.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 268.

Moderation in prosperity, is a virtue very difficult to all mortals.

Memoirs of the King of Prussia, p. 137.

P E E V I S H N E S S.

PEEVISHNESS, though sometimes it arises from old age, or the consequence of some misery, it is frequently one of the attendants on the prosperous, and is employed by insolence, in exacting homage; or by tyranny, in harrassing subjection. It is the offspring of idleness, or pride; of idleness, anxious for trifles

or pride, unwilling, to endure the least obstruction of her wishes. Such is the consequence of peevishness; it can be borne only when it is despised.

Rambler, vol. 2. p. 114.

It is not easy to imagine a more unhappy condition than that of dependance on a peevish man. In every other state of inferiority, the certainty of pleasing is perpetually increased by a fuller knowledge of our duty, and kindness and confidence are strengthened by every new act of trust, and proof of fidelity. But peevishness sacrifices to a momentary offence, the obsequiousness, or usefulness, of half a life, and as more is performed, encreases her exactions.

Ditto, vol 3. p. 39.

Peevishness is generally the vice of narrow minds, and except when it is the effect of anguish and disease, by which the resolution is broken, and the mind made too feeble to bear the lightest addition to its miseries, proceeds from an unreasonable persuasion of the importance of trifles. The proper remedy against it is, to consider the dignity of human nature, and the folly of suffering perturbation and uneasiness, from causes unworthy of our notice.

Ditto, ditto, p. 41.

PEOPLE.

P E O P L E.

NO people can be great who have ceased to be virtuous.

Political state of Great Britain, p. 56.

The prosperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds usefully employed. To the community, sedition is a fever, corruption is a gangrene, and idleness an atrophy. Whatever body, and whatever society wastes more than it requires, must gradually decay; and every being that continues to be fed, and ceases to labour, takes away something from the public stock.

Idler, vol. 1. p. 121.

Great regard should be paid to the voice of the people in cases where knowledge has been forced upon them by *experience*, without long deductions, or deep researches.

Rambler, vol. 1. p. 150.

P, E D A N T R Y.

IT is as possible to become pedantic by fear of pedantry, as to be troublesome by ill-timed civility.

Rambler, vol. 4. p. 76.

P R A C T I C E.

IN every art, *practice* is much; in arts manual, practice is almost the whole; precept can at most but warn against error, it can never bestow excellence.

Life of Roger Ascham, p. 240.

P I E T Y.

PIETY is elevation of mind towards the Supreme Being, and extension of the thought to another life. The other life is future, and the Supreme Being is invisible. None would have recourse to an invisible power, but that all other subjects had eluded their hopes. None would fix their attention upon the future, but that they are discontented with the present. If the senses were feasted with perpetual pleasure, they would always keep the mind in subjection. Reason has no authority over us, but by its power to warn us against evil.

Isler, vol. 2, p. 209.

P E R F E C T I O N.

TO pursue perfection in any science, where *perfection is unattainable*, is like the first inhabitants

bitants of Arcadia to chase the sun, which when they had reached the hill, where he seemed to rest, was still beheld at the same distance from them.

Life of Waller.

It seldom happens that all the necessary causes concur to any great effect. Will is wanting to power, or power to will, or both are impeded by external obstructions.

Life of Dryden.

An imperial crown cannot be one continued diamond, the gems must be held together by some less valuable matter.

Dis.

P E R F I D Y.

COMBINATIONS of wickedness would overwhelm the world, by the advantage which licentious principles afford, did not those who have long practised perfidy, grow faithless to each other.

Life of Waller.

Life of Dryden.

PERSEVERANCE.

NO terrestrial greatness is more than an aggregate of little things, and to inculcate after the Arabian proverb "drops added to drops, constitute the ocean."

Plan of an English Dictionary, p. 49.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise, or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united with canals; it is therefore of the utmost importance, that those who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation superior to names hourly swept away by time among the refuse of fame, should add to their reason and their spirit, *the power of persisting in their purposes*, acquire the art of *tipping what they cannot batter*, and the habit of *vanquishing obstacles resisted by obstinate attacks*.

as admitted were ~~1954-1955~~ ¹⁹⁵⁴⁻¹⁹⁵⁵ 1954-1955 1954-1955

PRODIGALITY.

HE seldom lives frugally, who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal, and they that trust her promises, make little scruple of reveling to-day, on the profits of to-morrow.

Life of Dryden.

P A T I E N C E.

IF what we suffer has been brought on us by ourselves, it is observed by an antient poet, that patience is eminently our duty, since no one ought to be angry at feeling that which he has deserved. If we are conscious that we have not contributed to our own sufferings, if punishment falls upon innocence, or disappointment happens to industry and prudence, patience, whether more necessary or not, is much easier, since our pain is then without aggravation, and we have not the bitterness of remorse to add to the asperity of misfortune.

Rambler, vol. 1. p. 193.

In those evils which are allotted us by Providence, such as deformity, privation of any of the senses, or old age, it is always to be remembered, that impatience can have no present effect, but to deprive us of the consolations which our condition admits, by driving away from us those, by whose conversation, or advice, we might be amused, or helped; and that with regard to futurity, it is yet less to be justified, since without lessening the pain, it cuts off the hope of that reward, which he, by whom

treatise is likewise short. The busy may find time, and the idle may find patience.

Life of Addison.

Q.

R.

RESOLUTION.

WHEN desperate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice and prudence folly.

Lucas, p. 52.

Resolution and success reciprocally produce
each other.

Life of Drake, p. 174.

Marshal Turenne, among the acknowledgements which he used to pay in conversation to the memory of those by whom he had been instructed in the art of war, mentioned one, with honor, who taught him *not to spend his time in regretting any mistake which he had made, but to set himself immediately and vigorously to repair it.* Patience and submission should be carefully distinguished from cowardice and indolence; we are not to repine, but we may lawfully struggle; for the calamities of life, like the necessities of nature, are calls to labour, and exercises of diligence.

Rambler, vol. 2. p. 195.

Some

Some firmness and resolution is necessary to the discharge of duty, but is a very unhappy state of life in which the necessity of such struggles frequently occurs ; for no man is defeated without some resentment, which will be continued with obstinacy, while he believes himself in the right, and exerted with bitterness, if even to his own conviction, he is detected in the wrong.

Ditto, vol. 2. p. 17.

To have attempted much is always laudable, even when the enterprize is above the strength that undertakes it. To rest below his own aim, is incident to every one whose fancy is active, and whose views are comprehensive ; nor is any man satisfied with himself, because he has done much, but because he can conceive little.

Preface to his Dictionary, folio, p. 5.

There is nothing which we estimate so fallaciously as the force of our own resolutions, nor any fallacy which we so unwillingly and tardily detect. He that has resolved a thousand and a thousand times, deserted his own purpose, yet suffers no abatement of his confidence, but still believes himself his own master, and able, by innate vigour of soul, to press forward to his end, through all the obstructions that inconveniences, or delights can put in his way.

Idler, vol. 1. p. 250.

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Nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objections must be first overcome.

P. of Abissinia, p. 40.

R E L I G I O N.

TO be of no church, is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated, and re-impressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example.

Life of Milton.

That conversion of religion will always be suspected, that apparently concurs with interest. He that never finds his error, till it hinders its progress towards wealth and honour, will not be thought to love truth only for herself. Yet it may happen, information may come at a commodious time, and as truth and interest are not by any fatal necessity at variance, that one may, by accident, introduce the other.

Life of Dryden.

Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but Religion only can give patience.

Lib. vi. 2. 234.

Malevolence to the clergy, is seldom at a great distance from irreverence to Religion.

Life of Dryden,

R I C H E S.

POVERTY is an evil always in our view ; an evil complicated with so many circumstances of uneasiness and vexation, that every man is studious to avoid it. Some degree of Riches therefore is required, that we may be exempt from the gripe of necessity. When this purpose is once attained, we naturally wish for more, that the evil, which is regarded with so much horror, may be yet at a greater distance from us : as he that has at once felt, or dreaded the paw of a savage, will not be at rest, 'till they are parted by some barrier, which may take away all possibility of a second attack.

Rambler, v. 1. p. 231.

Whoever shall look heedfully upon those who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition such, as that he should hazard his quiet, and much less his virtue, to obtain it ; for all that great wealth ge-

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nerally

nerally gives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice; a quicker succession of flatteries, and a larger circle of voluptuousness.

Rambler, v. 1. p. 232.

There is one reason seldom remarked, which makes riches less desirable. Too much wealth is generally the occasion of poverty. He whom the wantonness of abundance has once softened, easily sinks into neglect of his affairs; and he that thinks he can afford to be negligent, is not far from being poor. He will soon be involved in perplexities, which his inexperience will render insurmountable; he will fly for help to those whose interest it is that he should be more distressed; and will be, at last, torn to pieces by the vultures that always hover over our fortunes in decay.

Ditto, ditto, p. 233.

Wealth is nothing in itself; it is not useful but when it departs from us: its value is found only in that which it can purchase; which, if we suppose it put to its best use, seems not much to deserve the

the desire, or envy, of a wise man. It is certain that, with regard to corporal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleasure, nor block up the passages of anguish. Disease and infirmity still continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exasperated by luxury, or promoted by softness.

Ditto, v. 11, p. 29.

With regard to the mind, it has rarely been observed, that wealth contributes much to quicken the discernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery, or laying diligence asleep, confirm error, or harden stupidity. Wealth cannot confer greatness; for nothing can make that great, which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak.—Even Royalty itself is not able to give that dignity, which it happens not to find, but oppresses feeble minds, though it may elevate the strong. The world has been governed in the name of Kings, whose existence has scarcely been perceived, by any real effects beyond their

own palaces.—When therefore the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whose industry, or fortune, has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleasure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised or hated by the rest of mankind, we shall soon be convinced, that if the real wants of our condition are satisfied, there remains little to be fought with solicitude, or desired with eagerness.

Ditto, ditto, p. 30.

Though riches often prompt extravagant hopes and fallacious appearances; there are purposes to which a wise man may be delighted to apply them. They may, by a rational distribution to those who want them, ease the pains of helpless disease, still the throbs of restless anxiety, relieve innocence from oppression, and raise imbecillity to cheerfulness and vigour. This they will enable a man to perform; and this will afford the only happiness ordained for our present state, the confidence of divine

vine favour, and the hope of future rewards.

Rambler, v. 3. p. 94.

It is observed of gold by an old epigrammatist, "that to have it, is to be in fear, and to want it, to be in sorrow."

Ditto, ditto, p. 155.

Every man is rich or poor, according to the proportion between his desires and enjoyments. Any enlargement of riches is therefore equally destructive to happiness with the diminution of possession; and he that teaches another to long for what he shall never obtain, is no less an enemy to his quiet, than if he had robbed him of part of his patrimony.

Ditto, v. 4, p. 17.

Whosoever rises above these who once pleased themselves with equality, will have many malevolent gazers at his eminence. To gain sooner than others that which all pursue with the same ardour, and to which all imagine themselves entitled, will for ever be a crime. When those who started with us in the race of life, leave us so far behind, that we have little hope to overtake them, we revenge our disappointment by

remarks on the arts of supplantation by which they gained the advantage, or on the folly and arrogance with which they possess it; of them whose rise we could not hinder, we solace ourselves by prognosticating the fall. Riches, therefore, perhaps do not so often produce crimes, as incite accusers.

Ditto, ditto, p. 68.

It must, however, be confessed, that as all sudden changes are dangerous, a quick transition from poverty to abundance can seldom be made with safety. He that has long lived within sight of pleasures which he could not reach, will need more than common moderation not to lose his reason in unbounded riot, when they are first put into his power.

Ditto, ditto, p. 69.

Of Riches, as of every thing else, the hope is more than the enjoyment. Whilst we consider them as the means to be used at some future time, for the attainment of felicity, we press on our pursuit ardently, and vigorously, and that ardor secures us from weariness of ourselves; but no sooner do

do we sit down to enjoy our acquisitions, than we find them insufficient to fill up the vacuities of life.

Idler, v. 11. p. 115.

COMPARISON *between* RICHES *and* UNDERSTANDING.

AS many more can discover that a man is richer than themselves, superiority of understanding is not so readily acknowledged, as that of fortune; nor is that haughtiness, which the consciousness of great abilities incites, borne with the same submission, as the tyranny of affluence.

Life of Savage.

COMPARISON *between* RICHES *and* POWER.

POWER and wealth supply the place of each other. Power confers the ability of gratifying our desires without the consent of others; wealth enables us to obtain the consent of others to our gratification. Power, simply considered, whatever it confers on
one

one, must take from another. Wealth enables its owner to give to others, by taking only from himself. Power pleases the violent and the proud; wealth delights the placid and the timorous. Youth therefore flies at power, and age grovels after riches.

Western Islands, p. 216.

R I D I C U L E.

THE assertion of Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the test of truth, is foolish. If ridicule be applied to any position as the test of truth, it will then become a question, whether such ridicule be just, and this can only be decided by the application of truth, as the test of ridicule. Two men fearing, one a real, and the other a fancied danger, will be, for a while, equally exposed to the inevitable consequences of cowardice, contemptuous censure, and ludicrous representation; and the true estate of both cases must be known, before it can be decided whose terror is rational, and whose is ridiculous, who is to be pitied, and who to be despised.

Life of Akenfide.

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He that indulges himself in ridiculing the little imperfections and weaknesses of his friends, will, in time, find mankind united against him. The man who sees another ridiculed before him, though he may, for the present, concur in the general laugh, yet in a cooler hour, will consider the same trick might be played against himself ; but when there is no sense of this danger, the natural pride of human nature rises against him, who by general censures, lays claim to general superiority.

Rambler, v. 4. p. 81.

REFLECTION.

IT may be laid down as a position which will seldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company, there is something wrong. He must fly from himself, either because he finds a tediousness in the equipoise of an empty mind, which having no tendency to one motion more than another, but as it is impelled by some external power, must always have recourse to foreign objects ; or he must be afraid of the intrusion of some unpleasing ideas, and perhaps is struggling to escape from the remembrance
of

of a loss, the fear of a calamity, or some other thought of greater horror.

Rambler, v. 1. p. 27.

There are fewer higher gratifications than that of reflection on surmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice nor guilt.

Ditto, v. 4. p. 233.

All useless misery is certainly folly, and he that feels evils before they come, may be deservedly censured; yet surely to dread the future, is more reasonable than to lament the past. The business of life is to go forward; he who sees evils in prospect, meets it in his way; but he who catches it by retrospection, turns back to find it.

Idler, v. 11. p. 111.

There is certainly no greater happiness than to be able to look back on a life usefully and virtuously employed; to trace our own progress in existence, by such tokens as excite neither shame, nor sorrow. It ought therefore to be the care of those who wish to pass the last hours with comfort, to lay up such a treasure of pleasing ideas, as
shall

shall support the expences of that time, which is to depend wholly upon the fund already acquired.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 250 & 252.

REBELLION.

TO bring misery on those who have not deserved it, is part of the aggregated guilt of rebellion.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 61.

Nothing can be more noxious to society, than that erroneous clemency, which, when a rebellion is suppressed, exacts no forfeiture, and establishes no securities, but leaves the rebels in their former state.

Ditto, p. 87.

REFINEMENT.

HE that pleases himself too much with minute exactness, and submits to endure nothing in accommodations, attendance, or address, below the point of perfection, will, whenever he enters the croud of life,

be

be harrassed with innumerable distresses, from which those who have not, in the same manner, increased their sensations, find no disturbance. His exotic softness will shrink at the coarseness of vulgar felicity, like a plant transplanted to Northern nurseries, from the dews and sunshine of the tropical regions. It is well known, that exposed to a microscope, the smoothest polish of the most solid bodies discovers cavities and prominencies; and that the softest bloom of roseate virginity repels the eye with excrescencies and discolorations. Thus the senses, as well as the perceptions, may be improved to our own disquiet; and we may, by diligent cultivation of the powers of dislike, raise in time an artificial fastidiousness, which shall fill the imagination with phantoms of turpitude, shew us the naked skeleton of every delight, and present us only with the pains of pleasure, and the deformities of beauty.

Rambler, v. 3. p. 37.

R E C O L L E C T I O N.

THAT which is obvious, is not always known; and what is known, is not always present. Sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance; slight avocations will seduce attention; and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; so that the writer shall often, in vain, trace his memory at the moment of need, for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to-morrow.

Preface to his Dictionary, folio, p. 10.

R E T I R E M E N T.

THERE is a time when the claims of the public are satisfied; then a man might properly retire to review his life, and purify his heart.

P. of Abyssinia, p. 135.

Some suspension of common affairs, some pause of temporal pain and pleasure, is doubtless necessary to him that deliberates for eternity, who is forming the only plan in which miscarriage cannot be repaired, and examining the only question in which mistake cannot be rectified.

Rambles, vol. 3. p. 29.

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R E

RETALIATION.

IT is too common for those who have unjustly suffered pain, to inflict it likewise in their turn with the same injustice, and to imagine they have a right to treat others as they have themselves been treated.

Life of Savage.

RELAXATION.

AFTER the exercises which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being, seems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practised in free and easy conversation, where suspicion is banished by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than desire to be pleased.

Rambler, v. 2. p. 204.

REPENTANCE.

REPENTANCE is the change of the heart, from that of an evil, to a good disposition; it is that disposition of mind by which

which 'the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doth that which is lawful and right;' and when this change is made, Repentance is complete.

Convict's Address, p. 14 & 15.

Repentance, however difficult to be practised, is, if it be explained without superstition, easily understood. *Repentance is the relinquishment of any practice, from the conviction that it has offended God.* Sorrow, and fear, and anxiety, are properly not parts, but adjuncts of repentance; yet they are too closely connected with it, to be easily separated; for they not only mark its sincerity, but promote its efficacy.

No man commits any act of negligence or obstinacy, by which his safety or happiness in this world is endangered, without feeling the pungency of remorse. He who is fully convinced, that he suffers by his own failure, can never forbear to trace back his miscarriage to its first cause, to image to himself a contrary behaviour, and to form involuntary resolutions against the like fault, even when he knows that he shall never again have the power of committing it. Danger considered as immi-

ment naturally produces such trepidations of impatience, as leave all human means of safety behind them: he that has once caught an alarm of terror, is every moment seized with useless anxieties, adding one security to another, trembling with sudden doubts, and distracted by the perpetual occurrence of new expedients. If, therefore, he whose crimes have deprived him of the favour of God, can reflect upon his conduct without disturbance, or can at will banish the reflection; if he who considers himself as suspended over the abyss of eternal perdition only by the thread of life, which must soon part by its own weakness, and which the wing of every minute may divide, can cast his eyes round him without shuddering with horror, or panting with security; what can he judge of himself, but that he is not yet awakened to sufficient conviction, since every loss is more lamented than the loss of the divine favour, and every danger more dreaded than the danger of final condemnation?

Rambler, v. 3. p. 28 & 29.

The completion and sum of repentance
is a change of life. That sorrow which
 dictates

dictates no caution, that fear which does not quicken our escape, that austerity which fails to rectify our affections, are vain and unavailing. But sorrow and terror must naturally precede reformation; for what other cause can produce it? He, therefore, that feels himself alarmed by his conscience, anxious for the attainment of a better state, and afflicted by the memory of his past faults, may justly conclude, that the great work of repentance is begun, and hope by retirement and prayer, the natural and religious means of strengthening his conviction, to impress upon his mind such a sense of the divine presence, as may overpower the blandishments of secular delights, and enable him to advance from one degree of holiness to another, till death shall set him free from doubt and contest, misery and temptation.

What better can we do than prostrate fall
 Before him reverent; and there confess
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
 Wat'ring the ground, and with our sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?

Ditto, p. 30.

R E V E N G E.

FORBEARANCE of revenge, when revenge is within reach, is scarcely ever to be found among princes.

Memoirs of the K. of Prussia, p. 137.

R E S P E C T.

RESPECT is often paid in proportion as it is claimed.

Idler, v. 1. p. 276.

L I T E R A R Y R E P U T A T I O N.

OF the decline of literary reputation, many causes may be assigned. It is commonly lost because it never was deserved, and was conferred at first, not by the suffrage of criticism, but by the fondness of friendship, or servility of flattery. Many have lost the final reward of their labours, because they were too hasty to enjoy it. They have laid hold on recent occurrences and eminent names, and delighted their readers with allusions and remarks, in which all were interested, and to which therefore all were attentive; but the effect ceased with its cause; the time quietly came when new events drove the former from memory, when the vicissitudes of the world brought new hopes and fears, transferred the

the love and hatred of the public to other agents, and the writer whose works were no longer assisted by gratitude or resentment, was left to the cold regard of idle curiosity. But he that writes upon general principles, or delivers universal truths, may hope to be often read, because his work will be equally useful at all times, and in every country ; but he cannot expect it to be received with eagerness, or to spread with rapidity, because desire can have no particular stimulation. That which is to be loved long, is to be loved with reason, rather than with passion.

Idler, v. 2. p. 36 & 37.

REASON *and* FANCY.

REASON is like the sun, of which the light is constant, uniform and lasting. Fancy, a meteor of bright but transitory lustre, irregular in its motion, and delusive in its direction.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 116.

S.

S A T I R E.

PERSONAL resentment, though no
laugh

laudable motive to satire, can add great force to general principles. Self-love is a busy prompter.

Life of Dryden.

All truth is valuable, and satyrical criticism may be considered as useful, when it rectifies error, and improves judgment. He that refines the public taste, is a public benefactor.

Life of Pope.

S A T Y R I S T.

IN defence of him who has satyrized the man he has once praised, it may be alleged, that the object of his satire has changed his principles, and that he who was once deservedly commended, may be afterwards satyrized with equal justice, or that the poet was dazzled with the appearance of virtue, and found the man whom he had celebrated, when he had an opportunity of examining him more nearly, unworthy of the panegyric which he had too hastily bestowed; and that, as false satire ought to be recanted, for the sake of him whose reputation may be injured, false praise ought likewise to be obviated, lest *the distinction between vice and virtue* should

should be lost, lest a bad man should be trusted upon the credit of his encomiast, or lest others should endeavour to obtain the like praises by the same means.—But though these excuses may be often plausible, and sometimes just, they are seldom satisfactory to mankind; and the writer who is not constant to his subject, quickly sinks into contempt; his satire loses its force, and his panegyric its value; and he is only considered at one time as a flatterer, and as a calumniator at another. To avoid these imputations, it is only necessary to follow the rules of virtue, and to preserve an unvaried regard to truth. For though it is undoubtedly possible, that a man, however cautious, may be sometimes deceived by an artful appearance of virtue, or a false appearance of guilt, such errors will not be frequent; and it will be allowed, that the name of an author would never have been made contemptible, had no man ever said what he did not think, or misled others but when he was himself deceived.



S E C R E T S.

SECRETS are so seldom kept, that it may be with some reason doubted, whether a secret has not some subtle volatility by which it escapes, imperceptibly, at the smallest vent, or some power of fermentation, by which it expands itself, so as to burst the heart that will not give it way.

Rambler, v. 1, p. 75.

To tell our own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt. To communicate those with which we are intrusted, is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.

Ditto, ditto, p. 76.

S C E P T I C I S M.

THERE are some men of narrow views and groveling conceptions, who, without the instigation of personal malice, treat every new attempt as wild and chimerical, and look upon every endeavour to depart from the beaten track, as the rash effort of a warm imagination, or the glittering speculation of an exalted mind, that may please and dazzle for a time, but can produce no real, or lasting advantage.

Life of Blake, p. 191.

To

To play with important truths, to disturb the repose of established tenets, to subtilize objections, and elude proof, is too often the sport of youthful vanity, of which maturer experience commonly repents. There is a time when every man is weary of raising difficulties only to task himself with the solution, and desires to enjoy truth, without the labour, or hazard of contest.

Life of Sir T. Brown, p. 279.

S E D U C T I O N.

THERE is not perhaps, in all the stores of ideal anguish, a thought more painful, than the consciousness of having propagated corruption by vitiating principles; of having not only drawn others from the paths of virtue, but blocked up the way by which they should return; of having blinded them to every beauty, but the paint of pleasure; and deafened them to every call, but the alluring voice of the syrens of destruction.

Rambler, v. 1. p. 191.

S O L I T U D E.

IN solitude, if we escape the example
of

of bad men, we likewise want the counsel and conversation of the good.

P. of Abyssinia, p. 133.

The life of a solitary man will be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout.

Ditto, ditto.

To those who pass their time in solitude and retirement, it has been justly objected, that if they are happy, they are happy only by being useless; that mankind is one vast republic, where every individual receives many benefits from the labour of others, which, by labouring in his turn for others, he is obliged to repay; and that where the united efforts of all are not able to exempt all from misery, none have a right to withdraw from their task of vigilance, or be indulged in idle wisdom and solitary pleasures.

Idler, v. 1, p. 102.

S O R R O W.

THE sharpest and most melting sorrow is that which arises from the loss of those whom we have loved with tenderness. But friendship between mortals can be contracted on no other terms, than that one must

must sometimes mourn for the other's death ; and this grief will always yield to the survivor, one consolation proportionate to his affliction ; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himself feels, his friend has escaped.

Rambler, v. 1. p. 104.

It is urged by some as a remedy for sorrow, to keep our minds always suspended in such indifference, that we may change the objects about us without emotion. An exact compliance with this rule might perhaps contribute to tranquillity, but surely it would never produce happiness. He that regards none so much as to be afraid of losing them, must live for ever without the gentle pleasures of sympathy and confidence. He must feel no melting fondness, no warmth of benevolence, nor any of those honest joys which nature annexes to the power of pleasing. And as no man can justly claim more tenderness than he pays, he must forfeit his share in that officious and watchful kindness which love only can dictate, and those lenient endearments by which love only can soften life.

Ditto, ditto, p. 285.

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The safe and general antidote against sorrow, is employment. It is commonly observed, that among soldiers and seamen, though there is much kindness, there is little grief. They see their friend fall, without any of that lamentation which is indulged in security and idleness, because they have no leisure to spare from the care of themselves; and whoever shall keep his thoughts equally busy, will find himself equally unaffected with irretrievable losses.

Ditto, ditto, p. 287.

Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea contributes, in its passage, to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant life, and is remedied by exercise and motion.

Ditto, ditto, p. 287.

S T Y L E.

THE polite are always catching at modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hopes of finding or making better. But propriety resides in that kind of conversation, which is above grossness and below refinement.

Preface to Shakespeare, p. 18.

Words

Words being arbitrary, must owe their power to association, and have the influence, and that only, which custom has given them.

Life of Cowley.

Words too familiar, or too remote, defeat the purpose of a poet. From these sounds, which we hear on small, or coarse occasions, we do not easily receive strong impressions, or delightful images; and words to which we are nearly strangers, whenever they occur, draw that attention on *themselves*, which they should convey to *things*.

Life of Dryden.

An epithet, or metaphor, drawn from nature, ennobles art; an epithet, or metaphor, drawn from art, degrades nature.

Life of Gray.

S I N G U L A R I T Y.

SINGULARITY, as it implies a contempt of general practice, is a kind of defiance, which justly provokes the hostility of ridicule. He therefore who indulges peculiar habits, is worse than others, if he be not better.

Life of Swift.

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SUBOR-

He who is spontaneously suspicious, may be justly charged with radical corruption ; for if he has not known the prevalence of dishonesty by information, nor had time to observe it with his own eyes, whence can he take his measures of judgment but from himself?

Ditto, v. 4. p. 86.

SUPERIORITY.

THE superiority of some is merely local. They are *great*, because their associates are *little*.

Life of Swift.

SCRIPTURE.

IDLE and indecent applications of sentences taken from scripture, is a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneness, and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity.

Life of Pope.

SIMILE.

A Simile, to be perfect, must both illustrate and ennoble the subject ; must shew it to the understanding in a clearer view, and display it to the fancy with greater dignity ;

dignity ; but either of these qualities may be sufficient to recommend it. In didactic poetry, of which the great purpose is instruction, a simile may be praised which illustrates, though it does not ennoble. In heroics, that may be admitted which ennobles, though it does not illustrate. That it may be complete, it is required to exhibit, independently of its references, a pleasing image ; for a simile is said to be a short episode.

Ditto.

S H A M E.

SHAME, above any other passion, propagates itself.

Rambler, v. 3. p. 309.

It is, perhaps, kindly provided by nature, that as the feathers and strength of a bird grow together, and her wings are not completed till she is able to fly ; so some proportion should be observed in the human mind, between judgement and courage. The precipitation of experience is therefore restrained by *shame*, and we remain shackled by timidity, till we have learned to speak and act with propriety.

Ditto, Ditto, p. 316.

STUDY.

(188)

S T U D Y.

AS in life, so in study, it is dangerous to do more things than one at a time; and the mind is not to be harrassed with unnecessary obstructions, in a way of which the natural and unavoidable asperity is such, as too frequently produces despair.

Preface to the Preceptor, p. 65.

S O B R I E T Y.

SOBRIETY, or temperance, is nothing but the forbearance of pleasure; and if pleasure was not followed by pain, who would forbear it?

Idler, v. 2. p. 208.

S C A R C I T Y.

VALUE is more frequently raised by *scarcity* than by use. That which lay neglected when it was common, rises in estimation as its quantity becomes less. We seldom learn the true want of what we have, till it is discovered that we can have no more.

Ditto, Ditto. p. 280.

S E N T E N C E S.

IN all pointed sentences, some degree
of

of accuracy must be sacrificed to consistency.

Bravery of English Common Soldiers, p. 325.

SUCCESS *and* MISCARRIAGE.

SUCCESS and miscarriage have the same effects in all conditions. The prosperous are feared, hated, and flattered; and the unfortunate avoided, pitied, and despised.

Idler, v. 2, p. 277.

GOOD-SENSE.

GOOD-SENSE is a sedate and quiescent quality, which manages its possessions well, but does not increase them; it collects few materials for its own operations, and preserves safety, but never gains supremacy.

Life of Pope.

RURAL SPORTS.

IT is probable all the sports of the field are of gothic original; the antients neither hunted by the szept, nor seem much to have practised horsemanship as an exercise; and though in their works there is mention of *Lucupium* and *Piscatio*, they seem no more to have been considered as
diver-

diversions, than agriculture, or any other manual labour.

Life of Sir Tho. Browne, p. 269.

T.

T I M E.

HE that runs against time, has an antagonist not subject to casualties.

Life of Pope.

The story of Melancthon affords a striking lecture on the value of time, which was, that whenever he made an appointment, he expected not only the *hour*, but the *minute* to be fixed, that the *day* might not run out in the idleness of suspense.

Rambler, v. 2. p. 39.

When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor; we shall,

shall find that part of our duration very small, of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice.

Ditto, v. 3. p. 13.

Time, like money, may be lost by unseasonable avarice.

Life of Burman, p. 295.

Time is the inflexible enemy of all false hypotheses.

Treatise on the Longitude, p. 10.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, "that time was his estate." An estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

Rambler, v. 3. p. 18.

T I M E P A S T.

WHETHER it be that life has more vexations than comforts, or what is in event just the same, that evil makes deeper impressions than good, it is certain



that few can review the time past, without heaviness of heart. He remembers many calamities incurred by folly ; many opportunities lost by negligence. The shades of the dead rise up before him, and he laments the companions of his youth, the partners of his amusements, the assistants of his labours, whom the hand of death has snatched away.

Idler, v. 1. p. 249.

T R I F L E S.

IT may be frequently remarked of the studious and speculative, that they are proud of trifles, and that their amusements seem frivolous and childish ; whether it be that men, conscious of great reputation, think themselves above the reach of censure, and safe in the admission of negligent indulgencies, or that mankind expect, from elevated genius, an uniformity of greatness, and watch its degradation with malicious wonder, like him, who having followed with his eye an eagle into the clouds, should lament that she ever descended to a perch.

Life of Pope.

Trifles

Trifles always require exuberance of ornament. The building which has no strength, can be valued only for the grace of its decorations. The pebble must be polished with care, which hopes to be valued as a diamond, and words ought surely to be laboured, when they are intended to stand for things.

Rambler, v. 3. p. 280.

To proportion the eagerness of contest to its importance, seems too hard a task for human wisdom. The pride of wit has kept ages busy in the discussion of useless questions; and the pride of power has destroyed armies to gain or to keep unprofitable possessions.

Falkland Islands, p. 1.

T R A V E L L I N G.

ALL travel has its advantages: if the passenger visits better countries, he may learn to improve his own; and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy it.

Western Islands, p. 322.

He that would travel for the entertainment of others, should remember, that the
S
great

great object of remark is HUMAN LIFE. Every nation has something in its manufactures, its works of genius, its medicines, its agriculture, its customs, and its policy. He only is a useful traveller, who brings home something by which his country may be benefited, who procures some supply of want, or some mitigation of evil, which may enable his readers to compare their condition with that of others; to improve it wherever it is worse, and wherever it is better, to enjoy it.

Idler, v. 2. p. 253.

T R A D E.

NOTHING dejects a trader like the interruption of his profits.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 8.

T R U T H.

TRUTH is scarcely to be heard, but by those from whom it can serve no interest to conceal it.

Rambler, v. 3. p. 269.

Truth, like beauty, varies its fashions, and is best recommended by different dresses, to different minds.

Idler, v. 2. p. 186.

There

There is no crime more infamous than the violation of truth; it is apparent, that men can be sociable beings no longer than they can believe each other. When speech is employed only as the vehicle of falsehood, every man must disunite himself from others, inhabit his own cave, and seek prey only for himself.

Idler, v. 2. p. 208.

V.

V A N I T Y.

THOSE whom their virtue restrains from deceiving others, are often disposed, by their vanity, to deceive themselves.

Life of Blackmore.

The vanity of men, in advanced life, is generally strongly excited by the amorous attention of young women.

Life of Swift.

When any one complains of the want of what he is known to possess in an uncommon degree, he certainly waits with impatience to be contradicted.

Rambler, v. 4. p. 180.

Vanity is often no less mischievous than negligence, or dishonesty.

Idler, v. 2, p. 72.

V I R T U E.

“ Be virtuous ends pursu’d by virtuous means,
“ Nor think th’ intention sanctifies the deed.”
That maxim publish’d in an impious age,
Would loose the wild enthusiast to destroy,
And fix the fierce usurper’s bloody title.
Then bigotry might send her slaves to war,
And bid success become the test of truth.
Unpitying massacre might waste the world,
And persecution boast the call of heaven.

Irene, p. 42.

He who desires no virtue in his companion, has no virtue in himself. Hence, when the wealthy and the dissolute connect themselves with indigent companions, for their powers of entertainment, their friendship amounts to little more than paying the reckoning for them. They only desire to drink and laugh; their fondness is without benevolence, and their familiarity without friendship.

Life of Otway.

Many men mistake the love for the practice

rice of virtue, and are not so much good men, as the friends of goodness.

Life of Savage.

Virtue is undoubtedly most laudable in that state which makes it most difficult.

Ditto.

Virtue is the surest foundation both of reputation and fortune, and the first step to greatness is to be honest.

Life of Drake, p: 160.

He that would govern his actions by the laws of virtue, must regulate his thoughts by the laws of reason ; he must keep guilt from the recesses of his heart, and remember that the pleasures of fancy, and the emotions of desire, are more dangerous as they are more hidden, since they escape the awe of observation, and operate equally in every situation, without the concurrence of external opportunities.

Rambler, v. 1. p. 48.

To dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence ; an exemption granted only to invariable virtue. But guilt has always its horrors and solitudes ; and to make it yet

more shameful and detestable, it is doomed often to stand in awe of those, to whom nothing could give influence, or weight, but their power of betraying.

Ditto, v. 2. p. 85.

Virtue may owe her panegyricks to morality, but must derive her authority from religion.

Preface to the Preceptor, p. 76.

Virtue is too often merely local. In some situations, the air diseases the body; and in others, poisons the mind.

Idler, v. 2. p. 2.

ROMANTIC VIRTUE.

NARRATIONS of romantic and impracticable virtue, will be read with wonder; but that which is unattainable is recommended in vain. That good may be endeavoured, it must be shewn to be possible.

Life of Pope.

INTENTIONAL VIRTUE.

NOTHING is more unjust, however common, than to charge with hypocrisy, him that expresses zeal for those virtues which he neglects to practise; since he
may

may be sincerely convinced of the advantages of conquering his passions, without having yet obtained the victory ; as a man may be confident of the advantages of a voyage, or a journey, without having courage or industry to undertake it, and may honestly recommend to others, those attempts which he neglects himself.

Rambler, v. I. p. 83.

EXCESS of VIRTUE.

IT may be laid down as an axiom, that it is more easy to take away superfluities, than to supply defects ; and therefore he that is culpable, because he has passed the *middle point of virtue*, is always accounted a fairer object of hope, than he who fails by falling short ; as rashness is more pardonable than cowardice, profusion than avarice.

Ditto, ditto, p. 153.

V I C E.

VICES, like diseases, are often hereditary. The property of the one is to infect the manners, as the other poisons the springs of life.

Idler, v. I. p. 238.

BLANK.

B L A N K V E R S E.

THE exemption which blank verse affords from the necessity of closing the sense with the couplet, betrays luxuriant and active minds into such indulgence, that they pile image upon image, ornament upon ornament, and are not easily persuaded to close the sense at all. Blank verse will, it is to be feared, be too often found in description, exuberant; in argument, loquacious; and in narration, tiresome.

Life of Akenfide.



U.

U N I V E R S A L I T Y.

WHAT is fit for every thing, can fit nothing well.

Life of Cowley.

U N D E R S T A N D I N G.

AS the mind must govern the hands, so in every society, the man of intelligence must direct the man of labour.

Western Islands, p. 201.

G R E A T

GREAT UNDERTAKINGS.

A LARGE work is difficult, because it is large, even though all its parts might singly be performed with facility. Where there are many things to be done, each must be allowed its share of time and labour, in the proportion only which it bears to the whole ; nor can it be expected, that the stones which form the dome of a temple, should be squared and polished like the diamond of a ring.

Preface to his Dictionary, folio, p. 9.

W.

W A R.

AS war is the extremity of evil, it is surely the duty of those whose station entrusts them with the care of nations, to avert it from their charge. There are diseases of animal nature which nothing but amputation can remove ; so there may, by the depravation of human passions, be sometimes a gangrene in collected life, for which fire and the sword are the necessary remedies ; but in what can skill or caution be better shewn, than in preventing

rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of sentiment can agitate, or exalt.

Rambler, v. 4. p. 78.

W I S D O M.

THE first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks, can never be wise.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 113.

To be grave of mien, and slow of utterance; to look with solicitude, and speak with hesitation, is attainable at will; but the shew of wisdom is ridiculous, when there is nothing to cause doubt, as that of valour, where there is nothing to be feared.

Idler, v. 1. p. 288.

W O R L D.

THE world is generally willing to support those who solicit favour, against those who command reverence. He is easily praised, whom no man can envy.

Preface to Shakespeare, p. 51.

Of things that terminate in human life, the world is the proper judge. To despise

spise its sentence, if it were possible, is not just; and if it were just, is not possible.

Life of Pope

To know the world is necessary, since we were born for the help of one another; and to know it early is convenient, if it be only that we may learn early to despise it.

Idler, v. 2. p. 159.

W O M E N.

WOMEN are always most observed, when they seem themselves least to observe, or to lay out for observation.

Rambler, v. 2. p. 254.

It is observed, that the unvaried complaisance which women have a right of exacting, keeps them generally unskilled in human nature.

Ditto, v. 3. p. 269.

FEMALE WEAKNESS.

“THE weakness they lament, themselves create;

Instructed from their infant years to court,
With counterfeited fears, the aid of man,
They seem to shudder at the rustling breeze,

T

Start

Start at the light, and tremble in the dark;
'Till affectation, ripening to belief,
And folly, frightened at her own chimeras,
Habitual cowardice usurps the soul.

Irene, p. 18.

W I N E.

IN the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence; but who ever asked succour from Bacchus, that was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?

Life of Addison.

W R O N G.

MEN are wrong for want of sense, but they are wrong by halves for want of spirit.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 42.

LETTER-WRITING.

THE importance of writing letters with propriety, justly claims to be considered with care, since next to the power of pleasing with his presence, every man should
with

wish to be able to give delight at a distance.

Preface to the Preceptor, p. 68.

SPLENDID WICKEDNESS.

THERE have been men splendidly wicked, whose endowments threw a brightness on their crimes, and whom scarce any villainy made perfectly detestable, because they never could be wholly divested of their excellencies: but such have been, in all ages, the great corruptors of the world; and their resemblance ought no more to be preserved, than the art of murdering without pain.

Rambler, vol. 1. p. 22.

X.

Y.

Y O U T H.

YOUTH is of no long duration; and in maturer age, when the enchantments of

T 2

fancy

fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good. Let us therefore stop, whilst to stop is in our power. Let us live as men, who are some time to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils, to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health, only by the maladies which riot has produced.

P. of Abyssinia, p. 113.

That the highest degree of reverence should be paid to youth, and that nothing indecent should be suffered to approach their eyes, or ears, are precepts extorted by sense and virtue from an ancient writer, by no means eminent for chastity of thought. The same kind, though not the same degree of caution, is required in every thing which is laid before them, to secure them from unjust prejudices, perverse opinions, and incongruous combinations of images.

Rambler, v. 1. p. 20.

Youth

Youth is the time of enterprife and hope: having yet no occasion for comparing our force with any opposing power, we naturally form presumptions in our own favour, and imagine that obstruction and impediment will give way before us.

Ditto, v. 3. p. 31.

F I N I S.

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in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy martyr
down upon his bed of straw!—and 'tis thou who lifts him up
to HEAVEN!—Eternal fountain of our feelings! 'tis here
I trace thee.

SEN. JOURNEY, P. 226.

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TO HIS
IMPERIAL MAJESTY,
JOSEPH THE SECOND,
EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

S I R,

WHEN I compiled this little volume from the writings of one of the first ornaments of Britain, and of human genius, I did not look out long for a protector for the inestimable treasure. To whom, said all the powers of Feeling, kindling within me—to whom should these pages that breathe the spirit of humanity in such a supereminent degree be addressed, but to that illustrious Monarch whose benignity and unparalleled philanthropy has given a charm to every enlightened quarter of the universe!

When your Majesty retires from the busy scenes of Royalty, to commune with nature and

b

her

her eminent works, of which study your distinguished actions speak you an admirable proficient, this volume will prove itself an entertaining and excellent companion.

I rejoice in this opportunity of testifying my respect for such transcendent goodness! and believe me to be with the most profound zeal,

Sir,

Your Majesty's most Obedient,

London,

and most Devoted,

Feb. 13, 1782.

Humble Servant,

W. H.

PREFACE.

P R E F A C E.

A SELECTION of the Beauties of *Sterne* is what has been looked for by a number of his admirers for some time; well knowing they would form such a Volume as perhaps this, nor any other language, could equal. Indeed it was highly necessary on a particular score to make this selection: the *chaste* lovers of literature were not only deprived themselves of the pleasure and instruction so conspicuous in this magnificent assemblage of Genius, but their rising offspring, whose minds it would polish to the highest perfection were prevented from tasting the enjoyment likewise. The *chaste* part of the world complained so loudly of the obscenity which taints the writings of *Sterne*, (and, indeed, with some reason), that those readers under their immediate inspection were not suffered to penetrate beyond the title-page of his *Triffling Shandy*;—his *Sentimental Journey*, in some degree, escaped the general censure; though that is not entirely free of the fault complained of.

... of these who are strangers to
... winks, I have, (I hope with
... of judgment), extracted the most
... passages on which the sun of Genius
... that all his competitors,
... of writing, are lost in an eclipse
... and unnatural rhapsody. Intended
... them alphabetically, till I found
... the *Monk*, and *Maria*,
... connected for the feeling
... and would wound the bosom of sensibility
... I therefore placed them at a proper
... each other. - I need not explain
... the Sermon on the
... with the editions of hu-
... every parent and gover-
... (I believe) a bigoted Papist, will
... I wish I could omit the pleasure
... in compiling this little work,
... in the work, are unacquainted
... I promise him the house
... of nature
... with more so-
... him to the love
... to beget

... I should be sure not to be
... and not to be
... .

P R E F A C E.

ix

a great part of his own, that there is to be found in them, “ Sublime and noble passages, “ which, by the rules of sound criticism and “ reason, may be demonstrated to be truly elo- “ quent and beautiful.

“ There is something in them so thoroughly “ affecting, and so noble and sublime withal, “ that one might challenge the writings of the “ most celebrated orators of antiquity to pro- “ duce any thing like them.”

Before I conclude, I cannot help observing with an excellent writer, that, “ there are “ minds upon which the rays of fancy may be “ pointed without effect, and which no fire of “ sentiment can agitate, or exalt.”—May such minds never violate the *Beauties of Sterne*; but let them be, while the virtues find sanctuary in the hearts of the amiable—their amusement only.

W. H.



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IT is necessary to acquaint the Reader, that the references in this volume are marked from the last elegant *London* edition of Mr. *Sterne's* works in ten volumes. Price two Guineas.

T H E

BEAUTIES OF STERNE.

THE PRECEPTOR.

YOU see 'tis high time, said my father, addressing himself equally to my uncle *Toby* and *Yorick*, to take this young creature out of these womens' hands, and put him into those of a private governor.

Now as I consider the person who is to be about my son, as the mirror in which he is to view himself from morning to night, and by which he is to adjust his looks, his carriage, and perhaps the inmost sentiments of his heart ;—I would have one, *Yorick*, if possible, polished at all points, fit for my child to look into.

There is, continued my father, a certain mien and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and speaking, which argues a man *well*
B *within.*

2 THE BEAUTIES OF STERNE.

within. There are a thousand unnoticed openings, continued my father, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's soul; and I maintain it, added he, that a man of sense does not lay down his hat in coming into a room,—or take it up in going out of it, but something escapes, which discovers him.

I will have him, continued my father, cheerful, faceté, jovial; at the same time, prudent, attentive to business, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive; quick in resolving doubts and speculative questions;—he shall be wise and judicious, and learned:—And why not humble, and moderate, and gentle tempered, and good? said *Yorick*;—And why not, cried my uncle *Toby*, free, and generous, and bountiful, and brave?—He shall, my dear *Toby*, replied my father, getting up and shaking him by his hand.—Then, brother *Shandy*, answered my uncle *Toby*, raising himself off the chair, and laying down his pipe to take hold of my father's other hand,—I humbly beg I may recommend poor *Le Fever's* son to you;—a tear of joy of the first water sparkled in my uncle *Toby's* eye,—and another, the fellow to it, in the Coporal's, as the proposition was made;—you will see why when you read *Le Fever's* story.

THE

THE
STORY OF LE FEVER.

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which *Dendermond* was taken by the allies; when my uncle *Toby* was one evening getting his supper, with *Trim* sitting behind him at a small sideboard,—I say sitting—for in consideration of the Corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain)—when my uncle *Toby* dined or supped alone he would never suffer the Corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that with a proper artillery, my uncle *Toby* could have taken *Dendermond* itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time when my uncle *Toby* supped the Corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect: this bred more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together—But this is neither here nor there—why do I mention it?—Alk my pen,—it governs me,—I govern not it.

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up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the Corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of *St. Nicholas*;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, it will be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle *Toby*; but I am not at rest in my mind, *Trim*, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my uncle *Toby*,—or that I had known more of it:—How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the Corporal;—I'll take my hat and stick and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.—I shall get it all out of him said the Corporal, shutting the door.

It was not till my uncle *Toby* had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Corporal *Trim* returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired

I despaired, at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick Lieutenant—Is he in the army, then? said my uncle *Toby*—He is said the Corporal—And in what regiment? said my uncle *Toby*—I'll tell your honour, replied the Corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, *Trim*, I will fill another pipe, said my uncle *Toby*, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, *Trim*, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again. The Corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—*Your honour is good*:—And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle *Toby* over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the Lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,—That's a right distinction, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose,

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suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, —we can hire horses from hence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the Corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle *Toby*,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, *Trim*, founded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

—I never

—I never in the longest march, said the Corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company :—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour ? Nothing in the world, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, Continued the Corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain *Shandy's* servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father ;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(And thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle *Toby*—he was heartily welcome to it :—He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour), but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast ;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. *Yorick's* curate was smoaking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong ; added the Corporal—I think so too, said my uncle *Toby*.

When the Lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent
down

down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. *Trim*, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it, replied the curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God, of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harassing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms;—beat up
in

in his shirt the next ;—benumbed in his joints ;
 —perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on ;
 —must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—
 I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the
 Corporal, for the reputation of the army, I believe
 an' please your reverence, said I, that when a
 soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily
 as a parson,—though not with all his fufs and
 hypocrisy.—Thou shouldst not have said that,
Trim, said my uncle *Toby*,—for God only knows
 who is a hypocrite, and who is not :—At the
 great and general review of us all, Corporal, at
 the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will
 be seen who has done their duties in this world,
 —and who has not ; and we shall be advanced,
Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said *Trim*,
 —It is in the Scripture, said my uncle *Toby* ; and
 I will shew it thee to-morrow :—In the mean
 time we may depend upon it, *Trim*, for our com-
 fort, said my uncle *Toby*, that God Almighty is
 so good and just a Governor of the world, that if
 we have but done our duties in it,—it will never
 be enquired into, whether we have done them in
 a red coat or a black one :—I hope not ; said the
 Corporal—But go on, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*,
 with the story.

When

When I went up, continued the Corporal, into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it :—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling,—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. Let it remain there, my dear, said the Lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side :—If you are Captain *Shandy's* servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me ; —if he was of *Levens's*—said the Lieutenant.—I told him your honour was—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in *Flanders*, and remember him,—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one *Le Fever*, a Lieutenant in *Angus's*—but he knows me not,—said he,
a second

a second time, musing ;—possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the Captain, I was the Ensign at *Breda*, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an' please your honour, said I, very well.—Do you so ? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiss'd it twice—Here, *Billy*, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle *Toby*, with a deep sigh,—I wish, *Trim*, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the Corporal, is too much concerned ;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe ?—Do, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.

I remember, said my uncle *Toby*, sighing again, the story of the Ensign and his wife,—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account

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or other, (I forget what,) was univerſally pitied by the whole regiment ;—but finiſh the ſtory thou art upon :—’Tis finiſhed already, ſaid the Corporal,—for I could ſtay no longer,—ſo wiſhed his honour a good night ; young *Le Fever* roſe from off the bed, and ſaw me to the bottom of the ſtairs ; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from *Ireland*, and were on their route to join the regiment in *Flanders*.—But alas ! ſaid the Corporal,—the Lieutenant’s laſt day’s march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy ? cried my uncle *Toby*.

It was to my uncle *Toby*’s eternal honour, that he ſet aſide every other concern, and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor Lieutenant and his ſon.

—That kind BEING, who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompence thee for this.

Thou haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle *Toby* to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, *Trim*—In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to *Le Fever*,—as ſickneſs and travelling are both expensive, and thou knoweſt he was but a poor Lieutenant,

Lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, *Trim*, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders;—True, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—thou didst very right, *Trim*, as a foldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle *Toby*,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,—thou shouldst have offered him my house too: A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, *Trim*, and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, *Trim*, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.——

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle *Toby*, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the Corporal:—He will march; said my uncle *Toby*, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:—An' please your honour, said the Corporal, he

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will never march, but to his grave :—He shall march, cried my uncle *Toby*, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the Corporal ;—He shall be supported, said my uncle *Toby* ;—He'll drop at last, said the Corporal, and what will become of his boy ? —He shall not drop, said my uncle *Toby*, firmly. —A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, said *Trin*, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die :—He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle *Toby*.

—The ACCUSING SPIRIT, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in ;—and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

— My uncle *Toby* went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but *Le Fever's* and his afflicted son's ; the hand of death press'd heavy upon
his

his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle *Toby*, who had rose up an hour before his'wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him :—and without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.——

—You shall go home directly, *Le Fever*, said my uncle *Toby*, to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the Corporal shall be your nurse ;—and I'll be your servant, *Le Fever*.

There was a frankness in my uncle *Toby*,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul,—and shewed you the goodness of his nature ; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner,

superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him ; so that before my uncle *Toby* had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of *Le Fever*, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wistfully in my uncle *Toby*'s face,—then cast a look upon his boy,—and that *ligament*, fine as it was,—was never broken.—

Nature instantly ebb'd again,—the film returned to its place,—the pulse fluttered—stopp'd—went on—throbb'd—stopp'd again—moved—stopp'd—shall I go on ?—No.

All that is necessary to be added is as follows—

That my uncle *Toby*, with young *Le Fever* in his hand, attended the poor Lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

When my uncle *Toby* had turned every thing into money, and settled all accounts betwixt the
agent

agent of the regiment and *Le Fever*, and betwixt *Le Fever* and all mankind,—there remained nothing more in my uncle *Toby*'s hands, than an old regimental coat and a sword; so that my uncle *Toby* found little or no opposition from the world in taking administration. The coat my uncle *Toby* gave the Corporal;—Wear it, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby* as long as it will hold together, for the sake of the poor Lieutenant—And this, said my uncle *Toby*, taking up the sword in his hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he spoke—and this, *Le Fever*, I'll save for thee—'tis all the fortune, continued my uncle *Toby*, hanging it up upon a crook, and pointing to it,—'tis all the fortune, my dear *Le Fever*, which God has left thee; but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world,—and thou doest it like a man of honour,—'tis enough for us.

As soon as my uncle *Toby* had laid a foundation, he sent him to a public school, where, excepting Whitsuntide and Christmas, at which times the Corporal was punctually dispatched for him,—he remained to the spring of the year, seventeen; when the stories of the Emperor's sending his army into Hungary against the Turks, kindling a spark of fire in his bosom, he left his Greek and Latin without

without leave, and throwing himself upon his knees before my uncle *Toby*, begged his father's sword, and my uncle *Toby's* leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under Eugene.—Twice did my uncle *Toby* forget his wound, and cry out, *Le Fever!* I will go with thee, and thou shalt fight beside me—And twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in sorrow and disconsolation.—

My uncle *Toby* took down the sword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever since the Lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the Corporal to brighten up;—and having detained *Le Fever* a single fortnight to equip him, and contract for his passage to Leghorn,—he put the sword into his hand,—If thou art brave, *Le Fever*, said my uncle *Toby*, this will not fail thee,—but Fortune, said he, (musing a little)—Fortune may—And if she does,—added my uncle *Toby*, embracing him, come back again to me, *Le Fever*, and we will shape thee another course.

The greatest injury could not have oppressed the heart of *Le Fever* more than my uncle *Toby's* paternal kindness;—he parted from my uncle *Toby*, as the best of sons from the best of fathers—both dropped tears—and as my uncle *Toby* gave him
his

his last kiss, he slipped sixty guineas, tied up in an old purse of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand,—and bid God bless him.

Le Fever got up to the Imperial army just time enough to try what metal his sword was made of, at the defeat of the *Turks* before *Belgrade*; but a series of unmerited mischances had pursued him from that moment, and trod close upon his heels for four years together after: he had withstood these buffetings to the last, till sickness overtook him at *Marseilles*, from whence he wrote my uncle *Toby* word, he had lost his time, his services, his health, and, in short, every thing but his sword;—and was waiting for the first ship to return back to him

Le Fever was hourly expected; and was uppermost in my uncle *Toby's* mind all the time my father was giving him and *Yorick* a description of what kind of a person he would choose for a preceptor to me: but as my uncle *Toby* thought my father at first somewhat fanciful in the accomplishments he required, he forbore mentioning *Le Fever's* name,—till the character, by *Yorick's* interposition, ending unexpectedly, in one, who should be gentle tempered, and generous, and good, it impressed

pressed the image of *Le Fever*, and his interest upon my uncle *Toby* so forcibly, he rose instantly from his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands—I beg, brother *Shandy*, said my uncle *Toby*, I may recommend poor *Le Fever's* son to you—I beseech you, do, added *Yorick*—He has a good heart, said my uncle *Toby*—And a brave one too, an' please your honour, said the Corporal.

—The best hearts, *Trim*, are ever the bravest, replied my uncle *Toby*.

T. SHANDY. VOL. III. CHAP. 49.

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL ye small sweet courtesies of life, for
smooth doye make the road of it! like grace and
beauty which beget inclinations to love at first sight:
'tis ye who open this door and let the stranger in.

—Pray, Madame, said I, have the goodness to
tell me which way I must turn to go to the Opera
Comique:—Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, lay-
ing aside her work——

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen
shops as I came along in search of a face not likely
to be disordered by such an interruption; till at last,
this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a
low chair on the far side of the shop facing the
door——

—*Tres volontiers*: most willingly, said she, lay-
ing her work down upon a chair next her, and
rising

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rising up from the low chair she was sitting in with so cheerful a movement and so cheerful a look that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her I should have said—"This woman is grateful."

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take—you must turn first to your left hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns; and be so good as to take the second—then go down a little way and you'll see a church and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *pont neuf*, which you must cross—and there any one will do himself the pleasure to shew you——

She repeated her instructions three times over to me with the same good natured patience the third time as the first;—and if *tones and manners* have meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hear which shut them out——she seemed really interested that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty notwithstanding she was the handsomest Grisset, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with it. I
 sen

sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes,—and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said—so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop as if to look whether I went right or not—I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left—for that I had absolutely forgot.—Is it possible! said she, half laughing.—’Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman, than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth—she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

—*Attendez*, said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back-shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter, and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place.—So I walked in with her to the far side of the shop, and taking up

D

the

the ruffle in my hand which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

——He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment——And in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shews it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist), I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world——Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery——

——Would to heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-sical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever——How wouldst thou have laugh'd and moralized upon my new profession——
and

and thou shouldst have laugh'd and moralized on—
 Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said;
 “there are worse occupations in this world *than*
 “*feeling a woman's pulse.*”——But a Grisset's!
 thou wouldst have said——and in an open shop!
 Yorick————

——So much the better: for when my views
 are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw
 me feel it.

I had counted twenty pulsations, and was going
 on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband
 coming unexpected from a back parlour into the
 shop, put me a little out of my reckoning.—’Twas
 nobody but her husband, she said,—so I began a
 fresh score——Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he
 pass'd by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling
 my pulse—The husband took off his hat, and
 making a bow, said I did him too much honour—
 and having said that, he put on his hat and walked
 out.

Good God! said I to myself, as he went out——
 and can this man be the husband of this woman?

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London a shop-keeper and a shop-keeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh : in the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different : for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there—in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum night-cap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *salique*, having ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women—by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth

smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant—Monsieur *Le Marli* is little better than the stone under your foot——

—Surely——surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone——thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings, and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

—And how does it beat, Monsieur? said she.—With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected—She was going to say something civil in return—but the lad came into the shop with the gloves—*A propos*, said I, I want a couple of pair myself.

The beautiful Griffet rose up when I said this, and going behind the counter, reached down a parcel and untied it: I advanced to the side over against her: they were all too large. The beautiful Griffet measured them one by one across my hand—It would not alter the dimensions—She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least—She held it open—my hand slipped into it at once—It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little—No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety——where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together could not express them—they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarce say which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it——it is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do; so folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter—it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lay between us

The beautiful Griffet looked sometimes at the gloves, then side-ways to the window, then at the gloves——and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence—I followed her example: so I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack—she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye-lashes with such penetration, that she looked into my very heart and reins—It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did—

It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful Griffet had not ask'd above a single livre above the price—I wish'd she had ask'd a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about——Do you think, my dear Sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a *sous* too much of a stranger—and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy?—*M'en croyez capable?*—Faith! not I, said I; and if you were, you are welcome—so counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

SENT. JOURNEY, PAGE, 95.

THE PIE-MAN.

SEEING a man standing with a basket on the other side of a street, in Versailles, as if he had something to sell, I bid La Fleur go up to him and enquire for the Count de B***'s hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale: and told me it was a Chevalier de St. Louis selling *patés*—It is impossible, La Fleur! said I. — La Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than myself; but persisted in his story: he had seen the croix set in gold, with its red ribband, he said, tied to his button-hole—and had looked into his basket and seen the *patés* which the Chevalier was selling; so could not be mistaken in that.

Such a reverse in a man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity: I could not help looking for some time at him as I sat in the *remise*—the more I looked at him, his croix and his basket, the stronger they wove themselves into my brain—I got out of the *remise* and went towards him.

He

He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell below his knees, and with a sort of a bib which went half way up his breast; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his croix. His basket of little *patés* was covered over with a white damask napkin; another of the same kind was spread at the bottom; and there was a look of *propreté* and neatness throughout; that one might have bought his *patés* of him, as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but stood still with them at the corner of a hotel, for those to buy who chose it, without solicitation.

He was about forty-eight—of a sedate look, something approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.—I went up rather to the basket than him, and having lifted up the napkin and taken one of his *patés* into my hand—I begg'd he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the best part of his life had passed in the service, in which, after spending a small patrimony, he had obtained a company and the croix with it; but that, at the conclusion of the last peace, his regiment being reformed

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reformed, and the whole corps, with those of some other regiments, left without any provision,—he found himself in a wide world without friends, without a livre—and indeed, said he, without any thing but this—(pointing, as he said it, to his croix)—The poor Chevalier won my pity, and he finished the scene with winning my esteem too.

The king, he said, was the most generous of princes, but his generosity could neither relieve or reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongst the number. He had a little wife, he said, whom he loved, who did the *patifserie*; and added, he felt no dishonour in defending her and himself from want in this way—unless providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withhold a pleasure from the good, in passing over what happened to this poor Chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It seems he usually took his stand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace, and as his croix had caught the eyes of numbers, numbers had made the same enquiry which I had done—

He

He had told them the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense, that it had reached at last the King's ears—who hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity—he broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred livres a year.

SENT. JOURNEY, PAGE, 148.

As I have told this to please the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate another, out of its order, to please myself—the two stories reflect light upon each other—and 'tis a pity they should be parted.

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

WHEN states and empires have their period of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is—I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house d'E*** in Brittany into decay. The Marquis d'E**** has fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve, and still shew to the world, some little fragments of what his ancestors had been—their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obscurity*—But he had two boys who looked up to him for *light*—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword—it could not open the way—the *mounting* was too expensive—and simple œconomy was not a match for it—there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France, save Brittany this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree; his pride and affection wished to see re-blossom-

But in Brittany, there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it; and taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two sons, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force; he took his sword from his side——Here, said he, take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The president accepted the Marquis's sword—he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house, and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked for bequests from distant branches of his house—returned home to reclaim his nobility and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller, but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition: I call it solemn——it was so to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family: he supported his lady—his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—he put his handkerchief to his face twice——

——There was a dead silence. When the Marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family—he reclaimed his sword.—His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand he drew it almost out of the scabbard—it was the shining face of a friend he had once given up—he looked attentively a long it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

“ I shall find, said he, some *other way*, to get “ it off.”

When the Marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the

the guardians of it—and, with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings !

S. JOURNEY, PAGE, 153.

THE ASS.

I WAS stopped at the gate of *Lyons* by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops, and cabbage-leaves ; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in, or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike—there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me ; and to that degree, that I

• E 2 do

do not like to speak unkindly to him : on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever something civil to say to him on my part ; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him ; and surely never is my imagination so busy, as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where those carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion.—In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this :—for parrots, jackdaws, &c. I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the same reason ; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent : nay my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and for my dog he would speak if he could)—yet some how or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them.

— But with an ass, I can commune for ever.
 come, *Honesty!* said I,—seeing it was impracticable
 to

to pass betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in, or going out?

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street—

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver :

— He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wishfully the opposite way—

I understand thee perfectly, answered I—if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death—Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill-spent. He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unfavouriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and picked it up again—God help thee, Jack! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'tis all—all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others.

And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as foot—for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.—In saying this, I pulled out a paper of them, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit, of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I pressed him to come in—the poor beast was heavily loaded—his legs seemed to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and as I pulled at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he looked up pensively in my face——“Don’t thrash me with it —but if you will, you may”—If I do, said I, I’ll be d—d. The word was but one half of it pronounced, when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil’s crupper, which put an end to the ceremony. Out upon it! cried I.

TRISTRAM SHANDY, VOL. IV. CHAP. 13.

THE

THE SERMON.

HEBREWS XLII. 18.

—For we TRUST we have a good Conscience.—

“TRUST!—Trust we have a good conscience!”

[Certainly, *Trim*, quoth my father, interrupting him, you give that sentence a very improper accent; for you curl up your nose, man, and read it with such a sneering tone, as if the Parson was going to abuse the Apostle.

He is, an' please your honour, replied *Trim*.

Pugh! said my father, smiling.

Sir, quoth Doctor *Slop*, *Trim* is certainly in the right; for the writer (who I perceive is a Protestant) by the snappish manner in which he takes up the apostle, is certainly going to abuse him; if this treatment of him has not done it already.

But

But from whence, replied my father, have you concluded so soon, Doctor *Slop*, that the writer is of our church?—for aught I can see yet,—he may be of any church.—Because, answered Doctor *Slop*, if he was of ours,—he durst no more take such a licence,—than a bear by his beard:—If, in our communion, Sir, a man was to insult an apostle,—a faint,—or even the paring of a faint's nail,—he would have his eyes scratched out.—What, by the faint? quoth my uncle Toby. No, replied Doctor *Slop*, he would have an old house over his head. Pray, is the Inquisition an ancient building, answered my uncle *Toby*, or is it a modern one?—I know nothing of architecture, replied Doctor *Slop*.—An? please your honours, quoth *Trim*, the Inquisition is the vilest—Prithee spare thy description, *Trim*, I hate the very name of it, said my father.—No matter for that, answered Doctor *Slop*,—it has its uses; for though I'm no great advocate for it, yet, in such a case as this, he would soon be taught better manners; and I can tell him, if he went on at that rate, would be flung into the Inquisition for his pains. God help him then, quoth my uncle *Toby*. Amen, added *Trim*, for heaven above knows I have a poor brother who has been fourteen years a captive in it.—I never heard one word of it before, said my
uncle

uncle *Toby*, hastily :—How came he there, *Trim* ? —O, Sir ! the story will make your heart bleed ; —as it has made mine a thousand times ; —the short of the story is this :— My brother *Tom* went over a servant to *Lisbon*,—and married a *Jew*'s widow, who kept a small shop, and sold saufages, which somehow or other, was the cause of his being taken in the middle of the night out of his bed, where he was lying with his wife and two small children, and carried directly to the Inquisition, where, God help him, continued *Trim*, fetching a sigh from the bottom of his heart,—the poor honest lad lies confined at this hour ; he was as honest a soul, added *Trim*, (pulling out his handkerchief) as ever blood warmed.——

— The tears trickled down *Trim*'s cheeks faster than he could well wipe them away.—A dead silence in the room ensued for some minutes.— Certain proof of pity ! Come, *Trim*, quoth my father, after he saw the poor fellow's grief had got a little vent,—read on,—and put this melancholy story out of thy head :—I grieve that I interrupted thee ; but prithee begin the Sermon again ;—for if the first sentence in it is matter of abuse, as thou sayest, I have a great desire to know what kind of provocation the apostle has given.

Corporal

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Corporal *Trim* wiped his face, and returned his handkerchief into his pocket, and, making a bow as he did it,—he began again.]

THE SERMON.

HEBREWS, XIII. 18.

—For we TRUST we have a good Conscience.—

“—TRUST! trust we have a good conscience! Surely if there is any thing in this life which a man may depend upon, and to the knowledge of which he is capable of arriving upon the most indisputable evidence, it must be this very thing, —whether he has a good conscience or no.”

[I am positive I am right, quoth Dr. *Slop*.]

“If a man thinks at all, he cannot well be a stranger to the true state of this account;—he must be privy to his own thoughts and desires;—he must remember his past pursuits, and know certainly the true springs and motives, which, in general, have governed the actions of his life.”

[I defy

[I defy him, without an assistant, quoth Dr. Slop.]

“ In other matters we may be deceived by false
 “ appearances ; and, as the wise man complains,
 “ *hardly do we guess aright at the things that are*
 “ *upon the earth, and with labour do we find the*
 “ *things that are before us.* But here the mind has
 “ all the evidence and facts within herself ;——is
 “ conscious of the web she has wove ;——knows
 “ its texture and fineness, and the exact share
 “ which every passion has had in working upon the
 “ several designs which virtue or vice has planned
 “ before her.”

[The language is good, and I declare *Trim* reads
 very well, quoth my father.]

“ Now,—as conscience is nothing else but the
 “ knowledge which the mind has within herself of
 “ this ; and the judgment, either of approbation or
 “ censure, which it unavoidably makes upon the
 “ successive actions of our lives ; ’tis plain you will
 “ say, from the very terms of the proposition,—
 “ whenever this inward testimony goes against a
 “ man, and he stands self accused,—that he must
 “ necessarily be a guilty man.——And, on the con-
 “ trary, when the report is favourable on his side,
 “ and

“ and his heart condemns him not ;—that it is
 “ not a matter of *trust*, as the apostle intimates,
 “ but a matter of *certainty* and fact, that the con-
 “ science is good, and that the man must be
 “ good also.”

[Then the apostle is altogether in the wrong, I suppose, quoth Dr. *Slop*, and the Protestant divine is in the right. Sir, have patience, replied my father, for I think it will presently appear that Saint *Paul* and the Protestant divine are both of an opinion.—As nearly so, quoth Dr. *Slop*, as east is to west;—but this, continued he, lifting both hands, comes from the liberty of the press.

It is no more, at the worst, replied my uncle *Toby*, than the liberty of the pulpit, for it does not appear that the sermon is printed, or ever likely to be.

Go on, *Trim*, quoth my father.]

“ At first sight this may seem to be a true state
 “ of the case ; and I make no doubt but the know-
 “ ledge of right and wrong is so truly impressed
 “ upon the mind of man,—that did no such thing
 “ ever happen, as that the conscience of a man, by
 “ long

“ long habits of sin, might (as the scripture assures
“ it may) insensibly become hard;—and, like some
“ tender parts of his body, by much stress and con-
“ tinual hard usage, lose by degrees that nice
“ sense and perception with which God and nature
“ endowed it:—Did this never happen;—or was
“ it certain that self-love could never hang the
“ least bias upon the judgment;—or that the little
“ interests below could rise up and perplex the
“ faculties of our upper regions, and encompass
“ them about with clouds and thick darkness:—
“ Could no such thing as favour and affection en-
“ ter this sacred court:—Did wit disdain to
“ take a bribe in it;—or was ashamed to shew its
“ face as an advocate for an unwarrantable enjoy-
“ ment: Or, lastly, were we assured that INTEREST
“ stood always unconcerned whilst the cause was
“ hearing,—and that Passion never got into the
“ judgment-seat, and pronounced sentence in the
“ stead of Reason, which is supposed always to
“ preside and determine upon the case:—Was
“ this truly so, as the objection must suppose;—no
“ doubt then the religious and moral state of a
“ man would be exactly what he himself esteem-
“ ed it;—and the guilt or innocence of every
“ man’s life could be known, in general, by no
F “ better

“ better measure, than the degrees of his own
 “ approbation and censure.

“ I own, in one case, whenever a man’s con-
 “ science does accuse him (as it seldom errs on that
 “ side) that he is guilty; and unless in melancholy
 “ and hypochondriac cases, we may safely pronounce
 “ upon it, that there is always sufficient grounds
 “ for the accusation.

“ But the converse of the proposition will not
 “ hold true;—namely, that whenever there is guilt,
 “ the conscience must accuse; and if it does not,
 “ that a man is therefore innocent.—This is not
 “ fact——So that the common consolation which
 “ some good christian or other is hourly admini-
 “ stering to himself,—that he thanks God his mind
 “ does not misgive him; and that, consequently,
 “ he has a good conscience, because he hath a quiet
 “ one,—is fallacious;—and as current as the in-
 “ ference is, and as infallible as the rule appears at
 “ first sight, yet when you look nearer to it, and
 “ try the truth of this rule upon plain facts,—
 “ you see it liable to so much error from a false ap-
 “ plication;—the principal upon which it goes so
 “ often perverted;—the whole force of it lost, and
 “ sometimes so vilely cast away, that it is painful to
 “ produce

“ produce the common examples from human life,
 “ which confirm the account.

“ A man shall be vicious and utterly debauched
 “ in his principles;—exceptionable in his conduct
 “ to the world; shall live shameless in the open
 “ commission of a sin, which no reason or pretence
 “ can justify,—a sin by which, contrary to all the
 “ workings of humanity, he shall ruin for ever the
 “ deluded partner of his guilt;—rob her of her best
 “ dowry; and not only cover her own head with
 “ dishonour;—but involve a whole virtuous family
 “ in shame and sorrow for her sake. Surely, you
 “ will think conscience must lead such a man a trou-
 “ blefome life;—he can have no rest night or day
 “ from its reproaches.

“ Alas! CONSCIENCE had something else to do
 “ all this time, than break in upon him; as *Elijah*
 “ reproached the god *Baal*,—this domestic god
 “ *was either talking or pursuing, or was in a jour-*
 “ *ney, or peradventure he slept and could not be*
 “ *awoke.* Perhaps HE was gone out into company
 “ with HONOR to fight a duel; to pay off some
 “ debt at play;—or dirty annuity, the bargain of
 “ his lust; Perhaps CONSCIENCE all this time was
 “ engaged at home, talking aloud against petty
 “ larceny

“ larceny, and executing vengeance upon some such
 “ puny crimes as his fortune and rank of life se-
 “ cured him against all temptation of committing;
 “ so that he lives as merrily.”——[If he was of our
 church, though, quoth Dr. *Slop*, he could not]
 “ —sleeps as soundly in his bed;—and at last meets
 “ death as unconcernedly;—perhaps much more
 “ so, than a much better man.”

[All this is impossible with us, quoth Dr. *Slop*,
 turning to my father,—the case could not happen
 in our church.——It happens in ours, however,
 replied my father, but too often.——I own, quoth
 Dr. *Slop*, (struck a little with my father’s frank ac-
 knowledgment)—that a man in the *Romish* church
 may live as badly;—but then he cannot easily die
 so.——’Tis little matter, replied my father, with
 an air of indifference,—how a rascal dies.—I mean,
 answered Dr. *Slop*, he would be denied the benefits
 of the last sacraments.——Pray how many have you
 in all, said my uncle *Toby*,—for I always forget?
 ——Seven, answered Dr. *Slop*.——Humph!—
 said my uncle *Toby*; though not accented as a note
 of acquiescence,—but as an interjection of that par-
 ticular species of surprise, when a man in looking
 into a drawer, finds more of a thing than he ex-
 pected.——Humph! replied my uncle *Toby*. Dr.

Slop, who had an ear, understood my uncle *Toby* as well as if he had wrote a whole volume against the seven sacraments.——Humph! replied Dr. *Slop*, (stating my uncle *Toby*'s argument over again to him)——Why, Sir, are there not seven cardinal virtues?—Seven mortal sins?—Seven golden candlesticks?—Seven heavens?—'Tis more than I know, replied my uncle *Toby*.——Are there not Seven wonders of the world?—Seven days of the creation?—Seven planets?—Seven plagues?——That there are, quoth my father, with a most affected gravity. But prithee, continued he, go on with the rest of thy characters, *Trim*.]

“ Another is fordid, unmerciful;” (here *Trim* waved his right hand) “ a strait-hearted, selfish wretch, incapable either of private friendship or public spirit. Take notice how he passes by the widow and orphan in their distress, and sees all the miseries incident to human life without a sigh or a prayer.” [An' please your honours, cried *Trim*, I think this a viler man than the other.]

“ Shall not conscience rise up and sting him on such occasions? ——No; thank God there is no occasion, *I pay every man his own*;—*I have no fornication to answer to my conscience*;—*no faith*—

F 3.

“ *left*—

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“ *left vows or promises to make up;—I have de-*
 “ *bauched no man’s wife or child; thank God, I am*
 “ *not as other men, adulterers, unjust, or even as*
 “ *this libertine, who stands before me. A third is*
 “ *crafty and designing in his nature. View his*
 “ *whole life,——’tis nothing but a cunning con-*
 “ *texture of dark arts and unequitable subtrefuges,*
 “ *basely to defeat the true intent of all laws,——*
 “ *plain-dealing, and the safe enjoyment of our*
 “ *several properties.——you will see such a one*
 “ *working out a frame of little designs upon the*
 “ *ignorance and perplexities of the poor and needy*
 “ *man;—shall raise a fortune upon the inexperience*
 “ *of a youth, or the unsuspecting temper of*
 “ *his friend, who would have trusted him with*
 “ *his life. When old age comes on, and repent-*
 “ *tance calls him to look back upon this black ac-*
 “ *count, and state it over again with his con-*
 “ *science—CONSCIENCE looks into the STATUTES*
 “ *at LARGE;—finds no express law broken by*
 “ *what he has done;—perceives no penalty or*
 “ *forfeiture of goods and chattels incurred;—sees*
 “ *no scourge waving over his head, or prison*
 “ *opening his gates upon him:—What is there*
 “ *to affright his conscience?—Conscience has got*
 “ *safely entrenched behind the Letter of the Law;*
 “ *sits there invulnerable, fortified with Cases and*
 “ *Reports*

“ Reports so strongly on all sides;—that it is not
“ preaching can dispossess it of its hold.”

[The character of this last man, said Dr. Slop, interrupting *Trim*, is more detestable than all the rest;—and seems to have been taken from some pettifogging lawyer amongst you:—amongst us, a man’s conscience could not possibly continue so long *blinded*,—three times in a year, at least, he must go to confession. Will that restore it to sight? quoth my uncle *Toby*.—Go on, *Trim*, quoth my father. ’Tis very short, replied *Trim*.— I wish it was longer, quoth my uncle *Toby*, for I like it hugely. —*Trim* went on.]

“ A fourth man shall want even this refuge;
“ shall break through all their ceremony of
“ slow chicane;—scorns the doubtful workings
“ of secret plots and cautious trains to bring a-
“ bout his purpose:—See the bare-faced vil-
“ lain, how he cheats, lies, perjures, robs, mur-
“ ders!—Horrid!—But indeed much better was
“ not to be expected, in the present case—
“ the poor man was in the dark!—his Priest
“ had got the keeping of his conscience;—and
“ all he would let him know of it, was, That
“ he

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“ he must believe in the Pope ;—go to Mass ;
 “ —cross himself ;—tell his beads ;—be a good
 “ Catholic, and that this, in all conscience, was
 “ enough to carry him to heaven. What ;—
 “ if he perjures !—Why ;—he had a mental re-
 “ servation in it.——But if he is so wicked and
 “ abandoned a wretch as you represent him ;
 “ —if he robs,—if he stabs, will not conscience,
 “ on every such act, receive a wound itself ?
 “ —Aye,—but the man has carried it to con-
 “ fession ;—the wound digests there, and will
 “ do well enough, and in a short time be
 “ quite healed up by absolution. O Popery !
 “ what hast thou to answer for ?—when, not
 “ content with the too many natural and fatal
 “ ways, thro’ which the heart of man is every
 “ day thus treacherous to itself above all things ;
 “ —thou hast wilfully set open the wide gate
 “ of deceit before the face of this unwary tra-
 “ veller, too apt, God knows, to go astray of
 “ himself ; and confidently speak peace to him-
 “ self, when there is no peace.

“ Of this the common instances which I have
 “ drawn out of life, are too notorious to re-
 “ quire much evidence. If any man doubts the
 “ reality

“ reality of them, or thinks it impossible for a
 “ man to be such a bubble to himself,—I must
 “ refer him a moment to his own reflections,
 “ and will then venture to trust my appeal with
 “ his own heart.

“ Let him consider in how different a degree
 “ of detestation, numbers of wicked actions
 “ stand *there*, tho’ equally bad and vicious in
 “ their own natures ;—he will soon find, that
 “ such of them as strong inclination and custom
 “ have prompted him to commit, are generally
 “ dressed out and painted with all the false
 “ beauties, which a soft and a flattering hand
 “ can give them ;—and that the others, to
 “ which he feels no propensity, appear, at
 “ once, naked and deformed, surrounded with
 “ all the true circumstances of folly and disho-
 “ nour.

“ When *David* surpris’d *Saul* sleeping in the
 “ cave, and cut off the skirt of his robe—we
 “ read his heart smote him for what he had
 “ done :—But in the matter of *Uriah*, where a
 “ faithful and gallant servant, whom he ought
 “ to have loved and honoured, fell to make
 “ way for his lust,—where conscience had to
 much

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“ much greater reason to take the alarm, his
 “ heart smote him not. A whole year had al-
 “ most passed from the first commission of that
 “ crime, to the time *Nathan* was sent to re-
 “ prove him; and we read not once of the
 “ least sorrow or compunction of heart which
 “ he testified, during all that time, for what
 “ he had done.

“ Thus conscience, this once able monitor,
 “ —placed on high as a judge within us, and
 “ intended by our Maker as a just and equitable
 “ one too,—by an unhappy train of causes and
 “ impediments, takes often such imperfect cog-
 “ nizance of what passes,—does its office so
 “ negligently,—sometimes so corruptly,—that
 “ it is not to be trusted alone; and therefore
 “ we find there is a necessity, an absolute ne-
 “ cessity, of joining another principle with it,
 “ to aid, if not govern, its determinations.

“ So that if you would form a just judgment
 “ of what is of infinite importance to you not
 “ to be misled in,—namely, in what degree
 “ of real merit you stand either as an honest
 “ man, an useful citizen, a faithful subject to
 “ your king, or a good servant to your God,
 “ —call

“—call in religion and morality.—Look,
 “ what is written in the law of God?—How
 “ readest thou?—Consult calm reason and the
 “ unchangeable obligations of justice and truth;
 “ —what say they?

“ Let CONSCIENCE determine the matter
 “ upon these reports;—and then if thy heart
 “ condemns thee not, which is the case the
 “ apostle supposes,—the rule will be infallible,”
 —[Here Dr. Slop fell asleep]—“ *thou wilt*
 “ *have confidence towards God*;—that is, have
 “ just grounds to believe the judgment thou
 “ hast past upon thyself, is the judgment of
 “ God; and nothing else but an anticipation
 “ of that righteous sentence, which will be pro-
 “ nounced upon thee hereafter by that Being,
 “ to whom thou art finally to give an account
 “ of thy actions.

“ *Blessed is the man*, indeed, then, as the
 “ author of the book of *Ecclesiasticus* expresses
 “ it, *who is not pricked with the multitude of*
 “ *his sins* : *Blessed is the man whose heart hath*
 “ *not condemned him* ; *whether he be rich, or*
 “ *whether he be poor, if he have a good heart,*
 “ (a heart thus guided and informed) *he shall*
 “ at

“ *at all times rejoice in a cheerful countenance ;*
 “ *his mind shall tell him more than seven watch-*
 “ *mēn that sit above upon a tower on high.*”

“ —In the darkeſt doubts it ſhall conduct
 “ him faſer than a thouſand caſuiſts, and give
 “ the ſtate he lives in, a better ſecurity for
 “ his behaviour than all the cauſes and re-
 “ ſtrictions put together, which law-makers are
 “ forced to multiply :—*Forced*, as I ſay, as
 “ things ſtand ; human laws not being a mat-
 “ ter of original choice, but of pure neceſſity,
 “ brought in to fence againſt the miſchievous
 “ effects of thoſe conſciences which are no law
 “ unto themſelves ; well intending, by the
 “ many proviſions made,—that in all ſuch cor-
 “ rupt and miſguided caſes, where principles
 “ and the checks of conſcience will not make
 “ us upright,—to ſupply their force, and, by
 “ the terrors of gaols and halters, oblige us
 “ to it.”

[I ſee plainly, ſaid my father, that this ſer-
 mon has been compoſed to be preached at the
 Temple,—or at ſome Aſſize.—I like the reaſon-
 ing, and am ſorry that Dr. Slop has fallen
 aſleep before the time of his conviction :—for
 it

It is now clear, that the Parson, as I thought at first, never insulted St. Paul in the least;—nor has there been, brother, the least difference between them:—A great matter, if they had differed, replied my uncle Toby,—the best friends in the world may differ sometimes.—True,—brother Toby, quoth my father, shaking hands with him,—we'll fill our pipes, brother, and then Trims shall go on.—

He read on as follows.]

“ To have the fear of God before our eyes,
 “ and, in our mutual dealings with each other,
 “ to govern our actions by the eternal mea-
 “ sures of right and wrong:—The first of these
 “ will comprehend the duties of religion;—the
 “ second, those of morality, which are so inse-
 “ perably connected together, that you cannot
 “ divide these two *tables*, even in imagination,
 “ (though the attempt is often made in prac-
 “ tice) without breaking and mutually destroy-
 “ ing them both.

“ I said the attempt is often made; and so
 “ it is;—there being nothing more common
 “ than to see a man who has no sense at all of
 G “ religion

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“ religion, and indeed has so much honesty as
“ to pretend to none, who would take it as the
“ bitterest affront, should you but hint at a
“ suspicion of his moral character,—or imagine
“ he was not conscientiously just and scrupulous
“ to the uttermost mite.

“ When there is some appearance that it is
“ so,—tho’ one is unwilling even to suspect the
“ appearance of so amiable a virtue as moral
“ honesty, yet were we to look into the
“ grounds of it, in the present case, I am per-
“ suaded we should find little reason to envy
“ such a one the honour of his motive.

“ Let him declaim as pompously as he chooses
“ upon the subject, it will be found to rest upon
“ no better foundation than either his interest,
“ his pride, his ease, or some such little and
“ changeable passion as will give us but small
“ dependance upon his actions in matters of
“ great distress.

“ I will illustrate this by an example.

“ I know the banker I deal with, or the phy-
“ sician I usually call in, ”——

[There

[There is no need, cried Dr. *Stop*, (waking)
to call in any physician in this case]

“ — To be neither of them men of much fe-
“ lligion : I hear them make a jest of it every
“ day, and treat all its sanctions with so much
“ scorn, as to put the matter past doubt.
“ Well;—notwithstanding this, I put my for-
“ tune into the hands of the one ;—and what
“ is dearer still to me, I trust my life to the
“ honest skill of the other.

“ Now let me examine what is my reason
“ for this great confidence. Why, in the first
“ place, I believe there is no probability that
“ either of them will employ the power I put
“ into their hands to my disadvantage ;—I con-
“ sider that honesty serves the purposes of this
“ life :—I know their success in the world de-
“ pends upon the fairness of their characters.
“ —In a word, I’m persuaded that they cannot
“ hurt me without hurting themselves more.

“ But put it otherwise, namely, that interest lay,
“ for once, on the other side ; that a case should
“ happen wherein the one, without stain to
“ his reputation, could secrete my fortune, and

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“ leave me naked in the world, — or that the
 “ other could send me out of it, and enjoy an
 “ estate by my death, without dishonour to
 “ himself or his art :—In this case, what hold
 “ have I of either of them ?—Religion, the
 “ strongest of all motives, is out of the ques-
 “ tion ;—Interest, the next most powerful mo-
 “ tive in the world, is strongly against me :—
 “ What have I left to cast into the opposite
 “ scale to balance this temptation ?—Alas ! I
 “ have nothing, — nothing but what is lighter
 “ than a bubble—I must lye at the mercy of
 “ fortune, or some such capricious principle
 “ Strait security for two of the most valuable
 “ blessings !—my property and myself.

“ As, therefore, we can have no dependence
 “ upon morality without religion ;—for, on the
 “ other hand, there is nothing better to be ex-
 “ pected from religion without morality ; ne-
 “ vertheless, 'tis no prodigy to see a man
 “ whose real moral character stands very low,
 “ who yet entertains the highest notion of him-
 “ self, in the light of a religious man.

“ He shall not only be covetous, revengeful,
 “ implacable, — but even wanting in points of
 “ common

“ common honesty; yet inasmuch as he talks
 “ aloud against the infidelity of the age,—is
 “ zealous for some points of religion,—goes
 “ twice a day to church,—attends the sacra-
 “ ments,—and amuses himself with a few in-
 “ strumental parts of religion,—shall cheat
 “ his conscience into a judgment, that, for
 “ this, he is a religious man, and has discharged
 “ truly his duty to God: And you will find
 “ that such a man, through force of this delu-
 “ sion, generally looks down with spiritual
 “ pride upon every other man who has less
 “ affectation of piety,—though, perhaps, ten
 “ times more real honesty than himself.

“ *This likewise is a sore evil under the sun;*
 “ and, I believe, there is no one mistaken
 “ principle, which, for its time, has wrought
 “ more serious mischiefs.

“ ——— For a general proof of this,—exa-
 “ mine the history of the *Romish* church;”—

[Well what can you make of that? cried Dr.
Slop.]—“ see what scenes of cruelty, murder,
 “ rapine, bloodshed,”—[They may thank their
 own obstinacy, cried Dr. *Slop.*]—“ have all

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“ been sanctified by a religion not strictly governed by morality.

“ In how many kingdoms of the world has the crusading sword of this misguided saint-errant, spared neither age or merit, or sex, or condition?—and, as he fought under the banners of a religion which set him loose from justice and humanity, he shewed none; mercilessly trampled upon both,—heard neither the cries of the unfortunate, nor pitied their distresses.”

[I have been in many a battle, an' please your honour, quoth *Trim*, fighting, but never in so melancholy a one as this.—I would not have drawn a tricker in it against these poor souls,—to have been made a general officer.—Why? what do you understand of the affair? said Dr. *Slop*, looking towards *Trim*, with something more of contempt than the Corporal's honest heart deserved.—What do you know, friend, about this battle you talk of?—I know, replied *Trim*, that I never refused quarter in my life to any man who cried out for it;—but to a woman, or a child, continued *Trim*, before I would level my musket at them, I would
lose

lose my life a thousand times.—Here's a crown for thee, *Trim*, to drink with *Obadiah* to-night, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—God bless your honour, replied *Trim*.—I had rather these poor women and children had it.—Thou art an honest fellow, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—My father nodded his head,—"as much as to say,—and so he is:—"

But prithee, *Trim*, said my father, make an end,—for I see thou hast but a leaf or two left.

Corporal *Trim* read on.]

"If the testimony of past centuries in this matter
 "is not sufficient,—consider at this instant, how
 "the votaries of that religion are every day
 "thinking to do service and honour to God,
 "by actions which are a dishonour and scandal
 "to themselves.

"To be convinced of this, go with me for
 "a moment into the prisons of the Inquisition."
 —[God help my poor brother *Tom*].—"Be-
 "hold *Religion*, with *Mercy* and *Justice* chained
 "down under her feet,—there sitting ghastly
 "upon a black tribunal, propped up with racks
 "and instruments of torment. Hark!—hark!
 "what

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“ what a piteous groan ! ” — [Here *Trim*’s face turned as pale as ashes] — “ See the melancholy wretch who uttered it ” — [Here the tears began to trickle down.] — “ just brought forth to undergo the anguish of a mock trial, and endure the utmost pains that a studied system of cruelty has been able to invent. ” — [Down them all, quoth *Trim*, his colour returning into his face as red as blood.] — “ Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors, — his body so wasted with sorrow and confinement. ” — [Oh ! ’tis my brother, cried poor *Trim* in a most passionate exclamation, dropping the sermon upon the ground, and clapping his hands together — I fear ’tis poor *Tom*. My father’s and my uncle *Toby*’s heart yearned with sympathy for the poor fellow’s distress ; even *Slop* himself acknowledged pity for him. — Why, *Trim*, said my father, this is not a history, — ’tis a sermon thou art reading ; prithee begin the sentence again.] — “ Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors, — his body so wasted with sorrow and confinement, — you will see every nerve and muscle as it suffers. ”

“ Observe the last movement of that horrid engine ! ” — [I would rather face a cannon, quoth

quoth *Trim*, stamping.]—"See what convulsions it has thrown him into!—Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched,—what exquisite tortures he endures by it!—'tis all nature can bear!" Good God! see how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips!" [I would not read another line of it, quoth *Trim*, for all this world;—I fear, an' please your honours, all this is in *Portugal*, where my poor brother *Toby* is. I tell thee, *Trim*, again, quoth my father, 'tis not an historical account,—'tis a description.—'Tis only a description, honest man, quoth *Slop*, there's not a word of truth in it.—That's another story, replied my father.—However, as *Trim* reads it with so much concern,—'tis cruelty to force him to go on with it.—Give me hold of the sermon, *Trim*,—I'll finish it for thee, and then may't go. I must stay and hear it too, replied *Trim*, if your honour will allow me;—though I would not read it myself for a Colonel's pay.—Poor *Trim*! quoth my uncle *Toby*.—My father went on.—

"Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched,—what exquisite torture he endures by it!—'Tis all nature can bear."

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“beast! Good God! See how it keeps his weary
 “foul hanging upon his trembling lips,—wil-
 “ling to take its leave,—but not suffered to
 “depart!—Behold the unhappy wretch led
 “back to his cell!

—[Then, thank God, however, quoth *Trim*,
 they have not killed him.]—

“Set him dragged out of it again to meet
 “the flames, and the insults in his last agonies,
 “which this principle,—this principle, that
 “there can be religion without mercy, has
 “prepared for him. The surest way to try
 “the merit of any disputed notion is, to trace
 “down the consequences such a notion has
 “produced, and compare them with the spirit
 “of christianity;—’tis the short and decisive
 “rule which our Saviour hath left us, for
 “these and such like cases, and it is worth
 “a thousand arguments—*By their fruits ye*
 “*shall know them.*

“I will add no farther to the length of this
 “sermon, than by two or three short and in-
 “dependant rules deducible from it.

“First,

“ *First*, Whenever a man talks loudly against
 “ religion, always suspect that it is not his
 “ reason, but his passions, which have got the
 “ better of his CREED. A bad life and a good
 “ belief are disagreeable and troublesome neighbours,
 “ and where they separate, depend upon
 “ it, ’tis for no other cause but quietness
 “ sake.

“ *Secondly*, When a man, thus represented,
 “ tells you in any particular instance,—That
 “ such a thing goes against his conscience,—
 “ always believe he means exactly the same
 “ thing, as when he tells you such a thing
 “ goes *against* his stomach;—a present want
 “ of appetite being generally the true cause of
 “ both.

“ In a word,—trust that man in nothing,
 “ who has not a CONSCIENCE in every thing.

“ And, in your own case, remember this
 “ plain distinction, a mistake in which has ruined
 “ thousands,—that your conscience is not a
 “ law:—No, God and reason made the law,
 “ and have placed conscience within you to
 “ determine;—not like an *Asiatic Cadi*, accord-
 “ ing

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ing to the ebbs and flows of his own passions,
—but like a *British* judge in this land of
liberty and good sense, who makes no new
law, but faithfully declares that law which
he knows already written."

END OF THE SERMON.

T. SHANDY, V. I. C. 40.

REMAINDER

REMAINDER OF THE
STORY OF TRIM'S BROTHER.

AS *Tom's* place an' please your honour, was easy—and the weather warm—it put him upon thinking seriously of settling himself in the world; and as it fell out about that time, that a *Jew* who kept a sausage shop in the same street, had the ill luck to die of a strangury, and leave his widow in possession of a rousing trade—*Tom* thought (as every body in *Lisbon* was doing the best he could devise for himself) there could be no harm in offering her his service to carry it on: so without any introduction to the widow, except that of buying a pound of sausages at her shop—*Tom* set out—counting the matter thus within himself, as he walked along; that let the worst come of it that could, he should at least get a pound of sausages for their worth—but, if things went well, he should be set up; inasmuch as he should get not only a pound of sausages—but a wife—and a sausage shop, an' please your honour, into the bargain.

H

Every

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Every servant in the family, from high to low, wished *Tom* success, and I can fancy, an' please your honour, I see him this moment with his white dimity waistcoat and breeches, and hat a little o'one side, passing jollily along the street, swinging his stick, with a smile and a cheerful word for every body he met.

But alas! *Tom!* thou smilest no more, cried the Corporal, looking on one side of him upon the ground, as if he apostrophised him in his dungeon.

Poor fellow! said my uncle *Toby*, feelingly.

He was an honest, light-hearted lad, an' please your honour, as ever blood warm'd——

Then he resembled thee, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, rapidly.

The Corporal blush'd down to his fingers ends—a tear of sentimental bashfulness—another of gratitude to my uncle *Toby*—and a tear of sorrow for his brother's misfortunes, started into his eye, and ran sweetly down his cheek together; my uncle *Toby's* kindled as one lamp does at
another

another; and taking hold of the breast of *Trim's* coat (which had been that of *Le Fever's*), as if to ease his lame leg, but in reality to gratify a finer feeling—he stood silent for a minute and a half; at the end of which he took his hand away, and the Corporal making a bow, went on with his story of his brother and the *Jew's* widow:

When *Tom*, an' please your honour, got to the shop, there was nobody in it, but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers slightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies—not killing them.——

'Tis a pretty picture! said my uncle *Toby*,—she had suffered persecution, *Trim*, and had learnt mercy——

—She was good, an' please your honour, from nature, as well as from hardships; and there are circumstances in the story of that poor friendless slut, that would melt a heart of stone, said *Trim*; and some dismal winter's evening when your honour is in the humour, they shall be told you with the rest of *Tom's* story, for it makes a part of it

Then do not forget, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.

A negro has a foul? an' please your honour, said the Corporal, (doubtingly).

I am not much versed, Corporal, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in things of that kind; but I suppose, God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me.

It would be putting one sadly over the head of another, quoth the Corporal.

It would so, said my uncle *Toby*.

Why then, an' please your honour, is a black wench to be used worse than a white one?

I can give no reason, said my uncle *Toby*.—

—Only, cried the Corporal, shaking his head, because she has no one to stand up for her—

'Tis that very thing, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—which recommends her to protection—and her brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands

now

now——where it may be hereafter, heaven knows !——but be it where it will, the brave, *Trim*, will not use it unkindly.

—God forbid, said the Corporal.

Amen, responded my uncle *Toby*, laying his hand upon his heart.

The Corporal returned to his story, and went on——but with an embarrassment in doing it, which here and there a reader in this world will not be able to comprehend ; for by the many sudden transitions all along, from one kind and cordial passion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had lost the portable key of his voice, which gave sense and spirit to his tale : he attempted twice to resume it, but could not please himself ; so giving a stout hem ! to rally back the retreating spirits, and aiding nature at the same time with his left arm a-kinbo on one side, and with his right a little extended, supported her on the other—the Corporal got as near the note as he could ; and in that attitude, continued his story.

As *Tom*, an' please your honour, had no business at that time with the Moorish girl, he passed

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on into the room beyond, to talk to the *Jew's* widow about love—and being, as I have told your honour, an open, cheary hearted lad, with his character wrote in his looks and carriage, he took a chair, and without much apology, but with great civility at the same time, placed it close to her at the table, and sat down.

Now a widow, an' please your honour, always chooses a second husband as unlike the first as she can: so the affair was settled in her mind before *Tom* mentioned it.

She signed the capitulation—and *Tom* sealed it; and there was an end of the matter.

T. SHANDY, V. IV. C. 64.

THE BEGUINE.

S O, thou wast once in love, *Trim*! said my uncle *Toby*, smiling—

Souse! replied the Corporal—over head and ears! an' please your honour. Prithee when? where?—and how came it to pass?—I never heard one word of it before, quoth my uncle *Toby*:—I dare say, answered *Trim*, that every drummer and serjeant's son in the regiment knew of it—It's high time I should—said my uncle *Toby*.

Your honour remembers with concern, said the Corporal, the total rout and confusion of our camp, and the army, at the affair of *Landen*; every one was left to shift for himself; and if it had not been for the regiments of *Wyndham*, *Lumley*, and *Galway*, which covered the retreat over the bridge of *Neerspeeken*, the King himself could scarce have gained it—he was pressed hard, as your honour knows, on every side of him——

Gallant

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Gallant mortal! cried my uncle *Toby*, caught up with enthusiasm—this moment, now that all is lost, I see him galloping across me, Corporal, to the left, to bring up the remains of the English horse along with him to support the right, and tear the laurel from *Luxembourg's* brows, if yet 'tis possible—I see him with the knot of his scarf just shot off, infusing fresh spirits into poor *Galway's* regiment—riding along the line—then wheeling about, and charging *Conti* at the head of it—Brave! brave, by heaven! cried my uncle *Toby*, he deserves a crown—as richly, as a thief a halter; shouted *Trim*.

My uncle *Toby* knew the Corporal's loyalty;—otherwise the comparison was not at all to his mind—it did not altogether strike the Corporal's fancy when he had made it—but it could not be recalled—so he had nothing to do, but proceed.

As the number of wounded was prodigious, and no one had time to think of any thing, but his own safety—Though *Talmash*, said my uncle *Toby*, brought off the foot with great prudence—but I was left upon the field, said the Corporal. Thou wast so; poor fellow! replied my uncle *Toby*—so that it was noon the next day, continued the Corporal, before I was exchanged,
and

and put into a cart with thirteen or fourteen more, in order to be conveyed to our hospital.—The anguish of my knee, continued the Corporal, was excessive in itself; and the uneasiness of the cart, with the roughness of the roads which were terribly cut up—making bad still worse—every step was death to me: so that with the loss of blood, and the want of care taking of me, and a fever I felt coming on besides—(Poor soul! said my uncle *Toby*) all together, an' please your honour, was more than I could sustain.

I was telling my sufferings to a young woman at a peasant's house, where our cart, which was the last of the line, had halted, they had helped me in, and the young woman had taken a cordial out of her pocket and dropp'd it upon some sugar, and seeing it had cheer'd me, she had given it me a second and a third time——So I was telling her, an' please your honour, the anguish I was in, and was saying it was so intolerable to me, that I had much rather lie down upon the bed, turning my face towards one which was in the corner of the room—and die, than go on—when, upon her attempting to lead me to it, I fainted away in her arms. She was
a good

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a good foul! as your honour, said the Corporal, wiping his eyes, will hear.

I thought love had been a joyous thing, quoth my uncle *Toby*.

'Tis the most serious thing, an' please your honour (sometimes), that is in the world.

By the persuasion of the young woman, continued the Corporal, the cart with the wounded men set off without me: she had assured them I should expire immediately if I was put into the cart. So when I came to myself—I found myself in a still quiet cottage, with no one but the young woman, and the peasant and his wife. I was laid across the bed in the corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon a chair, and the young woman beside me, holding the corner of her handkerchief dipp'd in vinegar to my nose with one hand, and rubbing my temples with the other.

I took her at first for the daughter of the peasant; (for it was no inn)—so had offered her a little purse with eighteen florins, which my poor brother *Tom* (here *Trim* wip'd his eyes) had

had sent me as a token, by a recruit, just before he set out for *Lisbon*.——

The young woman called the old man and his wife into the room, to shew them the money, in order to gain me credit for a bed and what little necessaries I should want, till I should be in a condition to be got to the hospital——Come then! said she, tying up the little purse,—I'll be your banker—but as that office alone will not keep me employ'd, I'll be your nurse too.

I thought by her manner of speaking this, as well as by her dress, which I then began to consider more attentively—that the young woman could not be the daughter of the peasant. She was in black down to her toes, with her hair concealed under a cambrick border, laid close to her forehead: she was one of those kind of Nuns, an' please your honour, of which your honour knows, there are a good many in *Flanders*, which they let go loose—By thy description, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, I dare say she was a young *Beguine*, of which there are none to be found any where but in the *Spanish Netherlands*—except at *Amsterdam*—they differ from Nuns in this, that they can quit their cloister if
they

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they choose to marry; they visit and take care of the sick by profession—I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of good-nature.

The young *Beguine*, continued the Corporal, had scarce given herself time to tell me “she would be my nurse,” when she hastily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare something for me—and in a short time—though I thought it a long one—she came back with flannels, &c. &c. and having fomented my knee soundly for a couple of hours, and made me a thin bason of gruel for my supper—she with’d me rest, and promised to be with me early in the morning.—She with’d me, an’ please your honour, what was not to be had. My fever ran very high that night—her figure made sad disturbance within me—I was every moment cutting the world in two—to give her half of it—and every moment was I crying, that I had nothing but a knapsack and eighteen florins to share with her.—The whole night long was the fair *Beguine*, like an angel, close by my bed side, holding back my curtain and offering me cordials—and I was only awakened from my dream by her coming there at the hour promised and giving them in reality. In truth, she was scarce

scarce ever from me, and so accustomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart sickened, and I lost colour when she left the room.—Love, an' please your honour, is exactly like war, in this; that a soldier, though he has escaped three weeks complete o' Saturday-night—may nevertheless be shot through his heart on Sunday morning—it happened so here, an' please your honour, with this difference only—that it was on Sunday in the afternoon, when I fell in love all at once with a sifferara—it burst upon me, an' please your honour, like a bomb—scarce giving me time to say, "God bless me."

I thought *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, a man never fell in love so very suddenly,

Yes an' please your honour, if he is in the way of it—replied *Trim*. *

I prithee, quoth my uncle *Toby*, inform me how this matter happened.

—With all pleasure, said the Corporal, making a bow. I had escaped, continued the Corporal, all that time from falling in love, and
I had

had gone on to the end of the chapter, had it not been predestined otherwise—there is no resisting our fate. It was on a Sunday, in the afternoon, as I told your honour. The old man and his wife had walked out—Every thing was still and hush as midnight about the house—

There was not so much as a duck or a duckling about the yard; when the fair *Begonia* came in to see me.

My wound was then in a fair way of doing well—the inflammation had been gone off for some time, but it was succeeded with an itching both above and below my knee, so insufferable, that I had not shut my eyes the whole night for it. Let me see it, said she, kneeling down upon the ground parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon the part below it—it only wants rubbing a little, said the *Begonia*; so covering it with the bed cloaths, she began with the fore-finger of her right-hand to rub under my knee, guiding her fore-finger backwards and forwards by the edge of the flannel, which kept on the dressing.

In five or six minutes I felt slightly the end of her second finger—and presently it was laid flat



flat with the other, and she continued rubbing in that way round and round for a good while; it then came into my head, that I should fall in love—I blushed when I saw how white a hand she had—I shall never, an’ please your honour, behold another hand so white whilst I live.—

The young *Beguine*, continued the Corporal, perceiving it was of great service to me—from rubbing, for some time, with two fingers—proceeded to rub at length with three—till by little and little she brought down the fourth, and then rubbed with her whole hand: I will never say another word, an’ please your honour, upon hands again—but it was softer than satin.—

Prithce, *Trim*, commend it as much as thou wilt, said my uncle *Toby*; I shall hear thy story with the more delight—The Corporal thanked his master most unfeignedly; but having nothing to say upon the *Beguine*’s hand but the same over again—he proceeded to the effects of it.

The fair *Beguine*, said the Corporal, continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee,—till I feared her zeal would weary her—“I would do a thousand times more,” said she,

"for the love of Christ." As she continued rubbing—I felt it spread from under her hand, an' please your honour, to every part of my frame.—

The more she rubbed, and the longer strokes she took—the more the fire kindled in my veins—till at length, by two or three strokes longer than the rest—my passion rose to the highest pitch—I seized her hand—And then thou clapped'st it to thy lips, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*,—and made'st a speech.

Whether the Corporal's amour terminated precisely in the way my uncle *Toby* described it, is not material; it is enough that it contained in it the essence of all the love-romances which ever have been wrote since the beginning of the world.

T. SHANDY, VOL. 4, CHAP. 43.

MARIA.

mountain—Oh! A SONGER in the vale
 heard and reborn in all his soul
 the sweetest voice of heaven and earth.

M A R I A.

THEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly.—*The Maria*; said the postillion, observing I was listening—Poor *Maria*, continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us), is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow utter'd this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece, when I got to *Moulins*.

And who is poor *Maria*? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us; said the postillion—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate

did *Maria* deserve, than to have her *Banks* forbidden by the intrigues of the curate of the parish, who published them—

He was going on, when *Maria*, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again—they were the same notes,—yet were ten times sweeter: it is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play, sweet, or how she came by her pipe, no one knows. We think that heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hands, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering something in his face, as to his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor *Maria's* taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where *Maria* was sitting; she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair all but two tresses,

tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her—

—God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around, for her,—but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, *Maria* made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria look'd wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on, alternately—

—Well, *Maria*, said I, softly—What resemblance do you find?

I do

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a *Beast* man is,—that I ask'd the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever *Rabelais* scattered—and yet I own my heart smote me; and that I so smarted at the very idea of it, that I swore I would set up for wisdom, and utter grave sentences the rest of my days—and never—never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live.

As for writing nonsense to them—I believe there was a reserve—but that I leave to their world.

Adieu, *Maria*!—adieu, poor hapless damsel! Some time, but not *now*, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walk'd softly to my chaise.

T. SHANDY, VOL. IV. C. 89.

MARIA

M A R I A.

MOULINES.

I NEVER felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now—to travel it through the *Bourbonnois*, the sweetest part of *France*—in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up—a journey through each step of which music beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters—to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Just heaven!——it would fill up twenty volumes——and alas! I have but a few small pages left of this to crowd it into—and half of these must be taken up with the poor *Maria* my friend Mr. *Shandy* met with near *Moulines*.

The story he had told of that disordered maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when
I got

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I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to enquire after her.

'Tis going, I own, like the knight of the Woodful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures—but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door, her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth—She had lost her husband: he had died, she said, of anguish, for the loss of *Maria's* senses, about a month before—She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself—still she could not rest—her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road—

—Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this? and what made *La Fleur*, whose heart seemed

seemed only to be maddened to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it. I beckoned to the postillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of *Moulines*, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor *Maria* sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to *Moulines*—and *La Fleur* to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk-net.—She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green riband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards

wards her with the string—"Thou shalt not leave me, *Sylvio*," said she. I looked in *Maria's* eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as she uttered them the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and *Maria* let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then steep'd it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then I wip'd hers again—and as I did it, I felt such undefinable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me to the contrary.

When *Maria* had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her

her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had wash'd it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril of ~~vine~~ opening it, I saw an S mark'd in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, stray'd as far as Rome, and walk'd round St. Peter's once—and return'd back—that she found her way alone across the *Apennines*—had travell'd over all *Lombardy* without money—and through the ~~afflicted~~ roads of *Savoy* without shoes—how she had borne it; and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but *God tempers the wind,* I said *Maria, to the shorn lamb.*

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wait thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee: thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy *Sylvia*—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I

would seek after thee and bring thee back—when the sun went down I would say my prayers; and when I had done thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe, nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I utter'd this; and *Maria* observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steep'd too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream—and where will you dry it, *Maria*? said I.—I will dry it in my bosom, said she—it will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, *Maria*? said I.

I touch'd upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she look'd with wistful disorder for sometime in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and play'd her service to the Virgin—The string I had touch'd ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two *Maria* returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, *Maria*? said I.—She said, to *Moulines*.—Let us go, said I, together.—

ther.—*Maria* put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered *Moulines*.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopp'd to take my last look and last farewell of *Maria*.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms——affliction had touch'd her looks with something that was scarce earthly——still she was feminine——and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of *Eliza's* out of mine, she should not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup, but *Maria* should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden!——imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

SENT. JOURNEY, PAGE 217.

S E N S I B I L I T Y.

—DEAR Sensibility! source inexhausted
 of all that's precious in our joys,
 or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy
 martyr down upon his bed of straw—and 'tis
 thou who lifts him up to HEAVEN—eternal
 fountain of our feelings! 'tis here I trace thee
 —and this is thy "*divinity which stirs within me*"
 —not, that in some sad and sickening moments,
 "*my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles*
 "*at destruction*"—mere pomp of words!—but
 that I feel some generous joys and generous
 cares beyond myself—all comes from thee,
 great—great SENSORIUM of the world! which
 vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon
 the ground, in the remotest desert of thy crea-
 tion.—Touch'd with thee, *Eugenius* draws my
 curtain when I languish—hears my tale of
 symptoms, and blames the weather for the dis-
 order of his nerves. Thou giv'st a portion of
 it sometimes to the roughest peasant who tra-
 verses the bleakest mountains—he finds the la-
 cerated lamb of another's flock—This moment
 I beheld

THE BEAUTIES OF STERNE. FOR

I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it!—Oh! had I come one moment sooner!—it bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it——

Peace to thee, generous swain!—I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it—for happy is thy cottage—and happy is the sharer of it—and happy are the lambs which sport about you.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 226.

THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of mount *Taurira*, the postillion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket; as the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence, I made a point of having the shoe fasten'd on again, as well as we could; but the postillion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaise-

box, being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when, in coming to a stony piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot; I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left-hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the postillion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster.—It was a little farm-house surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn—and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peasant's house—and on the other side was a little wood which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening, when I got to the house—so I left the postillion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walk'd directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it promised joy thro' the stages of the repast—'twas a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table; my heart was set down the moment I entered the room; so I sat down at once like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mix'd with thanks that I had not seem'd to doubt it.

Was it this; or tell me, Nature, what else it was that made this morsel so sweet—and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the supper was to my taste—the grace which followed it was much more so.

THE GRACE.

WHEN supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into the back apartment to tie up their hair—and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their fabouts; and in three minutes every soul was ready upon a little esplanade before the house to begin.—The old man and his wife came out last, and placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sopha of turf by the door.

The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the vielle—and, at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now-and-then a little to the tune—then intermitted—and joined her old man again, as their children and grand-children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when for some pauses in the movement where-
in

in they all seem'd to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity.—In a word, I thought I beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance—but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have look'd upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said, that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay——

—Or a learned prelate either, said I.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 227.

COTTAGE

COTTAGE HAPPINESS.

NATURE! in the midst of thy disorders,
 thou art still friendly to the scantiness thou
 hast created—with all thy great works about
 thee, little hast thou left to give, either to the
 scythé or to the sickle—but to that little thou
 grantest safety and protection; and sweet are
 the dwellings which stand so shelter'd.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 233.

ILLUSION.

SWEET pliability of man's spirit, that can at
 once surrender itself to illusions, which
 cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary
 moments!——Long——long since had ye num-
 ber'd out my days, had I not trod so great a
 part of them upon this enchanted ground; when
 my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep
 for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth
 velvet

velvet path which fancy has scattered over with rose-buds of delights ; and having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthen'd and refresh'd —When evils press sore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new course——I leave it——and as I have a clearer idea of the *Elysian* fields than I have of heaven, I force myself, like *Aeneas*, into them —I see him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken *Dido*—and wish to recognize it—I see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonours —I lose the feelings for myself in her's—and in those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at school.

Surely this is not walking in a vain shadow—nor does man disquiet himself in vain by it—he oftener does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason only—I can safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation to fight it upon its own ground.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 165.

LE DIMANCHE.

IT was Sunday; and when *La Fleur* came in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himself so gallantly array'd, I scarce knew him.

I had covenanted at *Montriu* to give him a new hat with a silver button and loop, and four Louis d'ors *pour s'adoniser*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the same—— They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing——I wish'd him hang'd for telling me——They look'd so fresh, that though I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the *Rue de Friperie*.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at *Paris*. He

He had purchased moreover a handsome blue latten waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered——this was indeed something the worse for the service it had done, but it was clean, scour'd, the gold had been touch'd up, and upon the whole was rather showy than otherwise——and as the blue was not violent, it suited with the coat and breeches very well: he had squeez'd out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a solitaire; and had insisted with the *Fripier*, upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees——He had purchased muslin ruffles, *bien brodées*, with four livres of his own money, ——and a pair of white silk stockings for five more——and, to top all, nature had given him a handsome figure, without costing him a sou.

He entered the room thus set off, with his hair dress in the first stile, and with a handsome bouquet in his breast——in a word, there was that look of festivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday——and by combining both together, it instantly struck me, that the favour he wish'd to ask of me the night before, was to spend the day as every body in *Paris* spent it besides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when *La*

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Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of trust, as if I should not refuse him, begg'd I would grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis-à-vis de sa maitresse*.

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myself *vis-à-vis* Madame de R****—I had retained the *remise* on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a servant so well dress'd as *La Fleur* was, to have got up behind it: I never could have worse spared him.

But we must *feel*, not argue in these embarrassments—the sons and daughters of service part with liberty, but not with Nature, in their contracts; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their taskmasters—no doubt, they have set their self-denials at a price—and their expectations are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them, but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

Behold!—*Behold, I am thy servant*—disarms me at once of the powers of a master.—

—Thou

—Thou shalt go, *La Fleur* ! said I.

—And what mistress, *La Fleur*, said I, canst thou have pick'd up in so little a time at *Paris* ? *La Fleur* laid his hand upon his breast, and said 'twas a *petite Demoiselle* at *Monsieur Le Count de B***** ;—*La Fleur* had a heart made for society ; and, to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master—so that some how or other ;—but how—heaven knows—he had connected himself with the *demoiselle* upon the landing of the stair-case, during the time I was taken up with my passport ; and as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my interest, *La Fleur* had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his.—The family, it seems, was to be at *Paris* that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the Count's household, upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people ! that once a week at least are sure to lay down all your cares together, and dance and sing, and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

A POOR monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his Convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies—or one man may be generous as another man is puffed—*sed non, quæ ad hanc*—or be it as it may—for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the same causes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themselves—’twould oft be no discredit to us, to suppose it was so: I’m sure at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied, to have it said by the world, “I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame,” than have it pass altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

—But be this as it may: The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give

give him a single sous, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—button'd it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him : there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look : I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scatter'd white hairs upon his temples, being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire that was in them, which seemed more temper'd by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—Truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five ; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads, which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards ; but look'd, as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall

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upon a monk's shoulders, best knows: but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant or otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure—but it was the attitude of Intreaty; and as it now stands present to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast, (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order——and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitch'd not to have been struck with it.

—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sou.

—'Tis.

—'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunick—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it; said I,—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years with meagre diet—are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm—the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of Mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmantean, full cheerfully should it have been open'd to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate.—The monk made me a bow—but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely,
have

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have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore.—The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent——But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunick, in return for his appeal——we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he shew'd none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door—Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had utter'd, crouded back into my imagination: I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that

that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I consider'd his grey hairs—his courteous figure seem'd to re-enter and gently ask me, what injury he had done me?—and why I could use him thus?—I would have giv'n twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself, but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along.

SEN. JOUR. P. 5.

THE MONK.

THE good old monk was within six paces of me, as the idea of him cross'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no.—He stopp'd, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness; and having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me—You shall taste mine—said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one) and putting it into his hand—'Tis most excellent, said the monk: Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all; and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect

upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him—when upon pulling out his little horn box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears—but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

S. JOURNEY, PAGE, 34.

FELLOW-FEELING.

THERE is something in our nature, which engages us to take part in every accident to which man is subject, from what cause soever it may have happened; but in such calamities as a man has fallen into through mere misfortune, to be charged upon no fault or indiscretion of himself, there is something then so truly interesting, that at the first sight we generally make them our own, not altogether from a reflection that

that they might have been or may be so, but oftener from a certain generosity and tenderness of nature which disposes us for compassion, abstracted from all considerations of self: so that without any observable act of the will, we suffer with the unfortunate, and feel a weight upon our spirits we know not why, on seeing the most common instances of their distress. But where the spectacle is uncommonly tragical, and complicated with many circumstances of misery, the mind is then taken captive at once, and *were* it inclined to it, has no power to make resistance, but surrenders itself to all the tender emotions of pity and deep concern. So that when one considers this friendly part of our nature without looking farther, one would think it impossible for man to look upon misery without finding himself in some measure attached to the interest of him who suffers it—I say, one would think it impossible—for there are some tempers—how shall I describe them? —formed either of such impenetrable matter, or wrought-up by habitual selfishness to such an utter insensibility of what becomes of the fortunes of their fellow creatures, as if they were not partakers of the same nature, or had no lot or connection at all with the species.

SERMON, III. P. 43.

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THE

THE UNMERCIFUL MAN.

LOOK into the world—how often do you behold a sordid wretch, whose strait heart is open to no man's affliction, taking shelter behind an appearance of piety, and putting on the garb of religion, which none but the merciful and compassionate have a title to wear. Take notice with what sanctity he goes to the end of his days, in the same selfish track in which he at first set out—turning neither to the right hand nor to the left—but plods on—pores all his life long upon the ground, as if afraid to look up, lest peradventure he should see aught which might turn him one moment out of that strait line where interest is carrying him;—or if, by chance, he stumbles upon a hapless object of distress, which threatens such a disaster to him—*devoutly* passing by on the other side, as if unwilling to trust himself to the impressions of nature, or hazard the inconveniences which pity might lead him into upon the occasion.

SERMON, III. P. 46.

PITY.

P I T Y.

IN benevolent natures the impulse to pity is so sudden, that like instruments of music which obey the touch—the objects which are fitted to excite such impressions work so instantaneous an effect, that you would think the will was scarce concerned, and that the mind was altogether passive in the sympathy which her own goodness has excited. The truth is—the soul is generally in such cases so busily taken up and wholly engrossed by the object of pity, that she does not attend to her own operations, or take leisure to examine the principles upon which she acts.

SERMON, III. PAGE 51.

C O M P A S S I O N.

IN generous spirits, compassion is sometimes more than a balance for self preservation. God certainly interwove that friendly softness in our nature to be a check upon too great a propensity towards self-love.

SERMON, V. PAGE 89.

M 2

SLANDER.

S L A N D E R,

OF the many revengeful, covetous, false, and ill-natured persons which we complain of in the world, though we all join in the cry against them, what man amongst us singles out himself as a criminal, or ever once takes it into his head that he adds to the number?—or where is there a man so bad, who would not think it the hardest and most unfair imputation, to have any of those particular vices laid to his charge?

If he has the symptoms never so strong upon him, which he would pronounce infallible in another, they are indications of no such malady in himself—he sees what no one else sees, some secret and flattering circumstances in his favour, which no doubt make a wide difference between his case, and the parties which he condemns.

What other man speaks so often and vehemently against the vice of pride, sets the weakness of it in a more odious light, or is more hurt with it in another, than the proud man himself?

It

It is the same with the passionate, the designing, the ambitious, and some other common characters in life; and being a consequence of the nature of such vices, and almost inseparable from them, the effects of it are generally so gross and absurd, that where pity does not forbid, it is pleasant to observe and trace the cheat through the several turnings and windings of the heart, and detect it through all the shapes and appearances which it puts on.

SERMON, IV. P. 72.

HOUSE OF MOURNING.

LET us go into the house of mourning, made so by such afflictions as have been brought in, merely by the common cross accidents and disasters to which our condition is exposed,—where, perhaps, the aged parents sit broken-hearted, pierced to their souls with the folly and indiscretion of a thankless child—the child of their prayers, in whom all their hopes and expectations centered:—perhaps a more affecting scene—a virtuous family lying pinched with want, where the unfortunate support of it

M 3

having

having long struggled with a train of misfortunes, and bravely fought up against them,—is now piteously borne down at the last—overwhelmed with a cruel blow which no forecast or frugality could have prevented.—O God! look upon his afflictions—behold him distracted with many sorrows, furrounded with the tender pledges of his love, and the partner of his cares—without bread to give them, unable, from the remembrance of better days, to dig—
—to beg, ashamed.

When we enter into the house of mourning such as this—it is impossible to insult the unfortunate even with an improper look—under whatever levity and dissipation of heart, such objects catch our eyes,—they catch likewise our attentions, collect and call home our scattered thoughts, and exercise them with wisdom. A transient scene of distress, such as is here sketched, how soon does it furnish materials to set the mind at work? how necessarily does it engage it to the consideration of the miseries and misfortunes, the dangers and calamities to which the life of man is subject? By holding up such a glass before it, it forces the mind to see and reflect upon the vanity,—the perishing condition

condition and uncertain tenure of every thing in this world. From reflections of this serious cast, how insensibly do the thoughts carry us farther?—and from considering what we are—what kind of world we live in, and what evils befall us in it, how naturally do they set us to look forwards at what possibly we shall be?—for what kind of world we are intended—what evils may befall us there—and what provision we should make against them here, whilst we have time and opportunity. If these lessons are so inseparable from the house of mourning here supposed—we shall find it a still more instructive school of wisdom when we take a view of the place in that more affecting light in which the wise man seems to confine it in the text, in which, by the house of mourning, I believe, he means that particular scene of sorrow, where there is lamentation and mourning for the dead. Turn in hither, I beseech you, for a moment. Behold a dead man ready to be carried out, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. Perhaps a more affecting spectacle a kind and indulgent father of a numerous family, lies breathless—snatched away in the strength of his age——torn in an evil hour from his children and the bosom of a disconsolate wife.

wife. Behold much people of the city gathered together to mix their tears, with settled sorrow in their looks, going heavily along to the house of mourning, to perform that last melancholy office, which, when the debt of nature is paid; we are called upon to pay to each other. If this sad occasion which leads him there, has not done it already, take notice, to what a serious and devout frame of mind every man is reduced, the moment he enters this gate of affliction. The busy and fluttering spirits, which in the house of mirth were wont to transport him from one diverting object to another—see how they are fallen ! how peaceably they are laid ! In this gloomy mansion full of shades and uncomfortable damps to seize the soul—see, the light and easy heart, which never knew what it was to think before, how pensive it is now, how soft, how susceptible, how full of religious impressions, how deeply it is smitten with sense and with a love of virtue. Could we, in this crisis, whilst this empire of reason and religion lasts, and the heart is thus exercised with wisdom and busied with heavenly contemplations—could we see it naked as it is—stripped of its passions, unspotted by the world, and regardless of its pleasures—we might then safely rest
our

THE BEAUTIES OF STERNE. 129

our cause upon this single evidence, and appeal to the most sensual whether Solomon has not made a just determination here, in favour of the house of mourning? not for its own sake, but as it is fruitful in virtue, and becomes the occasion of so much good. Without this end, sorrow I own has no use but to shorten a man's days—nor can gravity, with all its studied solemnity of look and carriage, serve any end but to make one half of the world merry, and impose upon the other.

SERM. II. P. 33.

F R A I L T Y.

THE best of men appear sometimes to be strange compounds of contradictory qualities: and, were the accidental oversights and folly of the wisest man,—the failings and imperfections of a religious man,—the hasty acts and passionate words of a meek man,—were they to rise up in judgment against them,—and an ill-natured judge be suffered to mark in this manner what has been done amiss—what character so unexceptionable as to be able to stand before him?

SERM. XXXI. P. 33.

INSENSIBILITY.

I N S E N S I B I L I T Y.

IT is the fate of mankind, too often, to seem insensible of what they may enjoy at the easiest rate.

SERM. XLVI. P. 226.

U N C E R T A I N T Y.

THERE is no condition in life so fixed and permanent as to be out of danger, or the reach of change:—and we all may depend upon it, that we shall take our turns of wanting and desiring. By how many unforeseen causes may riches take wing!—The crowns of princes may be shaken, and the greatest that ever awed the world have experienced what the turn of the wheel can do.—That which hath happened to one man, may befall another; and, therefore, that excellent rule of our Saviour's ought to govern us in all our actions,—Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you also to them likewise.—Time
and

and chance happens to all;—and the most affluent may be stript of all, and find his worldly comforts like so many withered leaves dropping from him.

SERM. XLI. P. 209.

THE DEAD ASS.

AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned *La Fleur's* misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind *Sancho's* lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone-bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—look'd at them—
and

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and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—look'd wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and *La Fleur* amongst the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

—He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of *Francia*; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seem'd desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if heaven would not take him

him from him also, he would go in gratitude to
St. Yago in Spain,

When the mourner got thus far on his story,
he stopp'd to pay nature her tribute—and wept
bitterly.

He said heaven had accepted the conditions,
and that he had set out from his cottage with
this poor creature, who had been a patient partner
of his journey—that it had eat the same
bread with him all the way, and was unto him
as a friend.

Every body who stood about heard the poor
fellow with concern—*La Fleur* offered him
money—The mourner said he did not want it
—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss
of him.—The ass, he said, he was assured, loved
him—and upon this told them a long story of
a mischance upon their passage over the Pyre-
nean mountains which had separated them from
each other three days; during which time the
ass had sought him as much as he had sought the
ass, and that they had neither scarce eat or drank
till they met.

N

Thou

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least in the loss of thy poor beast; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him,—Alas! said the mourner, I thought so, when he was alive—but now he is dead I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world! said I to myself—Did we love each other as this poor soul but lov'd his ass—'twould be something.

SEN. JOURNEY, P. 74.

HUMOURING IMMORAL APPETITES.

THE humouring of certain appetites, where morality is not concerned, seems to be the means by which the Author of nature intended to sweeten this journey of life,—and bear us up under the many shocks and hard jostlings, which we are sure to meet with in our way.—And a man might, with as much reason, muffle up himself against sunshine and fair weather,—and at other times expose himself naked to the inclemencies

mercies of cold and rain, as debar himself of the innocent delights of his nature, for affected reserve and melancholy.

It is true, on the other hand, our passions are apt to grow upon us by indulgence, and become exorbitant, if they are not kept under exact discipline, that by way of caution and prevention 'twere better, at certain times, to affect some degree of needless reserve, than hazard any ill consequences from the other extreme.

SERMON, XXXVII. P. 13.

U N I T Y.

LOOK into private life,—behold how good and pleasant a thing it is to live together in unity;—it is like the precious ointment poured upon the head of Aaron, that run down to his skirts;—importing that this balm of life is felt and enjoyed, not only by governors of kingdoms, but is derived down to the lowest rank of life, and tasted in the most private recesses;—all, from the king to the peasant, are refreshed with its blessings, without which we can find no com-

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fort in any thing this world can give.—It is this blessing gives every one to sit quietly under his vine, and reap the fruits of his labour and industry:—in one word, which bespeaks who is the bestower of it—it is that only which keeps up the harmony and order of the world, and preserves every thing in it from ruin and confusion.

SERMON, XLII. P. 263.

OPPOSITION.

THERE are secret workings in human affairs, which over-rule all human contrivance, and counterplot the wisest of our councils, in so strange and unexpected a manner, as to cast a damp upon our best schemes and warmest endeavours.

SERMON, XXXIX. P. 176

Captain

It is a very old maxim, that a man
 who is a soldier, is a man of war.
 and a man of war is a man of
 blood.

Captain Shandy's Justification of his own Principles and Conduct, in wishing to continue

the War. Written to his Brother.

I AM not insensible, brother *Shandy*, that
 when a man, whose profession is arms,
 wishes, as I have done, for war—it has an ill
 aspect to the world;—and that, how just and
 right soever his motives and intentions may be,
 —he stands in an uneasy posture in vindicating
 himself from private views in doing it.

For this cause, if a soldier is a prudent man,
 which he may be, without being a jot the less
 brave, he will be sure not to utter his wish in
 the hearing of an enemy; for say what he will,
 an enemy will not believe him.—He will be cau-
 tious of doing it even to a friend,—lest he may
 suffer in his esteem:—But if his heart is over-
 charged, and a secret sigh for arms must have
 its vent, he will reserve it for the ear of a bro-
 ther, who knows his character to the bottom,
 and what his true notions, dispositions, and
 principles of honour are: What, I hope, I have

been in all these, brother *Shandy*, would be unbecoming in me to say :—much worse, I know, have I been than I ought,—and something worse, perhaps, than I think : But such as I am, you, my dear brother *Shandy*, who have sucked the same breasts with me,—and with whom I have been brought up from my cradle,—and from whose knowledge, from the first hour of our boyish pastimes, down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life, and scarce a thought in it—Such as I am, brother, you must by this time know me, with all my vices, and with all my weaknesses too, whether of my age, my temper, my passions, or my understanding.

Tell me then, my dear brother *Shandy*, upon which of them it is, that when I condemned the peace of *Utrecht*, and grieved the war was not carried on with vigour a little longer, you should think your brother did it upon unworthy views ; or that in wishing for war, he should be bad enough to wish more of his fellow-creatures slain,—more slaves made, and more families driven from their peaceful habitations, merely for his own pleasure :—Tell me, brother *Shandy*, upon what one deed of mine do you ground it ?

If

If when I was a school-boy, I could not bear a drum beat, but my heart beat with it—was it my fault? Did I plant the propensity there? Did I found the alarm within? or Nature?

When *Guy*, Earl of *Warwick*, and *Parismus* and *Parismenus*, and *Valentine* and *Orson*, and the *Seven Champions of England* were handed around the school,—were they not all purchased with my own pocket money? Was that selfish, brother *Shandy*? When we read over the siege of *Troy*, which lasted ten years and eight months, —though with such a train of artillery as we had at *Namur*, the town might have been carried in a week—was I not as much concerned for the *Greeks* and *Trojans* as any boy of the whole school? Had I not three strokes of a flogging given me, two on my right hand and one on my left, for calling *Helena* a bitch for it? Did any one of you shed more tears for *Hector*? And when king *Priam* came to the camp to beg his body, and returned weeping back to *Troy* without it,—you know, brother, I could not eat my dinner.

—Did that bespeak me cruel? Or because, brother *Shandy*, my blood flew out into the camp,

camp, and my heart panted for war,—was it a proof it could not ache for the distresses of war too?

O brother! 'tis one thing for a soldier to gather laurels,—and 'tis another to scatter cypress.

—'Tis one thing, brother *Shandy*, for a soldier to hazard his own life—to leap first down into the trench, where he is sure to be cut in pieces:—'Tis one thing from public spirit and a thirst of glory, to enter the breach the first man,—to stand in the foremost rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets, and colours flying about his ears:—'Tis one thing, I say, brother *Shandy*, to do this,—and 'tis another thing to reflect on the miseries of war;—to view the desolations of whole countries, and consider the intolerable fatigues and hardships which the soldier himself, the instrument who works them, is forced (for six-pence a day, if he can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear *Yorick*, as I was by you, in *Le Fever's* funeral sermon, *That so soft and gentle a creature, born to love, to mercy, and kindness, as man is, was not shaped for this? But why*

why did you not add, *Yorick*,—if not by NATURE—that he is so by NECESSITY?—For what is war? what is it, *Yorick*, when fought as ours has been, upon principles of *liberty*, and upon principles of *honour*—what is it, but the getting together of quiet and harmless people, with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds? And heaven is my witness, brother *Shandy*, that the pleasure I have taken in these things,—and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my sieges in my *bowling green*, has arose within me, and I hope in the Corporal too, from the consciousness we both had, that in carrying them on, we were answering the great ends of our creation.

T. SHANDY, VOL. III. CHAP. 75:

M E R C Y.

MY uncle *Toby* was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—where just occasions presented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter;—nor did this arise from any
 insensibility

insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts;—he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up so kindly within him; my uncle *Toby* had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:—Go,—says he one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last—as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle *Toby*, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, says he, lifting up the fashi, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape;—go, poor devil,—get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

*** This is to serve for parents and governors instead of a whole volume upon the subject.

T. SHANDY, VOL. I. CHAP. 37.

I N D O L E N C E.

INCONSISTENT soul that man is!—languishing under wounds which he has the power to heal!—his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge!—his reason, that precious gift of God to him——(instead of pouring in oil) serving but to sharpen his sensibilities,—to multiply his pains and render him more melancholy and uneasy under them!—Poor unhappy creature, that he should do so!—are not the necessary causes of misery in this life enow, but he must add voluntary ones to his stock of sorrow;—struggle against evils which cannot be avoided, and submit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him, would remove from his heart for ever?

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 14.

CONSOLATION.

CONSOLATION.

BEFORE an affliction is digested,—consolation ever comes too soon;—and after it is digested—it comes too late:—there is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 22.

THE STARLING.

———**B**ESHREW the *sombre* pencil! said
I vauntingly—for I envy not its
powers, which paints the evils of life with so
hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits
terrified at the objects she has magnified herself,
and blackened: reduce them to their proper size
and hue she overlooks them——’Tis true, said
I, correcting the proposition——the Bastile is
not an evil to be despised——but strip it of its
towers——fill up the fosse——unbarricade the
doors——

doors——call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper——and not of a man which holds you in it——the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained “it could not get out.”——I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, or child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage——“I can't get out—I can't get out,” said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentations of its captivity——“I can't get out,” said the starling——God help thee! said I, but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door; it was twisted and

double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient—I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty—“No,” said the starling—“I can’t get out—I can’t get out,” said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! said I—still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—

count.—'Tis thou thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to LIBERTY, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste grateful, and ever will be so, till NATURE herself shall change—no *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled—Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent—Grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 134.

THE CAPTIVE.

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery: but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me——

——I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferr'd. Upon looking nearer I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fann'd his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice—his children——

——But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait:

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which

which was alternately his chair and bed : a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notch'd all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 138.

[illegible]

~~And she thought that it was a very good idea~~

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THE DWARF.

I WAS walking down that which leads from the *Carrousal* to the *Palais Royal*, and observing a little boy in some distress at the side of the gutter, which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and help'd him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him.

after, I perceived he was about forty. Never mind, said I; some good body will do as much for me, when I am ninety.

I feel some little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my species, who have neither size or strength to get on in the world—I cannot bear to see one of them trod upon; and had scarce got seated beside an old *French* officer at the Opera Comique, ere the disgust was exercised, by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the parterre, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor defenceless being of this order had got thrust somehow or other into this luckless place—the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides; but the thing which incommoded him most was a tall corpulent *German*, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and

and all possibility of seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the *German's* arm and his body, trying first one side, then the other; but the *German* stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in *Paris*; so he civilly reach'd up his hand to the *German's* sleeve, and told him his distress——The *German* turn'd his head back, look'd down upon him as *Goliath* did upon *David*—and unfeelingly refused his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my monk's little horn box—And how would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear monk! so temper'd to *bear and forbear*!—how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint!

The old *French* officer seeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter—I told him the story in three words; and added, how inhuman it was.

By

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his first transports, which are generally unreasonable, had told the *German*, he would cut off his long queue with his knife—The *German* look'd back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury sharpened by an insult, be it to who it will, makes every man of sentiment a party: I could have leaped out of the box to have redressed it.—The old *French* officer did it with much less confusion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a centinel, and pointing at the same time with his finger to the distress—the centinel made his way up to it.—There was no occasion to tell the grievance—the thing told itself; so thrusting back the *German* instantly with his musket—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him.—This is noble! said I, clapping my hands together.—And yet you would not permit this, said the old officer, in *England*.

—In *England*, dear Sir, said I, we sit all at our ease.

The old *French* officer would have set me at unity with myself, in case I had been at variance,
—by

—by saying it was a *bon mot*—and as a *bon mot* is always worth something at *Paris*, he offered me a pinch of snuff.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 113.

C H A R I T Y.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little *sour'd* by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise, and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty, who surround you. Let no man say, “Let them go to the *dévil*”—’tis a cruel journey to send a few *miserables*, and they have had sufferings enow without it: I always think it better to take a few *sous* out in my hand; and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise; he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them—they will be register’d elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little as I do; for few that I know have so little to give: but as this was the first public act of my

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my charity in *France*, I took the more notice of it.

A well-a-way! said I. I have but eight fous in the world, shewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd soul without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the circle, and making a disqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole parterre cried out *Place aux dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the sentiment of a deference for the sex with half the effect.

Just heaven! for what wise reasons hast thou order'd it that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?

—I insisted upon presenting him with a single fous, merely for his *politesse*.

A poor little dwarfish, brisk fellow, who stood over-against me in the circle, putting something first under his arm, which had once been a hat, took

took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offered a pinch on both sides of him : it was a gift of consequence and modestly declined—The poor little fellow prefs'd it upon them with a nod of welcomeness—*Prenez en—Prenez*, said he, looking another way ; so they each took a pinch—Pity thy box should ever want one ! said I to myself ; so I put a couple of sous into it—taking a small pinch out of his box, to enhance their value, as I did it—He felt the weight of the second obligation more than that of the first—'twas doing him an honour—the other was only doing him a charity—and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

—Here ! said I, to an old soldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and worn out to death in the service—here's a couple of sous for thee, *Vive le Roi !* said the old soldier.

I had then but three sous left ; so I gave one, simply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begg'd—The poor woman had a dislocated hip : so it could not be well, upon any other motive.

Mon cher et tres charitable Monsieur—There's no opposing this, said I.

My Lord Anglois—the very sound was worth the money—so I gave *my last sous* for it. But in the eagerness of giving, I had overlook'd a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to ask a sous for him, and who, I believed, would have perish'd, ere he could have ask'd one for himself: he stood by the chaise a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had seen better days—Good God! said I—and I have not one single sous left to give him—But you have a thousand! cried all the powers of nature stirring within me—so I gave him—no matter what—I am ashamed to say, *how much*, now—and was ashamed to think how little, then: so if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but *Dieu vous benisse*—*Et le bon Dieu vous benisse encore*—said the old soldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre honteux* could say nothing—he pull'd out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away—and I thought he thank'd me more than them all.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 66.

REFLECTIONS

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

THE Corporal——

—Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius,—for he was your kinsman :

Weed his grave clean ye men of goodness,—for he was your brother.—Oh Corporal! had I thee but now,—now, that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cherish thee! thou should'st wear thy Montsero-cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week,—and when it was worn out, I would purchase thee a couple like it:—but alas! alas! now that I can do this, in spite of their reverences—the occasion is lost—for thou art gone;—thy genius fled up to the stars from whence it came;—and that warm heart of thine with all its generous and open vessels, conspircd into a *clod of the valley!*

—But what is this—what is this, to that future and dreadful page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military en-

signs of thy master—the first—the foremost of created beings; where, I shall see thee, faithful servant! laying his sword and scabbard with a trembling hand across his coffin, and then returning pale as ashes to the door, to take his mourning horse by the bridle, to follow his hearse, as he directed thee;—where—all my father's systems, shall be baffled by his sorrows; and in spite of his philosophy, I shall behold him, as he inspects the lackered plate, twice taking his spectacles from off his nose, to wipe away the dew which nature has shed upon them.—When I see him cast in the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries through my ears,—O Toby! in what corner of the world shall I seek thy fellow?

—Gracious powers! which erst have opened the lips of the dumb in his distress, and made the tongue of the stammerer speak plain—when I shall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a stinted hand.

T. SHANDY, VOL. III. C. 68.

PLEASURES OF

OBSERVATION AND STUDY.

—WHAT a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands on.—

—If this won't turn out something—another will—no matter—'tis an essay upon human nature—I get my labour for my pains—'tis enough—the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses, and the best part of my blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *BeerSheba*, and cry, 'Tis all barren—and so it is; and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that was I in

day, replied the Corporal, brightening up his face—your honour knows I have neither wife or child—I can have no sorrows in this world. As few as any man, *Trim*, replied my uncle *Toby*; nor can I see how a fellow of thy light heart can suffer, but from the distress of poverty in thy old age—when thou art passed all services, *Trim*,—and hast outliv'd thy friends.—And please your honour, never fear, replied *Trim*, cheerily.—But I would have thee never fear, *Trim*, replied my uncle *Toby*, and therefore, continued my uncle *Toby*, throwing down his crutch, and getting upon his legs as he uttered the word *therefore*—in recompence, *Trim*, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodness of thy heart I have had such proofs of—whilst thy master is worth a shilling—thou shalt never ask elsewhere, *Trim*, for a penny. *Trim* attempted to thank my uncle *Toby*,—but had not power—tears trickled down his cheeks faster than he could wipe them off—he laid his hands upon his breast—made a bow to the ground, and shut the door.

T. SHANDY, V. II. C. 39.

SLAVERY.

and qu'on ne peut pas dire qu'il soit
 une œuvre d'art. I swear I have never
 known a more beautiful work of art than
 this. S. D. A. V. E. R. Y.

CONSIDER slavery,—what it is,—how bitter
 and draghty; and how many millions have
 been made to drink of it;—which if it can
 poison all earthly happiness when exercised
 barely upon our bodies; what must it be, when
 it comprehends both the slavery of body and
 mind? To conceive this, look into the history
 of the *Roman Church* and her tyrants (or rather
 executioners), who seem to have taken pleasure
 in the spangs and convulsions of their fellow-
 creatures. — Examine the Inquisition, hear the
 melancholy notes sounded in every cell. —
 Consider the anguish of mock trials, and the ex-
 quisite tortures consequent thereupon mercilessly
 inflicted upon the unfortunate, where the racked
 and weary soul has so often wished to take its
 leave,—but cruelly not suffered to depart. —
 Consider how many of these helpless wretches
 have been haled from thence in all periods of
 this tyrannic usurpation, to undergo the massa-
 cres and flames to which a false and a bloody
 religion has condemned them.

—Let

—Let us behold him in another light.—

If we consider man as a creature full of wants and necessities (whether real or imaginary), which he is not able to supply of himself, what a train of disappointments, vexations and dependencies are to be seen, issuing from thence to perplex and make his being uneasy!—How many jostlings and hard struggles do we undergo in making our way in the world!—How barbarously held back!—How often and basely overthrown, in aiming only at getting bread!—How many of us never attain it—at least not comfortably,—but from various unknown causes—eat it all our lives long in bitterness!

SERMON, 10. PAGE, 202.

OPPRESSION VANQUISHED.

I HAVE not been a furlong from Shandy-hall, since I wrote to you last—but why is my pen so perverse? I have been to *****, and my errand was of so peculiar a nature, that I must give you an account of it.—You will scarce believe me, when I tell you, it was to out-juggle

juggle a juggling attorney; to put craft, and all its power, to defiance; and to obtain justice from one—who has a heart foul enough to take advantage of the mistakes of honest simplicity, and who has raised a considerable fortune by artifice and injustice. However, I gained my point!—it was a star and garter to me!—the matter was as follows.——

“ A poor man, the father of my Vestal,
 “ having by the sweat of his brow, during a
 “ course of many laborious years, saved a small
 “ sum of money, applied to this scribe to put it
 “ out to use for him: this was done and a bond
 “ given for the money.——The honest man,
 “ having no place in his cottage which he
 “ thought sufficiently secure, put it in a hole
 “ in the thatch, which had served instead of a
 “ strong box, to keep his money.——In this
 “ situation the bond remained till the time of
 “ receiving his interest drew nigh.—But alas!
 “ —the rain which had done no mischief to
 “ his gold, had found out his paper-security, and
 “ had rotted it to pieces!”—It would be a
 difficult matter to paint the distress of the old
 countryman upon this discovery;—he came to me
 weeping, and begged my advice and assistance!
 —it cut me to the heart!

Frame

Frame to yourself the picture of a man upwards of sixty years of age—who having with much penury and more toil, with the addition of a small legacy, scraped together about four-score pounds to support him in the infirmities of old age, and to be a little portion for his child when he should be dead and gone—lost his little hoard at once; and to aggravate his misfortune, by his own neglect and incaution.—“ If I was young, Sir, (said he) my affliction would have been light—and I might have obtained it again!—but I have lost my comfort when I most wanted it!—my staff is taken from me when I cannot go alone; and I have nothing to expect in future life, but the unwilling charity of a Parish-Officer.”—Never in my whole life, did I wish to be rich, with so good a grace, as at this time!—What a luxury would it have been to have said to this afflicted fellow creature,—“ There is thy money—go thy ways—and be at peace.”—But, alas! the Shandy family were never much encumbered with money; and I (the poorest of them all) could only assist him with good council:—but I did not stop here.—I went myself with him to *****, where by persuasion, threats, and some art, which (by the bye) in such a cause, and with

with such an opponent, was very justifiable—
I sent my poor client back to his home, with
his comfort and his bond restored to him.—
Bravo!—bravo!

If a man has a right to be proud of any
thing,— it is of a good action, done as it ought
to be, without any base interest lurking at the
bottom of it.

LETTER VI. TO HIS FRIENDS.

A SUBJECT FOR COMPASSION.

IF there is a case under Heaven which calls
loudly aloud for the more immediate exercise of
compassion, and which may be looked upon as
the compendium of all charity, surely it is this:
and I am persuaded there would want nothing
more to convince the greatest enemy to these
kind of charities than it is so, but a bare oppor-
tunity of taking a nearer view of some of the
more distressful objects of it.

Let him go into the dwellings of the unfor-
tunate, into some mournful cottage, where
poverty

poverty and affliction reign together. There let him behold the disconsolate widow—sitting—steeped in tears;—thus sorrowing over the infant she knows not how to succour.—“ O my
 “ child, thou art now left exposed to a wide
 “ and a vicious world, too full of snares and
 “ temptations for thy tender and unpractised
 “ age. Perhaps a parent’s love may magnify
 “ those dangers—but when I consider thou
 “ art driven out naked into the midst of them
 “ without friends, without fortune, without in-
 “ struction, my heart bleeds beforehand for the
 “ evils which may come upon thee. God, in
 “ whom we trusted, is witness, so low had his
 “ providence placed us, that we never indulged
 “ one wish to have made thee rich,—virtues
 “ ours we would have made thee;—for thy father,
 “ *my husband, was a good man, and feared*
 “ *the Lord*,—and though all the fruits of his
 “ care and industry were little enough for our
 “ support, yet he honestly had determined
 “ to have spared some portion of it, scanty
 “ as it was, to have placed thee safely in the
 “ way of knowledge and instruction—But alas!
 “ he is gone from us, never to return more,
 “ and with him are fled the means of doing it:
 “ —For, *Behold the creditor is come upon us, to*
 “ take

"*take all that we have.*" Grief is eloquent, and will not easily be imitated.—But let the man who is the least friend to distresses of this nature, conceive some disconsolate widow uttering her complaint even in this manner, and then let him consider, *if there is any sorrow like THIS sorrow, wherewith the Lord has afflicted her ?* or whether there can be any charity like that, of taking *the child out of the mother's bosom*, and rescuing her from these apprehensions ? Should a heathen, a stranger to our holy religion and the love it taught, should he, *as he journeyed, come to the place where SHE LAY, when he saw, would he not have compassion on her ?* God forbid a Christian should *this day* want it ! or at any time *look upon* such a distress, and *pass by on the other side*. Rather let him do, as his Saviour taught him, *bind up the wounds, and pour comfort into the heart of one, whom the hand of God has so bruised*. Let him practise what it is, with Elijah's transport, to say to the afflicted widow,—*See, thy Son liveth !* liveth by my charity, and the bounty of this hour, to all the purposes which make life desirable,—to be made a good man, and a profitable subject : on one hand, to be trained up to such a sense of his duty, as may secure him an interest in the world to come ;

Q

and



and with regard to this world, to be so brought up in it to a love of honest labour and industry, as all his life long to earn and eat his bread with joy and thankfulness.

SERMON V. PAGE 112.

C O M P A S S I O N.

I CANNOT conceive but that the very *mechanical motions* which maintain life, must be performed with more equal vigour and freedom in that man whom a great and good soul perpetually inclines to shew mercy to the miserable, than they can be in a poor, sordid, selfish wretch, whose little contracted heart melts at no man's affliction ; but sits brooding so intently over its own plots and concerns, as to see and feel nothing ; and in truth, enjoy nothing beyond himself : and of whom one may say what that great master of nature has, speaking of a natural sense of harmony, which I think with more justice may be said of compassion, that the man who had it not,——

—Was

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—Was fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils :
The MOTIONS of his spirits are dull as night ;
And his affections dark as EREBUS :
—Let no such man be trusted :——

SERMON V. P. 102

H A P P I N E S S.

THE great pursuit of man is after happiness :
it is the first and strongest desire of his nature ;—in every stage of his life, he searches for it as for hid treasure ;—courts it under a thousand different shapes,—and though perpetually disappointed,—still persists,—runs after and enquires for it afresh—asks every passenger who comes in his way, *Who will shew him any good ?* who will assist him in the attainment of it or direct him to the discovery of this great end of all his wishes ?

He is told by one to search for it among the more gay and youthful pleasures of life, in scenes of mirth and sprightliness, where happiness ever presides, and is ever to be known by the joy and laughter which he will see at once painted in her looks. A second, with a graver aspect, points

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out to the costly dwellings which pride and extravagance have erected:—tells the enquirer that the object he is in search of inhabits there,—that happiness lives only in company with the great, in the midst of much pomp and outward state. That he will easily find her out by the coat of many colours she has on, and the great luxury and expense of equipage and furniture with which she always sits surrounded.

The Miser blesses God!—wonders how any one would mislead and wilfully put him upon so wrong a scent—convinces him that happiness and extravagance never inhabited under the same roof;—that if he would not be disappointed in his search, he must look into the plain and thrifty dwelling of the prudent man, who knows and understands the worth of money, and cautiously lays it up against an evil hour: that it is not the prostitution of wealth upon the passions, or the parting with it at all that constitutes happiness—but that it is the keeping it together, and the ~~having~~ ~~holding~~ ^{keeping} it fast to him and his heirs for ever, which are the chief attributes that form this great idol of human worship, to which so much incense is offered up every day.

The

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The Epicure, though he easily rectifies so gross a mistake, yet at the same time he plunges him, if possible, into a greater; for hearing the object of his pursuit to be happiness, and knowing of no other happiness than what is seated immediately in his senses—he sends the enquirer there;—tells him 'tis in vain to search elsewhere for it, than where nature herself has placed it—in the indulgence and gratification of the appetites, which are given us for that end: and in a word—if he will not take his opinion in the matter—he may trust the word of a much wiser man, who has assured us—that there is nothing better in this world, than that a man should eat and drink and rejoice in his works, and make his soul enjoy good in his labour—for that is his portion.

To rescue him from this brutal experiment—ambition takes him by the hand and carries him into the world,—shews him all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them,—points out the many ways of advancing his fortune and raising himself to honour,—lays before his eyes all the charms and bewitching temptations of power, and asks if there can be any happiness in this world like that of being caressed, courted, flattered, and followed?

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To close all, the philosopher meets him bustling in the full career of this pursuit—stops him—tells him, if he is in search of happiness, he is far gone out of his way. That this deity has long been banished from noise and tumults, where there was no rest found for her, and was fled into solitude far from all commerce of the world; and, in a word, if he would find her, he must leave this busy and intriguing scene, and go back to that peaceful scene of retirement and books, from which he first set out.

In this circle too often does a man run, tries all experiments, and generally sits down, wearied and dissatisfied with them all at last—in utter despair of ever accomplishing what he wants—nor knowing what to trust to after so many disappointments; or where to lay the fault, whether in the incapacity of his own nature, or in the insufficiency of the enjoyments themselves.

SERMON I. P. I.

TRIBUTE

TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

MY heart stops me to pay to thee, my dear uncle *Toby*, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodness;—here let me thrust my chair aside, and kneel down upon the ground, whilst I am pouring forth the warmest sentiments of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's bosom.—Peace and comfort rest for evermore upon thy head!—Thou enviedst no man's comforts,—insultedst no man's opinions.—Thou blackenedst no man's character,—devouredst no man's bread: gently, with faithful *Trim* behind thee, didst thou amble round the little circle of thy pleasures, jostling no creature in thy way:—for each one's service thou hadst a tear,—for each man's need, thou hadst a shilling. Whilst I am worth one, to pay a weeder,—thy path from thy door to thy bowling green shall never be grown up.—Whilst there is a rood and a half of land in the *Shandy* family, thy fortifications, my dear uncle *Toby*, shall never be demolish'd.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 27.

POWER

POWER OF SLIGHT INCIDENTS.

IT is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind ;—What incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things—that trifles light as air, shall waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immoveable within it,—that Euclid's demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it.

T. SHANDY, VOL. 2. CHAP. 61.

CROSSES IN LIFE.

MANY, many are the ups and downs of life, and fortune must be uncommonly gracious to that mortal who does not experience a great variety of them :—though perhaps to these may be owing as much of our pleasures as our pains : there are scenes of delight in the vale as well as the mountain ; and the inequalities of nature

ture may not be less necessary to please the eye—than the varieties of life to improve the heart. At best we are but a short-sighted race of beings, with just light enough to discern our way—to do that is our duty, and should be our care; when a man has done this, he is safe, the rest is of little consequence—

*Cover his head with a turf or a stone,
It is all one, it is all one!*

LETTER IV. TO HIS FRIENDS.

THE CONTRAST.

THINGS are carried on in this world, sometimes so contrary to all our reasonings, and the seeming probabilities of success,—that even the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;—nay, what is stranger still—nor yet bread to the wife, who should last stand in want of it,—nor yet riches to the men of understanding, who you would think best qualified to acquire them,—nor yet favour to men of skill, whose merit and pretences bid the fairest for it,—but that there are some secret and unseen workings
in

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in human affairs, which baffle all our endeavours, and turn aside the courſe of things in ſuch a manner,—that the moſt likely cauſes diſappoint and fail of producing for us the effect which we wiſhed, and naturally expected from them.

You will ſee a man, of whom was you to form a conjecture from the appearances of things in his favour,—you would ſay was ſetting out in the world, with the faireſt proſpect of making his fortune in it;—with all the advantages of birth to recommend him,—of perſonal merit to ſpeak for him,—and of friends to puſh him forwards: you will behold him, notwithſtanding this, diſappointed in every effect you might naturally have looked for, from them; every ſtep he takes towards his advancement, ſomething inviſible ſhall pull him back, ſome unforeſeen obſtacle ſhall riſe up perpetually in his way, and keep there.—In every application he makes—ſome untoward circumſtance ſhall blaſt it.—He ſhall riſe early,—late take reſt,—and eat the bread of carefulneſs,—yet ſome happier man ſhall ſtill riſe up, and ever ſtep in before him, and leave him ſtruggling to the end of his life, in the very ſame place in which he firſt began it.

The

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The history of a second, shall in all respects be the contrast to this. He shall come into the world with the most unpromising appearance,—shall set forwards without fortune, without friends,—without talents to procure him either the one or the other. Nevertheless, you will see this clouded prospect brighten up insensibly, unaccountably before him ; every thing presented in his way shall turn out beyond his expectations, in spite of that chain of unfurmountable difficulties which first threatened him,—time and chance shall open him a way,—a series of successful occurrences shall lead him by the hand to the summit of honour and fortune, and, in a word, without giving him the pains of thinking, or the credit of projecting, it shall place him in a safe possession of all that ambition could wish for.

SERMON VIII. PAGE 152.

SELFISHNESS

SELFISHNESS AND MEANNESS.

THAT there is selfishness and meanness enough in the souls of one part of the world, to hurt the credit of the other part of it, is what I shall not dispute against; but to judge of the whole from this bad sample, and because one man is plotting and artful in his nature;—or, a second openly makes his pleasure or his profit the whole center of all his designs;—or because a third strait-hearted wretch sits confined within himself,—feels no misfortunes, but those which touch himself; to involve the whole race without mercy under such detested characters, is a conclusion as false as it is pernicious; and was it in general to gain credit, could serve no end, but the rooting out of our nature all that is generous, and planting in the stead of it such an aversion to each other, as must untie the bands of society, and rob us of one of the greatest pleasures of it, the mutual communications of kind offices; and by poisoning the fountain, rendering every thing suspected that flows through it.

SERMON VII. PAGE 137.

VICE

VICE NOT WITHOUT USE.

THE lives of bad men are not without use,—
 and whenever such a one is drawn, not
 with a corrupt view to be admired,—but on
 purpose to be detested—it must excite such a
 horror against vice, as will strike indirectly the
 same good impresson. And though it is painful
 to the last degree to paint a man in the shades
 which his vices have cast upon him, yet when
 it serves this end, it carries its own excuse with it.

SERMON IX. PAGE 173.

EFFECTS OF MISFORTUNE.

WHAT by successive misfortunes; by fail-
 ings and cross accidents in trade; by mis-
 carriage of projects :—what by unsuitable ex-
 pences of parents, extravagances of children, and
 the many other secret ways whereby riches
 make themselves wings and fly away; so many
 surprisng revolutions do every day happen in
 R families,

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families, that it may not seem strange to say, that the posterity of some of the most liberal contributors here, in the changes which one century may produce, may possibly find shelter under this very plant which now they so kindly water. Nay, so quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round, that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.

SERMON V. PAGE 98.

YORICK'S OPINION OF GRAVITY.

SOMETIMES, in his wild way of talking, he would say that gravity was an errant scoundrel; and he would add, of the most dangerous kind too,—because a fly one; and that he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were nibbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say, there was no danger,—but to itself:—whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit;—’twas a taught trick

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trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretensions,—it was no better, but often worse than what a French wit had long ago defined it, viz.—A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind.

T. SHANDY, VOL. I. C. II.

REFLECTION UPON MAN.

WHEN I reflect upon man; and take a view of that dark side of him which represents his life as open to so many causes of trouble—when I consider how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance—when one runs over the catalogue of all the cross reckonings and sorrowful items with which the heart of man is over-charged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden resources the mind is enabled to stand it out, and bear itself up, as it does against the impositions laid upon our nature.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 42.

R E V E N G E.

REVENGE from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right.

—The fortunes of thy house shall totter,—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it,—thy faith questioned,—thy works belied,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, CRUELTY and COWARDICE, twin ruffians, hired and set on by MALICE in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes: the best of us, lie open there,—and trust me,—trust me,—when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enow from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.

T. SHANDY, V. I. C. 12.

EJACULATION.

E J A C U L A T I O N.

TIME wastes too fast: every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity life follows my pen; the days and hours of it, more precious, my dear Jenny! than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more—every thing presses on—whilst thou art twisting that lock,—see! it grows grey; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make.

T. SHANDY, V. IV. C. 67.

F A T A L I T Y.

THERE is a fatality attends the actions of some men: order them as they will, they pass through a certain medium which so twists and refracts them from their true directions—that, with all the titles to praise which a rectitude of heart can give, the doers of them are nevertheless forced to live and die without it.

T. SHANDY, V. I. C. 10.

CONJUGAL

CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

IT must have been observed by many a peripatetic philosopher, that nature has set up by her own unquestionable authority certain boundaries and fences to circumscribe the discontent of man: she has effected her purpose in the quietest and easiest manner by laying him under almost insuperable obligations to work out his ease, and to sustain his sufferings at home. It is there only that she has provided him with the most suitable objects to partake of his happiness, and bear a part of that burden which, in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of shoulders. 'Tis true we are endued with an imperfect power of spreading our happiness sometimes beyond *her* limits, but 'tis so ordered, that from the want of languages, connections, and dependencies, and from the difference in education, customs and habits, we lie under so many impediments in communicating our sensations out of our own sphere, as often amount to a total impossibility.

SEN. JOURNEY, P. 13.

L I F E

L I F E.

WHAT is the life of man! is it not to shift from side to side!——from sorrow to sorrow?—to button up one cause of vexation;—and unbutton another!

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 66.

TRIM'S EXPLANATION

OF THE

FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

—PR'YTHEE, *Trim*, quoth my father,
—What do'st thou mean, by "*honouring thy father and mother*?"

Allowing them, an' please your honour, three halfpence a-day out of my pay, when they grow old.—And didst thou do that, *Trim*? said *Yorick*.
—He did indeed, replied my uncle *Toby*.—
Then

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Then, *Trim*, said *Yorick*, springing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the *Decalogue* ; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal *Trim*, than if thou hadst had a hand in the *Talmud* itself.

T. SHANDY, VOL. III. CHAP. 31.

H E A L T H.

O Blessed health! thou art above all gold and treasure ; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul, —and openest all it's powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue.—He that has thee has little more to wish for ! and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

T. SHANDY, VOL. III. CHAP. 33.

L O V E.

TIS sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together.

SEN. JOUR. P. 126.

SOLITUDE

S O L I T U D E.

CROWDED towns, and busy societies, may delight the unthinking, and the gay—but solitude is the best nurse of wisdom.

LETTER III. TO HIS FRIENDS.

T R I B U L A T I O N.

THE way to Fame is like the way to Heaven
—through much tribulation.

LETTER IX.

F R I E N D S H I P.

FRIENDSHIP is the balm and cordial of life,
and without it, 'tis a heavy load not worth
sustaining.

LETTER LXXX.

S O L I T U D E

S O L I T U D E .

IN solitude the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself:—in the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feigned compassion of one—the flattery of a second—the civilities of a third—the friendship of a fourth—they all deceive, and bring the mind back to retirement, reflection, and books.

LETTER LXXXII.

F L A T T E R Y .

DELICIOUS essence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart.

SEN. JOUR. P. 210.

PERFECTION.

P E R F E C T I O N.

MAN has a certain compass, as well as an instrument; and the social and other calls have occasion by turns for every key in him; so that if you begin a note too high or too low, there must be a want either in the upper or under part, to fill up the system of harmony.—— A polished nation makes every one its debtor; and besides, urbanity itself, like the fair sex, has so many charms, it goes against the heart to say it can do ill; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection, that man, take him altogether, is empowered to arrive at——if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities, than gets them. I must not presume to say, how far this has affected the French——But should it ever be the case of the English, in the progress of their resentments, to arrive at the same polish which distinguishes the French, if we did not lose the *politesse de cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions, than courteous ones——we should at least lose that distinct variety and originality of character, which distinguishes them,

them, not only from each other, but from all the world besides.

SEN. JOUR. P. 171.

FORGIVENESS.

THE brave only know how to forgive ;—it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at.—Cowards have done good and kind actions *,—cowards have even fought—nay sometimes even conquered ; but a coward never forgave.—It is not in his nature ;—the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

SERM. XII. P. 244.

* Christian Hero.

FAVOUR

F A V O U R S.

IN returning favours, we act differently from what we do in conferring them : in the one case we simply consider what is best,—in the other what is most acceptable. The reason is, that we have a right to act according to our own ideas of what will do the party most good, in the case where we bestow a favour ;—but where we return one, we lose this right, and act according to his conceptions, who has obliged us, and endeavour to repay in such a manner as we think it most likely to be accepted in discharge of the obligation.

SEAM. XIII. P. 260.

R U S T I C F E L I C I T Y.

MANY are the silent pleasures of the honest peasant; who rises cheerfully to his labour :—look into his dwelling,—where the scene of every man's happiness chiefly lies ;—

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he has the same domestic endearments,—as much joy and comfort in his children,—and as flattering hopes of their doing well,—to enliven his hours and glad his heart, as you could conceive in the most affluent station.—And I make no doubt, in general, but if the true account of his joys and sufferings were to be balanced with those of his betters,—that the upshot would prove to be little more than this,—that the rich man had the more meat,—but the poor man the better stomach;—the one had more luxury,—more able physicians to attend and set him to rights;—the other, more health and soundness in his bones, and less occasion for their help;—that, after these two articles betwixt them were balanced,—in all other things they stood upon a level:—that the sun shines as warm,—the air blows as fresh, and the earth breathes as fragrant upon the one as the other; and that they have an equal share in all the beauties and real benefits of nature.

SEEM. XLIV. P. 260.

DIFFERENCE

DIFFERENCE IN MEN.

POVERTY, exile, loss of fame or friends, the death of children, the dearest of all pledges of a man's happiness, make not equal impressions upon every temper.--You will see one man undergo, with scarce the expence of a sigh,—what another, in the bitterness of his soul, would go mourning for all his life long:—nay, a hasty word, or an unkind look, to a soft and tender nature, will strike deeper than a sword to the hardened and senseless.—If these reflections hold true with regard to misfortunes,—they are the same with regard to enjoyments:—we are formed differently,—have different tastes and perceptions of things;—by the force of habit, education, or a particular cast of mind,—it happens that neither the use or possession of the same enjoyments and advantages, produce the same happiness and contentment;—but that it differs in every man almost according to his temper and complexion: so that the self-same happy accidents in life, which shall give raptures to the choleric or sanguine man, shall be received with
indifference

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indifference by the cold and phlegmatic;—and so oddly perplexed are the accounts of both human happiness and misery in this world,—that trifles, light as air, shall be able to make the hearts of some men sing for joy;—at the same time that others, with real blessings and advantages, without the power of using them, have their hearts heavy and discontented.

Alas ! if the principles of contentment are not within us,—the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.

SERMON XLIV. P. 258

AGAINST HASTY OPINION.

TH E R E are numbers of circumstances which attend every action of a man's life, which can never come to the knowledge of the world,—yet ought to be known, and well weighed, before sentence with any justice can be passed upon him.—A man may have different views and a different sense of things from what his judges have ; and what he understands and
feels

feels and what passes within him, may be a secret treasured up deeply there for ever.—A man, through bodily infirmity, or some complectional defect, which perhaps is not in his power to correct, may be subject to inadvertencies,—to starts—and unhappy turns of temper; he may lay open to snares he is not always aware of; or, through ignorance and want of information and proper helps, he may labour in the dark:—in all which cases, he may do many things which are wrong in themselves, and yet be innocent;—at least an object rather to be pitied than censured with severity and ill will.—These are difficulties which stand in every one's way in the forming a judgment of the characters of others.

SERMON XLIV. P. 255.

V A N I T Y.

VANITY bids all her sons to be generous and brave,—and her daughters to be chaste and courteous.—But why do we want her instructions?—Ask the comedian who is taught a part he feels not.—

SERMON XVII, PAGE, 45.

AFFECTED HONESTY.

LOOK out of your door,—take notice of that man: see what disquieting, intriguing, and shifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain-dealing:—three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble——alas! he has them not.——

SERMON XVII, PAGE, 45.

AFFECTED PIETY.

BEHOLD a second, under a show of piety hiding the impunities of a debauched life:—he is just entering the house of God:—would he was more pure—or less pious:—but then he could not gain his point.

IBID. PAGE, 46.

AFFECTED

AFFECTED SANCTITY.

ABSERVE a third going on almost in the same track, with what an inflexible sanctity of deportment he sustains himself as he advances:—every line in his face writes abstinence;—every stride looks like a check upon his desires: see, I beseech you, how he is cloak'd up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments; and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose;—he has armour at least—Why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of its rending?—Yes truly, or it will not hide the secret—and, what is that?—That the saint has no religion at all.

SERMON XVII P. 46.

OSTENTATIOUS

OSTENTATIOUS GENEROSITY.

—BUT here comes GENEROSITY; giving—
not to a decayed artist—but to the arts
and sciences themselves.——Sec,—*he builds not
a chamber in the wall apart for the prophet;*
but whole schools and colleges for those who
come after. Lord! how they will magnify his
name!—’tis in capitals already; the first—the
highest, in the gilded rent-roll of every hospital
and asylum.——

——One honest tear shed in private over the
unfortunate, is worth it all.

SERMON XVII. PAGE, 47.

O P I N I O N.

WE are perpetually in such engagements
and situations, that ’tis our duties to
speak what our opinions are—but God forbid
that this ever should be done but from its best
motive—

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motive—The sense of what is due to virtue, governed by discretion and the utmost fellow-feeling: were we to go on otherwise, beginning with the great broad cloak of hypocrisy, and so down through all its little trimmings and facings, tearing away without mercy all that look'd seemly,—we should leave but a tatter'd world of it.

SERMON XVII. P. 50

DEFAMATION,

DOES humanity clothe and aducate the unknown orphan?—Poverty thou hast no genealogies:—See! is he not the father of the child? Thus do we rob heroes of the best part of their glory—their virtue. Take away the motive of the act, you take away all that is worth having in it;—wrest it to ungenerous ends, you load the virtuous man who did it with infamy:—undo it all—I beseech you: give him back his honour,—restore the jewel you have taken from him—replace him in the eye of the world——

It is too late.

IBID. P. 52
TYRANNY.

T Y R A N N Y.

IT is the mild and quiet half of the world, who are generally outraged and borne down by the other half of it : but in this they have the advantage ; whatever be the sense of their wrongs, that pride stands not so watchful a centinel over their forgiveness, as it does in the breasts of the fierce and froward ; we should all of us, I believe, be more forgiving than we are, would the world but give us leave ; but it is apt to interpose its ill-offices in remissions, especially of this kind : the truth is, it has its laws, to which the heart is not always a party ; and acts so like an unfeeling engine in all cases without distinction, that it requires all the firmness of the most settled humanity to bear up against it.

SERMON XVIII, P. 61.

R E L I G I O N.

TH E R E are no principles but those of religion to be depended on in cases of real distress, and that these are able to encounter the worst emergencies ; and to bear us up under all the changes and chances to which our life is subject.

SERMON XV. P. 12.

ELOQUENCE

E L O Q U E N C E.

GREAT is the power of eloquence; but never is it so great as when it pleads along with nature, and the culprit is a child strayed from his duty, and returned to it again with tears.

SERMON XX. P. 101

G E N E R O S I T Y.

GENEROSITY sorrows as much for the overmatched, as Pity herself does.

IBID.

S O C I E T Y.

NOTWITHSTANDING all we meet with in books, in many of which, no doubt, there are a good many handsome things said upon the sweets of retirement, &c. . . . yet still "*it is not*
"*good*"

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"good for man to be alone:" nor can all which the cold-hearted pedant stuns our ears with upon the subject, ever give one answer of satisfaction to the mind; in the midst of the loudest vauntings of philosophy, Nature will have her yearnings for society and friendship;—a good heart wants some object to be kind to—and the best parts of our blood, and the purest of our spirits, suffer most under the destitution.

Let the torpid monk seek heaven comfortless and alone.——God speed him! For my own part, I fear, I should never so find the way: let me be wise and religious——but let me be Man: wherever thy Providence places me, or whatever be the road I take to get to thee—give me some companion in my journey, be it only to remark to, How our shadows lengthen as the sun goes down;—to whom I may say, How fresh is the face of Nature! How sweet the flowers of the field! How delicious are these fruits! -

SERMON XVIII. P. 60.

DISSATISFACTION

DISSATISFACTION.

I PITY the men whose natural pleasures are burdens; and who fly from joy (as these sple-netic and morose souls do), as if it was really an evil in itself.

SERMON XXII. P. 145.

SORROW AND HEAVINESS OF HEART.

I F there is an evil in this world, 'tis sorrow and heaviness of heart.—The loss of goods,—of health,—of coronets and mitres, are only evil, as they occasion sorrow;—take that out—the rest is fancy, and dwelleth only in the head of man.

Poor unfortunate creature that he is! as if the causes of anguish in the heart were not enow—but he must fill up the measure with those of caprice; and not only walk in a vain shadow,—but disquiet himself in vain too.

We are a restless set of beings; and as we are likely to continue so to the end of the world,—

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the best we can do in it, is to make the same use of this part of our character, which wise men do of other bad propensities——when they find they cannot conquer them,—they endeavour, at least, to divert them into good channels.

If therefore we must be a solicitous race of self-tormentors,—let us drop the common objects which make us so,—and for God's sake be solicitous only to live well.

SERMON XXII. P. 145.

ROOTED OPINION NOT EASILY
ERADICATED.

HOW difficult you will find it to convince a miserly heart, that any thing is good which is not profitable? or a libertine one, that any thing is bad, which is pleasant?

SERMON XXIII. PAGE, 163.

D E A T H.

THERE are many instances of men, who have received the news of death with the greatest ease of mind, and even entertained the thoughts

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thoughts of it with smiles upon their countenances,—and this, either from strength of spirits and the natural cheerfulness of their temper,—or that they knew the world, and cared not for it—or expected a better—yet thousands of good men, with all the helps of philosophy, and against all the assurances of a well-spent life, that the change must be to their account,—upon the approach of death have still lean'd towards this world, and wanted spirits and resolution to bear the shock of a separation from it for ever.

SERMON XVII. PAGE, 37.

S O R R O W.

SWEET is the look of sorrow for an offence, in a heart determined never to commit it more!—upon that alter only could I offer up my wrongs.

SERMON XVIII. P. 64.

SIMPLICITY.

SIMPLICITY is the great friend to Nature, and if I would be proud of any thing in this silly world, it should be of this honest alliance.

SERMON XXIV. P. 187.

COVETOUSNESS.

TO know truly what it is, we must know what masters it serves;—they are many, and of various casts and humours,—and each one lends it something of its own complexional tint and character.

This, I suppose, may be the cause that there is a greater and more whimsical mystery in the love of money, than in the darkest and most nonfensical problem that ever was pored on.

Even at the best, and when the passion seems to seek something more than its own amusement,
—there

—there is little—very little, I fear, to be said for its humanity.—It may be a sport to the Miser,—but consider,—it must be death and destruction to others.—The moment this fordid humour begins to govern—farewell all honest and natural affection! farewell, all he owes to parents, to children, to friends!—how fast the obligations vanish! see—he is now stripped of all feelings whatever:—the shrill cry of justice—and the low lamentation of humble distress, are notes equally beyond his compass. —Eternal God! see!—he passes by one whom thou hast just bruised, without one pensive reflection:—he enters the cabin of the widow whose husband and child thou hast taken to thyself,—exacts his bond, without a sigh!—Heaven! if I am to be tempted,—let it be by glory,—by ambition,—by some generous and manly vice: —if I must fall, let it be by some passion which thou hast planted in my nature, which shall not harden my heart, but leave me room at last to retreat and come back to thee!

SERMON XIX. PAGE, 81.

HUMILITY.

HUMILITY.

HE that is little in his own eyes, is little too in his desires, and consequently moderate in his pursuit of them: like another man he may fail in his attempts and lose the point he aimed at,—but that is all,—he loses not himself,—he loses not his happiness and peace of mind with it,—even the contentions of the humble man are mild and placid.—Blessed character! when such a one is thrust back, who does not pity him?—when he falls, who would not stretch out a hand to raise him up?

SERMON XXV. P. 193

PATIENCE AND CONTENTMENT.

PATIENCE and Contentment,—which like the treasure hid in the field for which a man sold all he had to purchase—is of that price that it cannot be had at too great a purchase, since without it, the best condition in life cannot make
us

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us happy,—and with it, it is impossible we should be miserable even in the worst.

SERMON XV. P. 16.

HUMILITY CONTRASTED WITH PRIDE.

WHEN we reflect upon the character of Humility,—we are apt to think it stands the most naked and defenceless of all virtues whatever,—the least able to support its claims against the insolent antagonist who seems ready to bear him down, and all opposition which such a temper can make.

Now, if we consider him as standing alone,—no doubt, in such a case he will be overpowered and trampled upon by his opposer ;—but if we consider the meek and lowly man, as he is—fenced and guarded by the love, the friendship and wishes of all mankind,—that the other stands alone, hated, discountenanced, without one true friend or hearty well-wisher on his side ;—when this is balanced, we shall have reason to change our opinion and be convinced that the humble man, in such an alliance, is far from

from being so overmatched as at first sight he may appear;—may I believe one might venture to go further and engage for it, that in all such cases, where real fortitude and true personal courage were wanted, he is much more likely to give proof of it, and I would sooner look for it in such a temper than in that of his adversary. Pride may make a man violent,—but Humility will make him firm:—and which of the two, do you think, likely to come off with honour?—he who acts from the changeable impulse of heated blood, and follows the uncertain motions of his pride and fury,—or the man who stands cool and collected in himself; who governs his resentments, instead of being governed by them, and on every occasion acts upon the steady motives of principle and duty.

SERMON XXV. P. 193

W I T H regard to the provocations and offences which are unavoidably happening to a man in his commerce with the world,—take it as a rule,—as a man's pride is,—so is always his displeasure; as the opinion of himself rises,—so does the injury,—so does his resentment: 'tis this which gives edge and force to the instrument which has struck him,—and excites that heat in the wound which renders it incurable.

See

See how different the case is with the humble man : one half of these painful conflicts he actually escapes ; the other part fall lightly on him : —he provokes no man by contempt ; thrusts himself forward as the mark of no man's envy ; so that he cuts off the first fretful occasions of the greatest part of these evils ; and for those in which the passions of others would involve him, like the humble shrub in the valley, gently gives way, and scarce feels the injury of those stormy encounters which rend the proud cedar, and tear it up by its roots.

SERMON XXV. P. 190.

P R I D E.

THE proud man, —see ! —he is fore all over ; touch him —you put him to pain : and though of all others, he acts as if every mortal was void of all sense and feeling, yet is possessed with so nice and exquisite a one himself, that the slights, the little neglects and instances of disesteem, which would be scarce felt by another man, are perpetually wounding him, and oft-times piercing him to his very heart.

SERMON XXIV. P. 174.

Pride

Pride is a vice which grows up in society so insensibly ;—steals in unobserved upon the heart upon so many occasions ;—forms itself upon such strange pretensions, and when it has done, veils itself under such a variety of unsuspected appearances,—sometimes even under that of Humility itself ;—in all which cases, Self-love, like a false friend, instead of checking, most treacherously feeds this humour,—points out some excellence in every soul to make him vain, and think more highly of himself than he ought to think ;—that, upon the whole, there is no one weakness into which the heart of man is more easily betray'd—or which requires greater helps of good sense and good principles to guard against.

SEMPER XXIV. P. 177.

B E A U T Y.

BEAUTY has so many charms, one knows not how to speak against it ; and when it happens that a graceful figure is the habitation of a virtuous soul, when the beauty of the face speaks out the modesty and humility of the mind, and the

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the justness of the proportion raises our thoughts up to the art and wisdom of the great Creator, something may be allowed it,—and something to the embellishments which set it off;—and yet, when the whole apology is read,—it will be found at last, that Beauty, like Truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.

SERMON XXIV. P. 187.

W I S D O M.

LESSONS of wisdom have never such power over us, as when they are wrought into the heart, through the ground—work of a story which engages the passions: Is it that we are like iron, and must first be heated before we can wrought upon? or, Is the heart so in love with deceit, that where a true report will not reach it, we must cheat it with a fable, in order to come at truth?

SERMON XX. P. 93.

HUNGER.

H U N G E R.

OF all the terrors of nature, that of one day or other dying by hunger, is the greatest, and it is wisely wove into our frame to awaken man to industry, and call forth his talents; and though we seem to go on carelessly, sporting with it as we do with other terrors,—yet, he that sees this enemy fairly, and in his most frightful shape, will need no long remonstrance to make him turn out of the way to avoid him.

SERMON XX. P. 98.

D I S T R E S S.

NOTHING so powerfully calls home the mind as distress: the tense fibre then relaxes, —the soul retires to itself, —fits pensive and susceptible of right impressions: if we have a friend, 'tis then we think of him; if a benefactor, at that moment all his kindnesses press upon our mind.

SERMON XX. P. 97.

IMPOSTURE.

I M P O S T U R E.

IMPOSTURE is all dissonance, let what master soever of it undertake the part; let him harmonise and modulate it as he may, one tone will contradict another; and whilst we have ears to hear, we shall distinguish it: 'tis truth only which is consistent and ever in harmony with itself: it fits upon our lips, like the natural notes of some melodies, ready to drop out, whether we will or no;—it racks no invention to let ourselves alone, and needs fear no critic, to have the same excellency in the heart, which appears in the action.

SERMON XVII. P. 48.

C O N T E N T M E N T.

THERE is scarce any lot so low, but there is something in it to satisfy the man whom it has befallen; providence having so ordered things, that in every man's cup, how bitter

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soever,

soever, there are some cordial drops—some good circumstances, which, if wisely extracted, are sufficient for the purpose he wants them,—that is, to make him contented, and if not happy, at least resigned.

SERMON XV. P. 19.

E V I L S.

UNWILLINGLY does the mind digest the evils prepared for it by others ;—for those we prepare ourselves,—we eat but the fruit which we have planted and watered :—a shattered fortune—a shattered frame, so we have but the satisfaction of shattering them ourselves, pass naturally enough into the habit, and by the ease with which they are both done, they save the spectator a world of pity : but for those, like Jacob's, brought upon him by the hands from which he look'd for all his comforts,—the avarice of a parent—the unkindness of a relation,—the ingratitude of a child,—they are evils which leave a scar ;—besides, as they hang over the heads of all, and therefore may fall upon any ;—every looker-on has an interest in
the

THE BEAUTIES OF STERNE. 219

the tragedy ;—but then we are apt to interest ourselves no otherwise, than merely as the incidents themselves strike our passions, without carrying the lesson further :—In a word—we realize nothing :—we sigh—we wipe away the tear,—and there ends the story of misery, and the moral with it.

SERMON XXII. P. 134.

O P P R E S S I O N.

SOLOMON says, Oppression will make a wise man mad.—What will it do then to a tender and ingenuous heart, which feels itself neglected,—too full of reverence for the author of its wrongs to complain ?—see, it sits down in silence, robbed by discouragements, of all its natural powers to please,—born to see others loaded with caresses—in some uncheery corner it nourishes its discontent,—and with a weight upon its spirits, which its little stock of fortitude is not able to withstand,—it droops, and pines away.—Sad victim of caprice !

SERMON XXII. P. 136.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

WHOEVER considers the state and condition of human nature, and upon this view, how much stronger the natural motives are to virtue than to vice, would expect to find the world much better than it is, or ever has been.—For who would suppose the generality of mankind to betray so much folly, as to act against the common interest of their own kind, as every man does who yields to the temptation of what is wrong.

SERMON XXXIII. P. 61.

S I N.

NO motives have been great enough to restrain those from sin who have secretly loved it, and only sought pretences for the practice of it.

SERMON XXXIII. P. 62.

SINCERITY.

S I N C E R I T Y.

AN inward sincerity will of course influence the outward deportment ; but where the one is wanting, there is great reason to suspect the absence of the other.

SERMON XLIII. P. 246.

W I S D O M.

THERE is no one project to which the whole race of mankind is so universally a bubble, as to that of being thought wise ; and the affectation of it is so visible, in men of all complexions, that you every day see some one or other so very solicitous to establish the character, as not to allow himself leisure to do the things which fairly win it ;—expending more art and stratagem to appear so in the eyes of the world, than what would suffice to make him so in truth.

It is owing to the force of this desire, that you see in general, there is no injury touches a man so sensibly, as an insult upon his parts and capacity.

capacity: tell a man of other defects, that he wants learning, industry or application,—he will hear your reproof with patience.—Nay you may go further: take him in a proper season, you may tax his morals,—you may tell him he is irregular in his conduct,—passionate or revengeful in his nature—loose in his principles;—deliver it with the gentleness of a friend;—possibly he'll not only bear with you,—but, if ingenuous, he will thank you for your lecture, and promise a reformation;—but hint,—hint but at a defect in his intellectuals,—touch but that fore place,—from that moment you are look'd upon as an enemy sent to torment him before his time, and in return may reckon upon his resentment and ill-will for ever; so that in general you will find it safer to tell a man, he is a knave than a fool,—and stand a better chance of being forgiven, for proving he has been wanting in a point of common honesty, than a point of common sense.—Strange souls that we are! as if to live well was not the greatest argument of wisdom;—and, as if what reflected upon our morals, did not most of all reflect upon our understandings!

SERMON XXVI. P. 207.

CORPORAL

CORPORAL TRIM'S

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

MY young master in *London* is dead! said
Obadiah.—

—A green sattin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which *Obadiah's* exclamation brought into *Susannah's* head.—Then, quoth *Susannah*, we must all go into mourning.—

—O! 'twill be the death of my poor Mistress, cried *Susannah*.—my mother's whole wardrobe followed.—What a procession! her red damask, —her orange-tawny, —her white and yellow-lute strings, —her brown taffata, —her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns, —and comfortable under-petticoats, —Not a rag was left behind.—“No, —*she will never look up again*,” said *Susannah*.

We had a fat, foolish scullion — my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity; —she had been all autumn struggling with a dropfy. —He is
dead!

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dead!—said *Obadiah*,—he is certainly dead!—
So am not I, said the foolish scullion.

—Here is sad news, *Trim*! cried *Sufannah*,
wiping her eyes, as *Trim* stepp'd into the kitchen,
—master *Bobby* is dead and *buried*,—the funeral
was an interpolation of *Sufannah's* we shall have
all to go into mourning, said *Sufannah*.

I hope not, said *Trim*.—You hope not! cried
Sufannah earnestly.—The mourning ran not in
Trim's head, whatever it did in *Sufannah's*.—I
hope—said *Trim*, explaining himself, I hope in
God the news is not true. I heard the letter
read with my own ears, answered *Obadiah*; Oh!
he's dead, said *Sufannah*.—As sure, said the
scullion, as I am alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul,
said *Trim*, fetching a sigh.—Poor creature!—
poor boy! poor gentleman!

—He was alive last *Whitfuntide*, said the coach-
man.—*Whitfuntide*! alas! cried *Trim*, extending
his right arm, and falling instantly into the same
attitude in which he read the sermon,—what is
Whitfuntide, *Jonathan*, (for that was the coach-
man's

man's name), or *Shrovetide*, or any tide or time past, to this? Are we not here now, continued the Corporal, (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—and are we not—(dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment!—'Twas infinitely striking! *Susannah* burst into a flood of tears.—We are not stocks and stones.—*Jonathan*, *Obadiah*, the cook-maid, all melted.—The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it.—The whole kitchen crouded about the Corporal.

—To us, *Jonathan*, who know not what want or care is,—who live here in the service of two of the best of masters—(bating in my own case his majesty King *William* the Third, whom I had the honour to serve both in *Ireland* and *Flanders*)—I own it, that from *Whitsuntide* to within three weeks of *Christmas*,—'tis not long—'tis like nothing;—but to those, *Jonathan*, who know what death is, and what havock and destruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about,—'tis like a whole age.—O *Jonathan*! 'twould make a good-natured man's heart bleed,

bleed, to consider, continued the Corporal, (standing perpendicularly), how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time !— And trust me, *Suffy*, added the Corporal, turning to *Susannah*, whose eyes were swimming in water,—before that time comes round again,—many a bright eye will be dim.—*Susannah* placed it to the right side of the page—she wept—but she curt'sied too.—Are we not, continued *Trim*, looking still at *Susannah*,—are we not like a flower of the field—a tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation—else no tongue could have described *Susannah's* affliction—is not all flesh grass ?—'Tis clay,—'tis dirt.— They all look'd directly at the scullion,—the scullion, had just been scouring a fish-kettle— It was not fair.—

—What is the finest face that ever man looked at !—I could hear *Trim* talk so for ever, cried *Susannah*,—what is it ! (*Susannah* laid her hand upon *Trim's* shoulder)—but corruption ?—*Susannah* took it off.

—Now I love you for this—and 'tis this delicious mixture within you, which makes you
dear

dear creatures what you are—and he who hates you for it—all I can say of the matter is— That he has either a pumpkin for his head—or a pippen for his heart,—and whenever he is dissected 'twill be found so.

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all: —not this .. added the Corporal, snapping his fingers,—but with an air which no one but the Corporal could have given to the sentiment.—in battle, I value death not this ... and let him not take me cowardly, like poor *Joe Gibbins*, in scouring his gun.—What is he? A pull of a trigger—a push of a bayonet an inch this way or that—makes the difference.—Look along the line—to the right—see! *Jack's* down! well, 'tis worth a regiment of horse to him.—No—'tis *Dick*, Then *Jack's* no worse. Never mind which,—we pass on,—in hot pursuit the wound itself which brings him is not felt,—the best way is to stand up to him,—the man who flies, is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws.—I've look'd him, added the Corporal, an hundred times in the face,—and know what he is—He's nothing, *Obadiah*, at all in the field.—But he's very frightful in a house, quoth *Obadiah*,—

diah.—I never mind it myself, said *Jonathan*, upon a coach-box.

I pity my mistress.—She will never get the better of it, cried *Susannah*.—Now I pity the Captain the most of any one in the family, answered *Trim*.—Madam will get ease of heart in weeping,—and the Squire in talking about it,—but my poor master will keep it all in silence to himself.—I shall hear him sigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for Lieutenant *Le Fever*. An' please your honour, do not sigh so piteously, I would say to him as I laid beside him. I cannot help it, *Trim*, my master would say,—'tis so melancholy an accident.—I cannot get it off my heart.—Your honour fears not death yourself.—I hope, *Trim*, I fear nothing, he would say, but the doing a wrong thing.—Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of *Le Fever's* boy.—And with that, like a quieting draught, his honour would fall asleep.

I like to hear *Trim's* stories about the Captain, said *Susannah*.—He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, said *Obadiah*, as ever lived.—Aye,—and as brave a one too, said the Corporal, as ever
 slept

stept before a platoon. There never was a better officer in the king's army,—or a better man in God's world ; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole,—and yet, for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other people.—He would not hurt a chicken.—I would sooner, quoth *Jonathan*, drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a year—than some for eight.—Thank thee, *Jonathan*! for thy twenty shillings,—as much, *Jonathan*, said the Corporal, shaking him by the hand, as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket.—I would serve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me,—and could I be sure my poor brother *Tom* was dead,—continued the Corporal, taking out his handkerchief,—was I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave every shilling of it to the Captain.—*Trim* could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his master.—The whole kitchen was affected.

TRIS. SHANDY, VOL. III. C. 7.

MR. SHANDY'S RESIGNATION

FOR THE

LOSS OF HIS SON.

PHILOSOPHY has a fine saying for every thing—For *Death* it has an entire set.

“ ’Tis an inevitable chance—the first statute
“ in *Magna Charta*——it is an everlasting act
“ of parliament—*All must die*.

“ Monarchs and princes dance in the same
“ ring with us.”

“ —*To die*, is the great debt and tribute due
“ unto nature : tombs and monuments, which
“ should perpetuate our memories, pay it them-
“ selves; and the proudest pyramid of them all,
“ which wealth and science have erected, has
“ lost its apex, and stands obtruncated in the
“ traveller’s horizon.—Kingdoms and provin-
“ ces, and towns and cities, have they not their
“ periods ?

“ periods? and when those principles and powers,
 “ which at first cemented and put them toge-
 “ ther, have performed their several Revolu-
 “ tions, they fall back.”——

“ Where is *Troy*, and *Mycenæ*, and *Thebes*, and
 “ *Delos*, and *Persepolis*, and *Agrigentum*?—
 “ What is become of *Ninveh* and *Babylon*, of
 “ *Cyzicum*, and *Mitylenæ*? The fairest towns
 “ that ever the sun rose upon, are now no more :
 “ the names only are left, and those [for many
 “ of them are wrong spelt] are falling them-
 “ selves by piece-meals to decay, and in length
 “ of time will be forgotten, and involved with
 “ every thing in a perpetual night : the world
 “ itself—must must come to an end.

“ Returning out of *Asia*, when I sailed from
 “ *Ægina* towards *Megara*, I began to view the
 “ country round about. *Ægina* was behind me,
 “ *Megara* was before, *Pyræus* on the right hand,
 “ *Corinth* on the left.—What flourishing
 “ towns now prostrate upon the earth! Alas !
 “ alas ! said I to myself, that man should disturb
 “ his soul for the loss of a child, when so much
 “ as this lies awfully buried in his presence.—

“ Remember,

“ Remember, said I to myself again—remember thou art a man.”—

“ My son is dead!—so much the better ;—
 “ ’tis a shame in such a tempest to have but one
 “ anchor.”

“ But he is gone for ever from us!—be it so.
 “ He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald—he is but risen from
 “ a feast before he was surfeited—from a banquet before he had got drunken.”

“ The *Thracians* wept when a child was
 “ born—and feasted and made merry when a
 “ man went out of the world; and with reason.
 “ Death opens the gate of fame, and shuts the
 “ gate of envy after it,—it unlooses the chain
 “ of the captive, and puts the bondsman’s task
 “ into another man’s hands.”

“ Shew me the man, who knows what life is,
 “ who dreads it, and I’ll shew thee a prisoner
 “ who dreads his liberty.”

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“ We frequently fall into error and folly, not because
“ the true principles of action are not known, but
“ because for a time they are not remembered: he
“ may therefore be justly numbered among the bene-
“ factors of mankind, who CONTRACTS THE GREAT
“ RULES OF LIFE INTO SHORT SENTENCES, that may
“ be easily impressed on the memory, and taught by
“ frequent recollection to recur habitually to the mind.”

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